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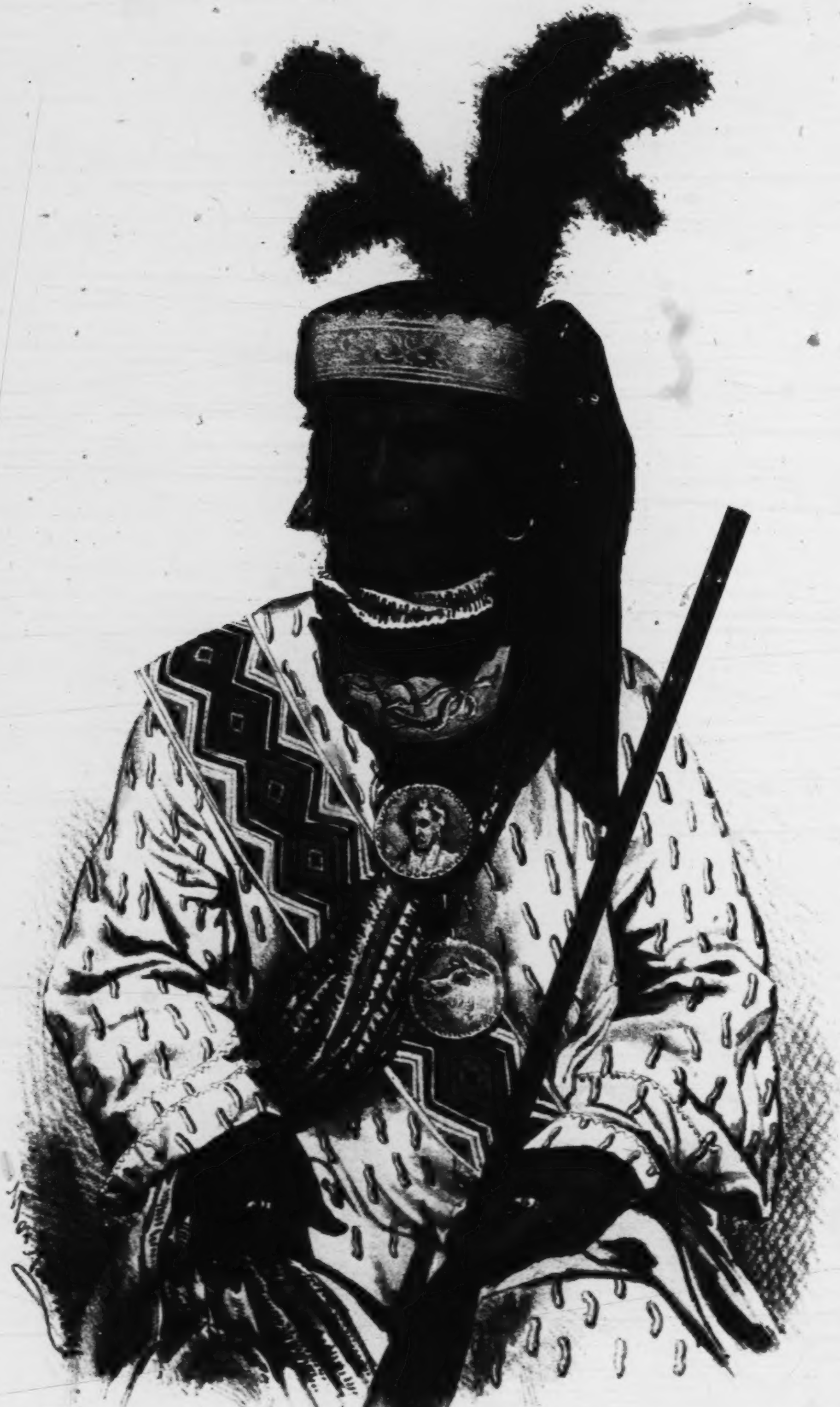

STATE
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HISTORY
OF THE
INDIAN TRIBES
OF
North America,

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES
OF THE
PRINCIPAL CHIEFS.

EMBELLISHED WITH
One Hundred Portraits from the Indian Gallery
IN THE
WAR DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.

BY THOMAS L. McKENNEY,
LATE OF THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

BOSTON:
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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

PAGE
BILLY BOWLEGS, *a Seminole Chief,* - - - - - - - - - FRONTISPIECE.
KEOKUCK, *a Sauk Chief,* - - - - - - - - - - - 9
AMISQUAM, *a Winnebago Chief,* - - - - - - - - - - 37
KATAWABEDA, *a Chippeway Chief,* - - - - - - - - - - 39
WESHCUBB, *a Red Lake Chief,* - - - - - - - - - - - 41
CHONMONICASE, or SHAUMONEKUSSE, *an Ottoe Chief,* - - - - - - - 43
HAYNE HUDJIHINI, THE EAGLE OF DELIGHT, - - - - - - - 49
ANACAMEGISHCA, *a Kenisteno Chief,* - - - - - - - - - 51
QUATAWAPEA, or COLONEL LEWIS, - - - - - - - - - - 55
METEA, *a Pottawatimie Chief,* - - - - - - - - - - - 59
WAPELLA, *a Musquakee Chief,* - - - - - - - - - - - 65
TUSTENNUGGEE EMATHLA, *a Creek Chief,* - - - - - - - - 71
PEAHMUSKA, *a Fox Chief,* - - - - - - - - - - - - 75
MAJOR RIDGE, *Cherokee Chief,* - - - - - - - - - - - 77
JOHN RIDGE, *a Cherokee Interpreter,* - - - - - - - - - 105
POWASHEEK, *a Musquakee Brave,* - - - - - - - - - - 107
ESHTAHUMLEAH, *a Teton Chief,* - - - - - - - - - - 109
YAHA HAJO, *a Seminole Chief,* - - - - - - - - - - - 111
WAKAUN HAKA, *a Winnebago Chief,* - - - - - - - - - 115
KISHKEKOSH, *a Fox Brave,* - - - - - - - - - - - 119
CHONCAPE, *an Ottoe Chief,* - - - - - - - - - - - 121
KISHKALWA, *a Shawanoe Chief,* - - - - - - - - - - 125

1435

CONTENTS.

Page
KEESHESWA, *a Medicine Man*, 135
THE CHIPPEWAY WIDOW, 137
MARKOMETTE, *a Menominie*, 139
ASSEOLA, *a Seminole Leader*, 141
APPANOOSE, *a Sauk Chief*, 167
LE SOLDAT DU CHENE, *an Osage Chief*, 169
TOKAKON, *a Sioux Brave*, 171
TAHROHON, *an Ioway Warrior*, 173
LAPPAWINSOE, *a Delaware Chief*, 179
TOOAN TUH, or **SPRING FROG**, *a Cherokee*, 181
TISHCOHAN, 187
WANATA, *a Sioux Chief*, 191
SHAHAKA, *a Mandan Chief*, 197
CHITTEE YOHOLO, *a Seminole Chief*, 201
MONKAUSHKA, *a Sioux Warrior*, 205
MAHASKAH, *an Ioway Chief*, 209
RANTCHEWAIME, 219
YOUNG MAHASKAH, *an Ioway Chief*, 223
METAKOOSEGA, 229
NEOMONNI, *an Ioway Chief*, 233
WAKAWN, *a Winnebago Chief*, 237
FOKE LUSTE HAJO, *a Seminole Chief*, 243
WABISHKEEPENAS, *a Chippewa*, 247
THAYENDANEGEA, or **BRANT**, *Great Captain of the Six Nations*, 251
AHYOUWAIGHS, *Chief of the Six Nations*, 285
HOOWANNEKA, *a Winnebago Chief*, 289
JOHN ROSS, *a Cherokee Chief*, 291
RED BIRD, 307

HALPATTER MICCO, OR BILLY BOWLEGS.

In the sketches of other Seminole chiefs, and in the general Indian history, some account of this singular tribe of our aborigines has been given. Halpatter Micco's history possesses peculiar interest, because he was among the very last few leaders of the fugitive race who were associated with the stirring scenes which transferred the remnant of it to the lands west of the Mississippi.

His father, Secoffer, was an ally of the English, and cherished bitter hostility towards the Spaniards, taking the field against them in the troubles that followed the recession of Florida to their sovereignty. When dying, at the age of seventy, he called to his side his two sons, Payne and Bowlegs, and solemnly charged them to carry out his unfinished plans; and, at any cost, complete the sacrifice of one hundred Spaniards, of which number he had killed eighty-six. This bloody offering, he affirmed, the Great Spirit had required at his hand to open for him the gate of Paradise. We need scarcely add, that such requests were sacredly regarded by the Indians in their uncivilized state. Their fidelity to their vows and treaties was in sad and singular contrast with the faithless dealing of their white invaders.

In 1821, Florida came into the possession of the United States, having within its limits four thousand Seminoles, including the women and children, and eight hundred slaves. The log cabins, environed by cultivated clearings, or grouped together in villages, dotted the country from St. Augustine to Apalachicola River, and attracted the covetous eye of emigrants flocking into the territory.

The Seminoles' plea of right to the lands by possession had little weight so long as the Government did not recognize the claim.

Two years later, the Indians were pressed into a relinquishment of lands by treaty, and restriction within certain original boundaries. Slaves ran away from white masters, and the Seminoles refused to send them back; property was stolen, and reprisals made; and the occasions of quarrel readily embraced by the settlers, until a sanguinary conflict seemed ready to open its horrors upon the mixed population. Then came the celebrated "Treaty of Payne's Landing," made on the 9th of May, 1832, which Mr. Gadsden, commissioned by Secretary Cass, after much difficulty, induced a part of the Seminole chiefs to sign. A delegation was to visit the lands west of the Mississippi, and if the report was favorable, the Florida possessions were to be ceded to the whites, and the removal of the Indians was to follow. In this treaty, the name of **HALPATTER MICCO** makes its first appearance in public affairs. A youthful sub-chief of Arpuicki, or "Sam Jones," he seems to have been bribed or flattered into giving his sign, while Micanopy's, who was the real head of the nation, and that of other well-known chiefs, were wanting on a document which, in the result, sealed the doom of the Seminoles. Indeed, the delegation repudiated the treaty, and Asseola, a sagacious, crafty, and daring Indian, determined to outgeneral the framers of the instrument. In private life, he nevertheless ruled the councils of the aged Micanopy, and laid a deep plot of resistance to the Government. A negotiation, and a feigned treaty of removal, were used as means of delay, to give time for preparation to make war. It was resolved that if a Seminole sold his property to go west, he should be slain. Months passed by, and as autumn ripened the fields, Charley-e-Mathla, a prominent chief, was waylaid and killed, because he had commenced the sale of his cattle, and the money in his possession forbidden by Asseola to be touched, he declaring that "it was the blood of the red man." December 28th, 1832, occurred the murder of General Thompson and Lieutenant Smith, as they walked on a sunny afternoon out of the Fort, by Indians in ambush, within sight of the fortress. A larger force was sent to meet Major Dade, who was advancing from Fort Brooke. On the same day that Asseola's band dispatched General Thompson, this body of savages, numbering one hundred and eighty, fired from behind forest-trees, without a sound of warning,—the leaden hail bringing down half of the men at the first fire. Only four privates, out of the eight officers and one hundred and two troops in the ranks, escaped. This was the opening of the Florida war, whose havoc and death cost the nation not less than $40,000,000 and three thousand brave soldiers.

Asseola, who had himself broken treaty, was treacherously betrayed, and sent to Fort Moultrie to die of broken heart. Coacochu, or Wild Cat, surrendered, and successively bands were scattered, and the remnant of the tribe was driven toward the dark, impassable everglades. In July, 1839, HALPATTER MICCO made himself conspicuous by a bold and daring exploit to retrieve the falling fortunes of his people. Under an arrangement by Commander Macomb with "Sam Jones," a leading chief, assigning certain limits beyond which the Indians should not pass, and within which protection should be excluded, Colonel Harney was sent to establish a trading-post. He encamped with thirty men on an open, desolate plain, near the Cooloosahatchee River, and held unsuspecting intercourse daily with the Seminoles. As the dawn of the 22d of July fell on the white tents, HALPATTER MICCO, at the head of two hundred warriors, rushed upon the sleeping inmates. The surprise was so complete, no resistance was offered. Twenty-four were killed; the rest fled, Harney himself barely escaping by swimming from the river-bank to a fishing-smack anchored in the stream. From this successful raid dates the sudden and growing greatness of the leader, who was soon elevated to the position of principal chief, in place of "Sam Jones," deposed because of his advanced age and infirmities. The sovereignty was now a narrow one, including not more than two hundred and fifty souls, of whom eighty were warriors. **Halpatter Micco** saw that the stake was lost, and treaty alone left for his people. He found this was possible, for the United States Government was weary of the terrible struggle, and appeared at headquarters to avail himself of the only hope. The result was, the allotment of a small territory, as a planting and hunting ground, and the announcement, August 14, 1842, that the Florida war was closed.

The peace thus secured continued more than half a score of years, when, in 1856, rumors were abroad that a reopening of the conflict was at hand. Skirmishes followed, and affairs were unsettled for two years. **Halpatter Micco**, by money, "fire-water," and "parley," was induced to join his brethren in Arkansas. In the spring of 1858 he left his native Florida with thirty-three warriors, eighty women and children, and embarked for New Orleans. "Sam Jones," almost a century old, with thirty-eight warriors, refused at any price to leave; the women following the departing chief, "King Billy," with shouts of derision, because he had sold his people to the pale faces. He was accompanied by his Lieutenant, Long Jack, a brother-in-law; Ko-Kush-adjo, his Inspector-General, a fine-looking Indian; and Ben-Bruno, his Interpreter and adviser, an intelligent negro.

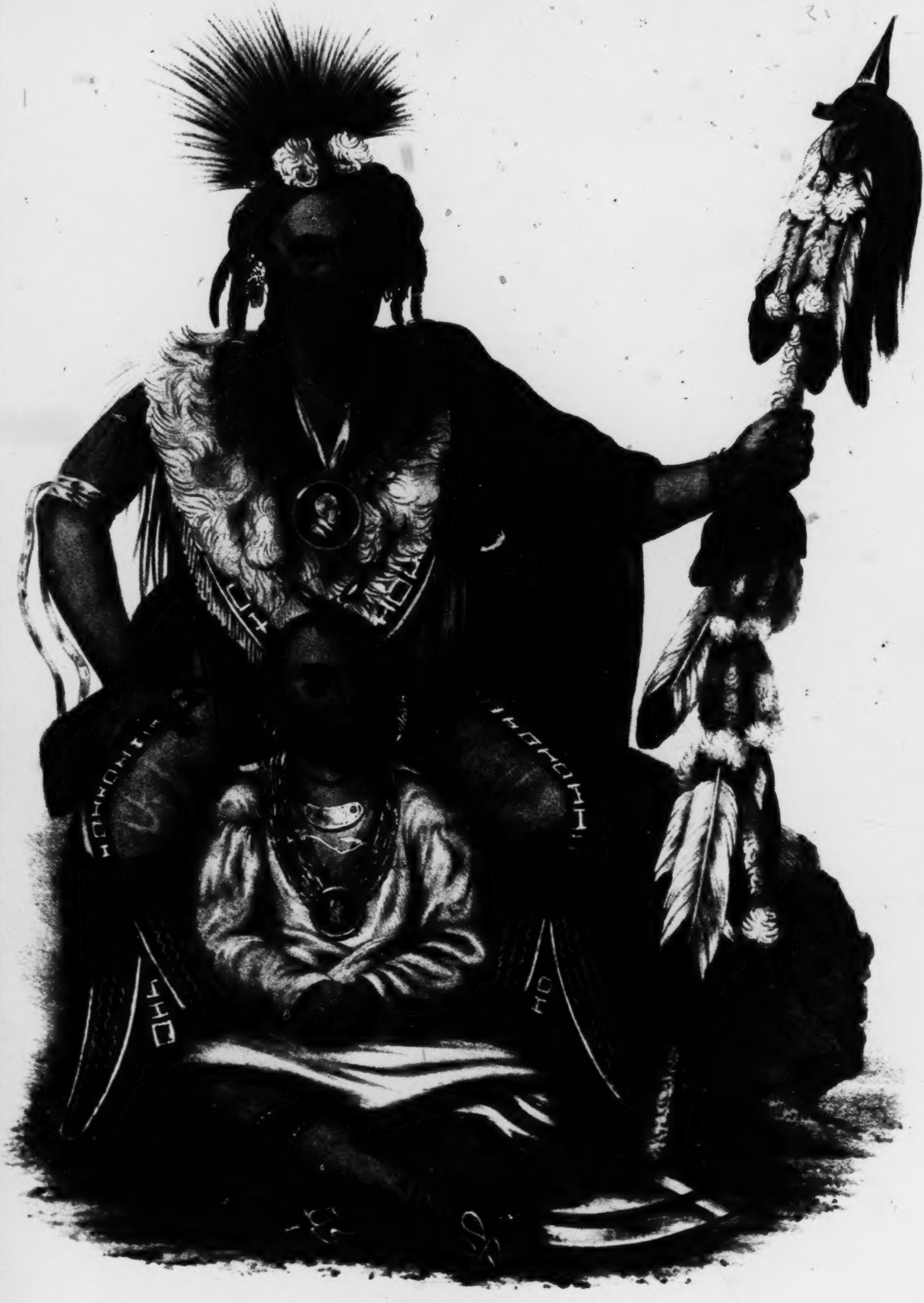
At New Orleans he was the "lion" of the day. He illustrated the humiliating fact, that contact with the whites has been destructive to the sobriety of the Indian, and generally demoralizing;—an account to be adjusted at the last assize, before an impartial Judge. The libations were freely offered and accepted, until the Seminole Chief was a reeling inebriate in the streets of the Crescent City.

He reached his lands in Arkansas, and, without any notable events in his history, a few years later, died, about fifty years of age.

In personal appearance, he was called good-looking. His forehead was broad and high, and under it flashed a sharp black eye, indicating the shrewdness and sly cunning characteristic of the man. His height was above medium, and his person stout, though not corpulent.

His immediate family comprised two wives, one of them comparatively young; six children, of whom five were daughters; and fifty slaves. He had, when he left Florida, a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars. The costume he wore was national and picturesque. On his breast were two medals, bearing the likenesses of Presidents Van Buren and Fillmore.

The name Bowlegs was simply a family cognomen, having no reference to any physical peculiarity. We believe there is no evidence that he renounced his native heathenism, and embraced the gospel of Christ;—a sad but not a singular fact, with the lessons of his intercourse with the supplanters of his race.



KEOKUK

CHIEF OF THE SACS & FOXES

Nº 42.

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KEOKUK.

The Sauks and Musquakees, more usually called the Sacs and Foxes, having for many years resided together, form now a single community, divided only by certain internal regulations, by means of which each portion keeps up its distinctive name and lineage. The individuals and families adhere carefully to certain customs which distinguish them, and which have thus far prevented them from being merged the one in the other. They have separate chiefs, who, at the sittings of councils, and on other occasions of ceremony, claim to be recognized as the representatives of independent tribes; but they are in effect, one people, and Keokuk, who is the head man of the Sauks, is the ostensible and actual leader of the united nation.

There is reason to believe that these two tribes were originally one. They both acknowledge a common descent from the great Chippeway stock, although the tradition which has preserved this fact retains no trace of the progressive steps by which they acquired a distinct language, and became a separate people. The word Sauk is derived from the compound *asawwekee*, which signifies *yellow earth*, while Musquakee comes from *mesquawee*, or red earth—showing a similarity of name, which strongly indicates an identity of origin. Nor is it difficult to imagine that such a separation may have occurred, without leaving any decisive remem brance of the rupture. In the predatory and erratic life led by the Indians, it is not uncommon for a party to become disunited from the main body of the nation, and, in process of time, to form a dis tinct tribe. The separation becomes the more complete, in consequence of the want of a written language, to fix and preserve the common tongue of the dispersed members of a nation; and as the Indian dialect is, from this cause, continually fluctuating, the colony soon loses one of the strongest ties which would otherwise bind it to the mother nation. Numerous as are the dialects spoken by the various tribes in North America, Mr. Gallatin has very successfully traced them to a few sources.

The former residence of the Sauks was on the banks of the St. Lawrence, whence they were driven by the Six Nations, with whom they carried on a long and bloody war. As they retired towards the west, they became embroiled with the Wyandots and were driven further and further along the shores of the lakes, until they found a temporary resting-place at Green Bay. Here they were joined by the Musquakees, who, having been so greatly reduced by war as to be unable to maintain themselves as a separate people, sought refuge among their kindred. La Hontan, under the date of 1689, speaks of "the villages of the Sakies, the Potawatimies, and the Malhominies," on Fox river, and of a house or college established there by the Jesuits; and Henepin, in 1680, speaks of the Outagamies, or Foxes, who dwelt on the Bay of Puants, or Green Bay. The Sauks soon removed to the portage between the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, and afterwards to the left bank of the Mississippi, below the Wisconsin. It is probable that they gained useful experience in the hard school of adversity. In the long series of hostile operations in which they had been engaged against superior numbers, they had become very warlike, and they now prepared to act upon the offensive.

The delightful plains of Illinois were inhabited at that time by a numerous people called the Illini, or, as we find it elsewhere written, Linneway, or Minneway. The former reading is that of Jontel, a French officer, who visited the country in 1683; and the fact that the territory inhabited by that nation received from the earliest

French explorers the name of Illinois, seems to be decisive in favor of that orthography. In the interpretation of the word, however spelled, we find no disagreement, the name being uniformly translated "men," or "perfect men." This nation was divided into various bands, the principal of which were the Kaskaskias, Cahokies, and Tamarois, in the southern part of the territory; the Michigamies, near the mouth of the Des Moines, and probably on the right bank of the Mississippi; the Piankeshaws, near Vincennes; the Weas, on the Wabash above Vincennes; the Miamis, towards the lakes; the Peorias, on the Illinois river; and the Mascos, or Mascontins, called by the French "Les Gens des Prairies," on the great central plains between the Wabash and Illinois rivers. All these used the language which is now spoken by the Miamis; and, though scattered over a wide expanse of country, considered themselves as one people.

Against this nation the Sauks and Musquakees, in league with the Chippeways, the Ottowas, and the Potawatimies, turned their arms; while the Choctaws and Cherokees at the same time invaded the Illinois country from the south. A bloody war ensued, which lasted many years. It was probably an unequal contest between the inhabitants of these rich plains and the more hardy barbarians of the north, accustomed to the rigors of an inhospitable climate, and to the vicissitudes of continual warfare. The tribes of Illinois were nearly exterminated. Of a population which must have exceeded fifty thousand, not more than five hundred now remain. The Miamis and Weas, who abandoned the country, number about four hundred. A larger number of the Kaskaskias, protected by the French at the village which bears their name, escaped that war, but many of them were afterwards slaughtered by the Kickapoos, and intoxication has since reduced them to about forty souls. Of the Piankeshaws, but forty or fifty, and of the Peorias, not more than ten or fifteen, are left. The Sauks defend the exterminating policy pursued by them and their allies in this war, by alleging that the Illini were more cruel than other Indians, and always burned their prisoners; and that, in retaliation, they adopted the practice of delivering over such of the Illini as fell into their hands, to the women, to be tortured to death.

During this contest, an incident occurred which may be mentioned in illustration of the uncompromising character of savage warfare. On the shore of the Illinois stands a singular rock, rising perpendicularly from the water's edge, and inaccessible on three sides; while on the fourth, its summit, which is level, may be reached by a very narrow pathway. A party of the Illini, hotly pursued by their enemies, took refuge on this rock with their women and children. They were discovered and besieged; and such was the vigilance of their adversaries, that, although certain death by starvation awaited them within their fortress, they were unable to effect a retreat. They even stationed sentinels in canoes upon the river, by day and by night, to defeat any attempt of the besieged to procure water, by lowering vessels into the stream; and the wretched garrison, having no stores nor means of supply, began soon to be tortured by the pangs of hunger and thirst. They resolved to die rather than surrender; and, for a while, consoled themselves by hurling defiance and scoffs at their foes. At length they ceased to appear upon the ramparts, and their voices were no longer heard. The besiegers, cautious to the last, and secure of their prey, delayed making any attempt to enter the fortress until so long a time had elapsed as to render it certain that famine had performed its deadly office. When at last they ascended to the summit of the rock, but one soul was found lingering among the carcasses of the dead—an aged squaw was still breathing, and lived many years in captivity, the last of her tribe. The "Starved Rock" is still pointed out by the inhabitants as the scene of this heart-rending adventure.

Having possessed themselves of the country, the invaders continued to pursue, with unrelenting hostility, the scattered remnants of the once powerful Illini, who lingered for protection about the settlements of the French and Spaniards. Their last attempt to destroy this unhappy people was in 1779, when they approached St. Louis with fifteen hundred braves, in search of a small band of Peorias, supposed to be lurking in that vicinity. The Spanish governor turned a deaf ear to the representations of the inhabitants, who believed their village to be in danger; and the latter, unable to prevail upon him to put the place in a posture of defence, sent an express to the American colonel, George Rogers Clarke, who was then at Kaskaskia, to solicit his protection. Clarke instantly marched with five hundred men, and encamped on the left bank of the river, opposite St. Louis. The governor, convinced at last of the hostile intentions of the Indians, who, not finding the Illini, were marching upon St. Louis, became panic-struck, and offered to deliver over the colony to Clarke. The latter declined an offer which he had no authority to accept, but remained in his camp, prepared to assist the inhabitants, if required. An attack was made. Clarke immediately crossed the river with a party of his men, but the Indians, on seeing the "Long Knives," as the Virginia troops were called by them, hastily retreated, having previously killed about seventy of the Spaniards. Colonel Clarke afterwards sent a detachment of one hundred and fifty men, who scoured the country far above the Sauk village, and returned without molestation; the Indians, awed by the boldness of this measure, declaring that, if so few dared to invade their country, they were prepared to fight with desperation.

There was a small tribe of Ioways in the Illinois country at the time of the irruption by the northern Indians, who were probably themselves intruders. Being too weak to oppose the invaders, they received them hospitably, and remained at peace with them.

Having conquered the country, the Musquakees established themselves on Rock river, near its junction with the Mississippi; the Sauks soon followed them, and this spot became the principal seat of the united nation. The whole of this region is fertile and picturesque beyond description. It is a country of prairies—of magnificent plains, spreading out in every direction as far as the eye can reach, and whose beautiful, undulating surface is clothed with a carpet of the richest verdure, studded with splendid groves, giving to the extended landscape an air of ornate elegance and rich embellishment such as is seldom beheld in the scenery of the wilderness.

The Mississippi, which, below its junction with the Missouri, is a turbid stream, meandering through low grounds, and margined by muddy banks, is here a clear and rapid river, flowing over beds of rock and gravel, and bordered by the most lovely shores. Nothing of the kind can be more attractive than the scenery at the Upper Rapids, in the vicinity of the Sauk and Fox village. On the western shore, a series of slopes are seen commencing at the gravelly margin of the water, and rising, one above another, with a barely perceptible acclivity, for a considerable distance, until the back-ground is terminated by a chain of beautifully rounded hills, over which trees are thinly scattered, as if planted by the hand of art. This is the singular charm of prairie scenery: although it be a wilderness, just as nature made it, it has no savage nor repulsive feature—the verdant carpet, the gracefully waving outline of the surface, the clumps, the groves, and the scattered trees, give it the appearance of a noble park, boundless in extent, and adorned with exquisite taste. It is a wild but blooming desert, that does not awe by its gloom, but is gay and cheerful, winning by its social aspect, as well as by its variety and intrinsic gracefulness. The eastern shore is not less beautiful. A broad flat plain, of rich alluvion, extending from the water's edge, is terminated by a low range of wooded hills. A small collection of Indian lodges stood on this plain when the writer last saw it; but the principal village of the Sauks and Foxes was about three miles distant, on Rock river. In the front of the landscape, and presenting its most prominent fea ture, as viewed from an ascending boat, is Rock Island, on the southern point of which, elevated upon a parapet of rock, stands Fort Armstrong. The surrounding region is healthy, and amazingly fruitful. The grape, the plum, the gooseberry, and various other native fruits, abound; the wild honeysuckle gives its perfume to the air, and a thousand indigenous flowers mingle their diversified hues with the verdure of the plain.

These prairies were formerly covered with immense herds of buffalo, and abounded in game of every description. The rivers furnished excellent fish, and the whole region, in every respect so rich in the bounties of nature, must have formed that kind of paradise of which alone the Indian has any conception. If ever there was a spot on earth where scenic beauty, united with fecundity of soil and salubrity of climate, could exert a refining influence upon the human mind, it was here; and those who claim for the savage an Arcadian simplicity of character, or who suppose the human mind may become softened by the genial influence of climate and locality, might reasonably look here for effects corresponding with such opinions. Blessed with abundance, there could have been no necessity for any intrusion upon the hunting-grounds of others, and the causes of war, other than the lust for carnage, must have been few. Surrounded by the choicest beauties of nature, it would seem that a taste for the picturesque, a sense of the enjoyment of home and comfort, and an ardent love of country, would have been implanted and fostered. But we find no such results. The Sauks of Illinois presented the same character half a century ago which they now exhibit. They are savages as little ameliorated by place or circumstances as the Osages and the Camanches of the farther west, or the Seminoles of Florida, and are in no respect more assimilated to civilized men than the wretched Chippewa who wanders over the bleak and sterile shores of Lake Superior.

The office of chief, among the Sauks, is partly elective, and partly hereditary. The son is usually chosen as the successor of the father, if worthy, but if he be passed over, the most meritorious of the family is selected. There are several of these dignitaries, and in describing their relative rank, they narrate a tradition, which we suppose to be merely figurative. They say that, a great while ago, their fathers had a long lodge, in the centre of which were ranged four fires. By the first fire stood two chiefs, one on the right hand, who was called the Great Bear, and one on the left, called the Little Bear. These were the village or peace chiefs. They were the rulers of the band, and held the authority that we should describe as that of chief magistrate—but not in equal degree, for the Great Bear was *the* chief, and the other, next in authority. At the second fire stood two chiefs, one on the right, called the Great Fox, and one on the left, called the Little Fox. These were the war chiefs or generals. At the third fire stood two braves, who were called respectively the Wolf and the Owl; and at the fourth fire were two others, who were the Eagle and the Tortoise. The last four were not chiefs, but braves of high reputation, who occupied honorable places in the council, and were persons of influence in peace and war. The lodge of four fires may have existed in fact, or the tradition may be merely metaphorical. It is quite consonant with the Indian character to describe events by figures, and the latter, in the confusion of bad translations, are often mistaken for facts. The chiefs actually rank in the order pointed out in this legend; and the nation is divided into families, or clans, each of which is distinguished by the name of an animal. Instead, however, of there being but eight, there are now twelve.

The place of peace chief, or head man, confers honor rather than power, and is by no means a desirable situation, unless the incumbent be a person of popular talents. He is nominally the first man in the tribe. He presides at the councils; all acts of importance are done in his name; and he is saluted by the patriarchal title of Father. But his power and influence depend entirely upon his personal weight of character; and when he happens to be a weak man, the authority is virtually exercised by the war chiefs He is usually poor. Whatever may be his skill or success as a hunter, he is compelled to give away his property in hospitality or benevolence. He is expected to be affable and generous, must entertain his people occasionally with feasts, and be liberal in giving presents. He must practise the arts of gaining popularity, which are much the same in every state of society, and among which a prodigal hospitality is not the least successful. If any one requires to borrow or beg a horse on any emergency, he applies to the chief, who cannot refuse without subjecting himself to the charge of meanness. Not unfrequently the young men take his horses, or other property, without leave, when he is, perhaps, the only individual in the tribe with whom such a liberty could be taken with impunity. He is the father who must regard, with an indulgent eye, the misdeeds of his children, when he is himself the injured party, but who must administer inflexible justice when others are aggrieved. A person of energetic character may maintain a high degree of influence in this station, and some who have held it have been little less than despotic; but when a man of little capacity succeeds to the hereditary chieftaincy, he becomes a mere tool in the hands of the war chiefs, who, having command of the braves and young men, control the elements of power, and readily obtain the sway in a community essentially martial, where there is little law, and less wealth. The principal war chief is often, therefore, the person whose name is most widely known, and he is frequently confounded with the head man. The station of war chief is not hereditary, nor can it properly be said to be elective; for, although in some cases of emergency, a leader is formally chosen, they usually acquire reputation by success, and rise gradually into confidence and command. The most distinguished warrior, especially if he be a man of popular address, becomes by tacit consent the war chief.

Whether the eight fires, or families, mentioned above, comprised at any period the whole tribe, we cannot determine. The Sauks are now divided into twelve families, and the Musquakees into eight; and, although great care is taken to preserve this distinction, we may readily suppose that a name sometimes becomes extinct, and that a distinguished man may found a new family.

There is another division peculiar to this tribe, which is very singular. Every male child, shortly after its birth, is marked with *white* or *black* paint, the mother being careful to use the two colors alternately, so that if her eldest son be marked with black, the second will be distinguished by white. Thus, if there be an even number of males in a family, the number marked with each color respectively will be equal, and the whole nation will be nearly equally divided. The colors thus given, are appropriated to the individuals unchangeably through life, and in painting themselves upon any occasion, those of the one party use white, and those of the other black, in addition to any other colors they may fancy, all others being free alike to the whole nation. The object of this custom is to create a continual emulation between the two parties. At the public ball playing, and all other games, the whites play against the blacks. In the dances of ceremony they endeavor to outdo each other; and in war, the scalps taken by each party are numbered against those of the rival division.

The chiefs have the sole management of the public affairs, but the braves are consulted as advisers, and have great influence. In the councils a question is not usually considered as decided, unless there is a unanimous voice. The discussions are deliberate and grave, seldom disturbed by inflammatory appeals, or distracted by flippant or unadvised counsels. The speakers, in general, prepare themselves carefully beforehand. Their style is sententious and figurative, but their speeches are weakened by the frequent repetition of the same idea. One circumstance in regard to their public speaking, which we have never seen noticed, has struck the writer forcibly on several occasions. The same etiquette which, in the parliamentary bodies of civilized nations, forbids the speakers to allude to each other by name, prevails among them. We do not pretend to say that the practice is invariable; but whenever we have attended their councils, we noticed that, in commenting on each other's speeches, they used expressions such as "the chief who has just spoken," "the chief who spoke first," "one of my brothers has said," with other circumlocutions, which were obviously the result of a guarded intention to avoid a more direct allusion. They are, however, fond of speaking in the third person, and in doing this the orator often uses his own name.

The laws of this nation are few and simple. Debts are contracted but seldom, and no method of enforcing payment is known. The obligation is merely honorable. If the party is unable to fulfil his engagement at the stipulated time, that is a sufficient excuse, and the failure, under any circumstances, is considered as a trivial affair. This arises not so much from want of integrity as from the absence of definite notions of property, and of the obligations consequent upon its possession.

Civil injuries are settled by the old men who are friendly to the parties. A murder, when committed by one of the nation upon another, is seldom punished with death. Although the relatives of the deceased may, as in all the Indian tribes, take revenge, this mode of reparation is discouraged, and it is more usual to accept a compensation in property. If the parties cannot agree, the old men interfere, and never fail to effect a compromise. We are not aware of any offence which is considered as against the peace and dignity of the public, or is punishable as a national affair, except aiding or assisting their enemies, unless it be some dereliction connected with military duty, which always receives a prompt and contemptuous rebuke. A sentinel, for instance, who neglects his duty, is publicly flogged with rods by the women. The traders consider the Sauks and Foxes perfectly honest, and feel safe among them

1433

seldom locking their doors by day or night, and allowing them free access. They are humane in the treatment of their prisoners Young persons taken in war are generally adopted into the family of one of the slain. Other prisoners are bought and sold as such; but if, after having gained the confidence of their masters, they choose to go to war, and kill an enemy of the nation, they become free, and are entitled to all the rights of a native. The women taken in war are received into the families of those who capture them, either as wives or servants, and their offspring become members of the tribe. One who knew the Sauks and Foxes intimately for many years, informs us that he never knew of their burning a prisoner, except in the war with the Menomenies, and in this instance they alleged that their enemies commenced the practice. An instance occurred in which, on the death of a Sauk brave, a favorite male slave was slain by his relatives, and buried with him, in order that his spirit might wait on that of his master in the other world.

The individual whose history we are about to relate was the head of the Sauk nation, and one of the most distinguished of his race. His public career commenced in early life, and has been eminently distinguished through a long series of years. In his first battle, when quite young, he killed a Sioux warrior by transfixing him with a spear, under circumstances which rendered the exploit conspicuous, the more especially as he was on horseback; and the Sioux being considered greatly superior in horsemanship, the trophy gained on this occasion was esteemed a matter of national triumph. A feast was made by the tribe in honor of the incident. They requested of the chiefs that Keokuk should be put in his father's place, or, in other words, that he should be admitted to the rank of a brave, and all the rights of manhood, notwithstanding his youth. It was also allowed that on public occasions he might appear on horseback. He continued to enjoy this singular mark of respect until his death; and even when all the rest of the tribe appear on foot, in processions and other ceremonious occasions, he had the privilege of being mounted, and might have been often seen riding alone and proudly among his people.

Shortly after this event, and while Keokuk was yet too young to be admitted to the council, a rumor reached the village that a large body of American troops was approaching to attack it. So formidable was this enemy considered, that, although still distant, and the object of the expedition not certainly ascertained, a great panic was excited by the intelligence, and the council, after revolving the whole matter, decided upon abandoning the village. Keokuk, who stood near the entrance of the council lodge, awaiting the result, no sooner heard this determination than he stepped forward and begged to be admitted. The request was granted. He asked permission to address the council, which was accorded; and he stood up for the first time to speak before a public assemblage. Having stated that he had heard with sorrow the decision of his elder brethren, he proceeded with modesty, but with the earnestness of a gallant spirit, to deprecate an ignominious flight before an enemy still far distant, whose numbers might be exaggerated, and whose destination was unknown. He pointed out the advantages of meeting the foe, harassing their march, cutting them up in detail, driving them back, if possible, and finally of dying honorably in defence of their homes, their women, and their children, rather than yielding all that was dear and valuable without striking a blow. "Make me your leader!" he exclaimed; "let your young men follow me, and the pale faces shall be driven back to their towns! Let the old men and the women, and all who are afraid to meet the white man, stay here; but let your braves go to battle! I will lead them." This spirited address revived the drooping courage of the tribe. The warriors declared their readiness to follow Keokuk. The recent decision was reversed, and Keokuk was appointed to lead the braves against the invaders. The alarm turned out to be false; and after several days' march, it was ascertained that the Americans had taken a different course. But the gallantry and eloquence of Keokuk in changing the pusillanimous policy at first adopted, his energy in organizing the expedition, and the talent for command discovered in the march, placed him in the first rank among the braves of the nation.

The entire absence of records, by which the chronology of events might be ascertained, renders it impossible to trace, in the order of their date, the steps by which this remarkable man rose to the chief place in his nation, and acquired a commanding and permanent influence over his people. We shall, therefore, without reference to the order of the events, present such facts as we have collected with great care, partly from personal observation, and partly from the testimony of gentlemen whose statements may be relied on as authentic.

Possessing a fine person, and gifted with courage, prudence, and eloquence, Keokuk soon became the chief warrior of his nation, and gradually acquired the direction of civil affairs, although the latter continued for many years to be conducted in the name of the hereditary peace chief. The most daring and graceful rider of his nation, he was always well mounted, and no doubt owed much of his popularity to his imposing appearance when equipped for war or ceremony, and to his feats of horsemanship. From a natural pride, or from policy, he always made the most of this advantage by indulging, at great expense, his love of fine horses, and costly caparisons, and exhibiting himself in the best manner on public occasions.

Keokuk was, in all respects, a magnificent savage. Bold, enterprising, and impulsive, he was also politic, and possessed an intimate knowledge of human nature, and a tact which enabled him to bring the resources of his mind into prompt operation. Successful in his undertakings, yet there were a freshness and enthusiasm about him that threw a tinge of romance over many of his deeds, and would have indicated a mind acting for effect rather than from the dictates of policy, had there not been abundant proofs of the calm judgment which formed the basis of his character.

Keokuk was fond of travelling, and of paying visits of state to the neighboring tribes. On these occasions he always went in an imposing style, which did not fail to make a favorable impression. The mild season of autumn, so peculiarly delightful in the prairie region of western America, was the time chosen for these excursions, that being the period of the year when game and forage are abundant. A band of forty or fifty of the most active and finest looking young men were selected to accompany the chief, all of whom were well mounted and completely equipped. The chief, especially, spared no expense in his own outfit. The most superb horse that could be procured, the most showy Spanish saddle and housings, arms of faultless workmanship, a robe elaborately wrought with all the combined taste and skill of his six wives, and a pipe of state, were duly prepared. A runner was sent forward to announce his intention; and in this style he visited some one of the tribes with whom he was at peace—either the Osages, the Otoes, the Omahas, the Winnebagoes, or the Ioways. The honor was properly appreciated, and ample provision made for the entertainment of so illustrious a guest. Food and tobacco were laid up in store against his coming, and especially, if at all attainable, was there a supply procured of the *Christian's fire water*. The guests were received hospitably, and with every mark of ostentatious ceremony that could be afforded by the circumstances of the parties. The time was spent in a round of hunting, feasting, athletic sports, and a variety of games. Horse-racing, ball play, foot races, and gambling with dice, formed the amusements; while dancing, which may be considered rather as a solemnity than a recreation, filled a due portion of the time. Keokuk was a great dancer, and had been an overmatch for most of his cotemporaries at all athletic sports.

The warlike exploits of this chief have been numerous; but few of them are such as would interest our readers. On one occasion, while engaged, with a body of his warriors, in hunting on the great plains which lie between his nation and their mortal enemies, the Sioux, a war party of the latter came suddenly upon them. Both parties were mounted; but the Sioux, being the superior horsemen, and fully armed for battle, had the advantage, for the plain afforded no coverts to which the Sauks, who excel them in fighting on foot, could retreat. A less prompt leader than Keokuk would have sacrificed his band, either by an attempt at flight, or a desperate effort to resist an unequal foe. His resolution was instantaneously adopted. Forming his horses in a compact circle, the dismounted band were placed within, protected from the missiles of the enemy, and placed in a condition to avail themselves of their superiority as marksmen. The Sioux charged with loud yells, and were received with a well-directed fire, which compelled them to fall back. The attempt was repeated, but with the same result which usually attends a charge of horse upon well-posted infantry. The horses could not be forced upon the muzzles of guns which poured forth fire and smoke, and, after several ineffectual efforts, the assailants retreated with loss. On this occasion the promptitude of Keokuk was not more praiseworthy than the military sagacity by which he estimated the peculiarities of his own force and that of the enemy, and the accuracy of judgment with which he opposed the one to the other.

At another time, during a temporary peace between these tribes, the Sauks had gone to the prairies to hunt the buffalo, leaving their village but slightly guarded, and Keokuk with a small party approached a large encampment of the Sioux. By accident he learned that they were painted for war, and were preparing a numerous party, destined against his village. His own braves, widely scattered, could not be hastily collected together. He adopted the bold expedient of a daring and generous mind, and threw himself between his people and danger. Advancing to the encampment of his treacherous foes, he left his party hard by, and rode alone into the camp. The war pole stood in the midst of the lodges, the war dance was going on, and all the fierce excitements by which the Indians lash themselves into fury, and stir up the storm of vengeance in each other's bosoms, were in full practice. Revenge upon the Sauk was the burden of their song. At such a moment Keokuk, mounted as usual on a fine horse, rode boldly in among them, and demanded to see their chief. "I have come," said he, "to let you know that there are traitors in your camp. They have told me that you are preparing to attack my village. I knew they told me lies, for you could not, after smoking the pipe of peace, be so base as to murder my women and children in my absence. None but cowards would be guilty of such conduct!" The Sioux, who, for a moment, were abashed by the audacity of their enemy, now began to crowd about him, in a manner that showed a determination to seize his person; and they had already laid hold of his legs, on either side, when he added, in a loud voice, "I supposed they told me lies; but if what I have heard is true, then know that the Sauks are ready for you!" So saying, he shook off those who were attempting to seize him, plunged the spurs into his horse's flanks, and dashed away through the crowd. Several guns were fired at him ineffectually, and a number of warriors, instantly mounting, followed him in rapid pursuit. But they had lost their prey. Keokuk was now in his element. Yelling the dreadful war-whoop, brandishing the tomahawk, and taunting his foes as he fled before them, he continued on his way gallantly, until he came in sight of his own little band. The Sioux, fearing some stratagem, then halted, and Keokuk deliberately joined his people, while the Sioux retired. He took measures to call in his braves, and returned hastily home; but the Sioux, finding their design discovered, did not attempt to put it in execution.

The talents of Keokuk, as a military chief and civil ruler, were evident from the discipline which existed among his people. We have seen no other tribe so well managed. In 1837, when deputations from a number of tribes visited Washington, a striking contrast was observed; for, while all the other Indians strutted about in blue coats, and other absurd finery, which they had received as presents, the Sauks and Foxes appeared in their native dress, evincing a dignity and good taste which attracted general notice. Another anecdote is illustrative of the same habitual good order. A few years ago a steamboat, ascending the Mississippi, touched for a few minutes at Rock Island. A number of the Indians sauntered to the shore to gaze at it, and a passenger, expecting to see a scramble, held up a whisky bottle, and beckoned to the savages, who took no notice of his motions. He stepped on shore, again showed the enticing bottle, and made signs, but without effect. Supposing the Indians to be bashful, or afraid, he placed the bottle on the ground, pointed to it, and returned to the boat, which now shoved off, while his fellow-passengers laughed loudly at his want of success. No sooner did the boat leave the shore than the Indians ran from the top of the bank, where they had been standing, down to the water's edge, and the passenger, beholding, as he supposed, the expected scramble, exulted in the success of his experiment; but, to his astonishment, the Indians picked up the bottle and threw it, with symptoms of great glee, after the boat, into the water, at the same time clapping their hands, laughing, and evidently exulting in the disappointment of the passenger.

In the year 1829, the writer made an excursion up the Mississippi, and having passed beyond the settlements, stopped one day at a cabin on the shore, inhabited by a respectable farmer from Pennsylvania, who had been enticed by a fine tract of land to sit down in the wilderness, more than fifty miles from any neighbor. While enjoying the hospitable fare that was kindly spread before us, we inquired if these dwellers in the blooming desert were not afraid of the Sauks and Foxes, whose hunting-grounds extended around them. They said they had felt much alarm until after a circumstance which occurred shortly before our visit. They one day saw canoes ascending the river, and small parties of Indians passing along the shore, and in the evening the main body arrived and encamped in the neighborhood. At night a warrior of very prepossessing appearance came to the house, and by signs asked permission to sleep by the fire. This they dared not refuse, and resolving to make the best of what they considered an awkward predicament, they spread a good meal for their self-invited guest; having despatched which, he took up his lodging upon the floor. The good people were much alarmed; the more so as some Indians were seen lurking about during the night. In the morning early their guest departed, but shortly after sent a person, who spoke English, to explain that the tribe had been to St. Louis to receive their annuities, and having been indulged in the use of ardent spirits, were not under the control of their usual discipline. Fearing that, under these circumstances, some depredation might be committed upon the property of the backwoodsman, a war chief had taken post in his house, and sentinels had been placed around it; and the farmer was assured, that if, hereafter, any injury should be discovered to have been committed during that night by the Indians, the chief would pay for it when he next came that way. Whether Keokuk was the person who slept in the settler's cabin, we had not the means of learning, but as he was undoubtedly at the head of the band, the anecdote shows him desirous to avoid giving offence to the whites, and exhibits a careful attention to the discipline of his tribe.

Keokuk was an able negotiator. He several times made peace with the Sioux, under the most unpromising circumstances, and they have as often broken the treaties. One of his achievements in this way displayed his skill and eloquence in a remarkable manner. Some of his warriors, falling in with an encampment of unarmed Menomenies, in sight of Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien, wantonly murdered the whole party. The Menomenies, justly incensed at an unprovoked and cowardly murder, declared war;

and their friends, the Winnebagoes, who were previously hostile to the Sauks, were also highly indignant at this outrage. To prevent a sanguinary war, General Street, the agent of the United States at Prairie du Chien, invited the several parties to a council. They assembled at Fort Crawford, but the Menomenies positively refused to hold any negotiation with the offending party. When Keokuk was informed of this resolution, he told the agent confidently that it made no difference; that he would make a treaty with the Menomenies before they separated—all he asked was to be brought face to face with them in the council house. The several tribes were accordingly assembled, each sitting apart; but when the ceremony of smoking, which precedes all public discussions, was commenced, the Menomenies refused to join in it, sitting in moody silence, while the other tribes exchanged this ordinary courtesy. The breach between the Winnebagoes and the Sauks and Foxes was talked over, explanations were mutually made, and a peace cemented. Keokuk then turned towards the Menomenies and addressed them. They at first averted their faces, or listened with looks of defiance. The commencement of a speech, without a previous smoking and shaking of hands, was a breach of etiquette, and he was besides the head of a tribe who had done them an injury that nothing but blood could atone for. Under all these disadvantages the Sauk chief proceeded with his harangue, and such was the power of his eloquence, even upon minds thus predisposed, that his hearers gradually relaxed, listened, assented—and when he concluded by saying proudly, but in a conciliatory tone, "I came here to say that I am sorry for the imprudence of my young men—I came to make peace. I now offer you the hand of Keokuk —who will refuse it?" they rose one by one, and accepted the proffered grasp.

In the year 1831, a faction of the Sauk tribe, formerly called the British band, but latterly known as Black Hawk's band, became engaged in a war with the whites, some account of which is given in our sketch of Black Hawk. Keokuk, with the majority of the Sauk and Fox nation, remained at peace with the United States; but it required all the influence, firmness, and tact of this chief, to keep his people in a position so little consonant with their habits and feelings. Their natural fondness for war, their love of plunder, their restless dispositions, their dislike towards the whites, and the injustice with which they had been treated, all conspired to enlist their sympathies with their countrymen and relatives who were engaged in hostilities. To preserve them from temptation, as well as to give assurance of his pacific intentions, Keokuk, who had removed from the eastern side of the Mississippi, which was the theatre of war, to the western side of that river, requested the agent of the American government to send to his camp a white man who could speak the Sauk language, and who might witness the sincerity with which he was endeavoring to restrain his band. A person was sent. The excitement in the tribe continued and increased—a moody, vindictive, and sensitive state of feeling pervaded the whole mass. Keokuk stood on a mine ready for explosion. He knew not at what moment he might be sacrificed. The slightest spark dropped upon materials so inflammable would have fired the train; and the chief who had restrained the passions of his people would have been denounced as the friend of the whites, and doomed to instant death. He remained calm and unawed, ruling his turbulent little state with a mild, parental, yet firm sway, and keeping peace at the daily and hourly risk of his life. One day an emissary arrived from the hostile party; whisky was introduced into the camp, and Keokuk saw that the crisis was at hand. He warned the white man, who was his guest, of the impending danger, and directed him to seek safety by concealing himself. A scene of wild and tumultuous excitement ensued. The emissary spoke of blood that had been shed; of a little gallant band of their relatives who were at that moment chased over their own hunting-grounds by an overwhelming force of well armed troops; of recent insults, and of long-cherished injuries inflicted by the white man. He hinted at the ready vengeance that might be taken, at an exposed frontier, defenceless cabins, and rich booty. These exciting topics were passed and exaggerated from mouth to mouth—ardent spirits were circulated, and the long-smothered rebellion began to fester in the inflamed bosoms of the savage horde. The braves assembled about the war pole to dance the war dance, and to smear their faces with the hideous symbols of revenge. Keokuk watched the rising of the storm, and appeared to mingle in its raging. He drank, listened to all that was said, and apparently assented to the inflammatory appeals made to the passions of his deluded people. At length the warriors cried aloud to be led to battle, and the chief was called upon for his opinion—he was asked to lead them. He stood forward, and addressed them with that eloquence which never failed him in the hour of need. He sympathized in their sense of wrong, their hatred of the white race, and their lust for vengeance. He won their confidence by describing and giving utterance to the passions which they felt, and echoing back their own thoughts with the skill of a master spirit. Having thus secured their attention, he considered briefly the proposition to go to war—alluded rapidly to the numbers and power of the American people, and the utter hopelessness of a contest so unequal. But he told them he was their chief, whose duty it was to be at their head in peace or war—to rule them as a father if they chose to remain at home, to lead them if they determined to go to battle. He concluded by telling them, that in the proposed war there could be no middle course; the power of the United States was such, that, unless they conquered that great nation, they must perish; that, therefore, he would lead them instantly against the whites on one condition—which was, that they would first put all their women and children to death, and then resolve, that, having crossed the Mississippi, they would never return, but perish among the graves of their fathers, rather than yield them to the white men This proposal, however desperate it may seem, presented the true issue. It poured the oil of reflection upon the waves of passion. It held up the truth that a declaration of war against the United States must be either a mere bravado, or a measure of self-destruction. The tumult of passion and intoxication subsided, subordination was restored, and the authority of Keokuk became firmly re-established.

The Black Hawk faction, always opposed to Keokuk, had regarded him with increased aversion since the disastrous termination of the war into which they madly rushed against his judgment, and in contravention of his authority; and so active have been their intrigues, that at one time they had nearly effected his downfall. Having for many years exercised the sole power of chief, a fate like that of Aristides had like to have befallen him. Some of his people became tired of the monotony of an uninterrupted rule, and longed for a change. His enemies complained of his strictness. They objected that the power of the other chiefs was swallowed up in his single voice, and they insinuated that he was exercising a usurped sway in defiance of the usages of the nation. The matter was at last brought to a formal discussion; the voice of the nation was taken, and a young chief was raised to the place of head man. In this trying crisis, Keokuk discovered his usual good sense and address. He made no public opposition to the measures taken against him, but awaited the result with dignified calmness. When the choice of his successor was decided, he was the first to salute the young chief by the title of *Father;* and it was an affecting sight to behold this distinguished man, then nearly sixty years of age, extending his hand, with every appearance of cheerfulness and respect, to a youth who was to supersede him in authority. He did more. He led the newly elected chief to the agent of the United States, who was then at Rock Island, introduced him, with every demonstration of profound respect, as "his chief and his father," begged that he might be recognized as such, and solicited, as a personal favor, that the same regard and attention which had been paid to himself should be transferred to his successor. The sequel may be readily supposed. The people saw their error. Keokuk, as a private individual, was still the first man in the nation. His ready acquiescence in the decree which reduced him from the highest station to the level of the people, won their sympathy; and he rose silently but rapidly to the place from which he had been removed, while the person who had been chosen to supersede him, sunk quietly to his former insignificance.

The writer had the gratification of seeing this distinguished man at Washington, in the autumn of 1837, when the delegates from several tribes assembled in that city, at the invitation of the Secretary of War. Some of the councils held on that occasion were exceedingly interesting. One of them especially attracted our notice. The Secretary of War, Mr. Poinsett, proposing to effect a reconciliation between the Sioux and the Sauks and Foxes, caused them to be brought together in council. The meeting took place in a church, at one end of which a large stage was erected, while the spectators were permitted to occupy the pews in the remainder of the house. The Secretary, representing the President of the United States, was seated on the centre of the stage, facing the audience, the Sioux on his right hand, and the Sauks and Foxes on his left, the whole forming a semicircle. These hostile tribes presented in their appearance a remarkable contrast—the Sioux appearing tricked out in blue coats, epaulettes, fur hats, and various other articles of finery which had been presented to them, and which were now incongruously worn in conjunction with portions of their own proper costume—while the Sauks and Foxes, with a commendable pride and good taste, wore their national dress without any admixture, and were studiously painted according to their own notions of propriety. But the most striking object was Keokuk, who sat at the head of his delegation, on their extreme left, facing his mortal enemies, the Sioux, who occupied the opposite side of the stage, having the spectators upon his left side, his own people on his right, and beyond them the Secretary of War. He sat as he is represented in the picture which accompanies this sketch, grasping in his right hand a war banner, the symbol of his station as ruling chief. His person was erect, and his eye fixed calmly but steadily upon the enemies of his people. On the floor, and leaning upon the knee of the chief, sat his son, a child of nine or ten years old, whose fragile figure and innocent countenance afforded a beautiful contrast to the athletic and warlike form, and the intellectual though weatherbeaten features of Keokuk. The effect was in the highest degree picturesque and imposing.

The council was opened by smoking the pipe, which was passed from mouth to mouth. Mr. Poinsett then briefly addressed both parties in a conciliatory strain, urging them, in the name of their Great Father, the President, to abandon those sanguinary wars, by means of which their race was becoming exterminated, and to cultivate the arts, the thrift, and the industry of white men. The Sioux spoke next. The orator, on rising, first stepped forward and shook hands with the Secretary, and then delivered his harangue, in his own tongue, stopping at the end of each sentence until it was rendered into English by the interpreter, who stood by his side, and into the Sauk language by the interpreter of that tribe. Another and another followed, all speaking vehemently, and with much acrimony. The burden of their harangues was—that it was useless to address pacific language to the Sauks and Foxes, who were faithless, and in whom no confidence could be placed. "My Father," said one of them, "you cannot make those people hear any good words, unless you bore their ears with sticks." "We have often made peace with them," said another speaker, an old man, who endeavored to be witty, "but they would never observe any treaty. I would as soon think of making a treaty with that child," pointing to Keokuk's little boy, "as with a Sauk or a Musquakee." The Sioux were evidently gratified and excited by the sarcasms of their orators, while their opponents sat motionless. their dark eyes flashing, but their features as composed and stolid as if they did not understand the disparaging language that was used.

We remarked a decided want of gracefulness in all these speakers. Each of them, having shaken hands with the Secretary of War, who sat facing the audience, stood immediately before and near him, with the interpreter at his elbow, both having their backs to the spectators, and in this awkward position, speaking low and rapidly; but little of what they said could be understood, except by the persons near them. Not so Keokuk. When it came to his turn to speak, he rose deliberately, advanced to the Secretary, and having saluted him, returned to his place, which being at the front of the stage, and on one side of it, his face was not concealed from any of the several parties present. His interpreter stood beside him. The whole arrangement was judicious, and, though apparently unstudied, showed the tact of an orator. He stood erect, in an easy but martial posture, with his robe thrown over his left shoulder and arm, leaving the right arm bare, to be used in action. His voice was fine, his enunciation remarkably clear, distinct, and rapid. Those who have had the gratification of hearing a distinguished senator from South Carolina, now in Congress, whose rapidity of utterance, concentration of thought, and conciseness of language are alike peculiar to himself, may form some idea of the style of Keokuk, the latter adding, however, an attention to the graces of attitude and action, to which the former makes no pretension. He spoke with dignity, but with great animation, and some of his retorts were excellent. "They tell you," said he, "that our ears must be bored with sticks; but, my father, you could not penetrate their thick skulls in that way—it would require hot iron." "They say they would as soon think of making peace with this child as with us—but they know better; for when they made war with us they found us men." "They tell you that peace has often been made, but that we have broken it. How happens it then that so many of their braves have been slain in our country? I will tell you. They invaded us—we never invaded them—none of my braves have been killed in their country. We have their scalps, and can tell where we took them." We shall speak further of this council in some of the other sketches of the Sauks and Foxes. It produced no effect, unless that of widening the breach between these tribes.

The following letter, which was published in the Illinois newspapers about the time of its date, is said to have been sent by Keokuk to the Governor of that state. It was, of course, written by some white man, at his dictation. The village criers mentioned were the editors of newspapers, and the reports alluded to were circulated shortly after the close of the Black Hawk war.

"*Raccoon Fork of Des Moines River, November* 30, 1832.

"To the Great Chief of Illinois:

"My Father—I have been told by a trader that several of your village criers have been circulating bad news, informing the whites that the Indians were preparing for war, and that we are dissatisfied. My father, you were present when the tomahawk was buried, and assisted me to place it so deep that it will never again be raised against the white children of Illinois.

"My Father—Very few of that misguided band that entered Rock River last summer, remain. You have humbled them by war, and have made them friendly by your generous conduct to them, after they were defeated. Myself, and the greater part of the Sauks and Foxes, have firmly held you by the hand. We followed your advice, and did as you told us. My father, I take pity on those of my nation that you forgave, and never mention the disasters of last summer. I wish them to be forgotten.

"I do not permit the criers of our village to proclaim any bad news against the whites, not even the truth. Last fall an old man, a Fox Indian, was hunting on an island, a short distance below Rock Island, for turkeys to carry to Fort Armstrong. He was killed by a white man. We passed it over—we have only spoken of it in whispers. Our agent has not heard of it. We wish to live in peace with the whites. If a white man comes to our camp or village, we give him a share of what we have to eat, a lodging if he wants it, and put him on the trail if he has lost it.

"My Father—Advise the criers of your villages to tell the truth respecting us, and assist in strengthening the chain of friendship, that your children may treat us friendly when they meet us; and be assured that we are their friends, and that we have feelings as well as they have.

"My Father—This is all I have to say at present.

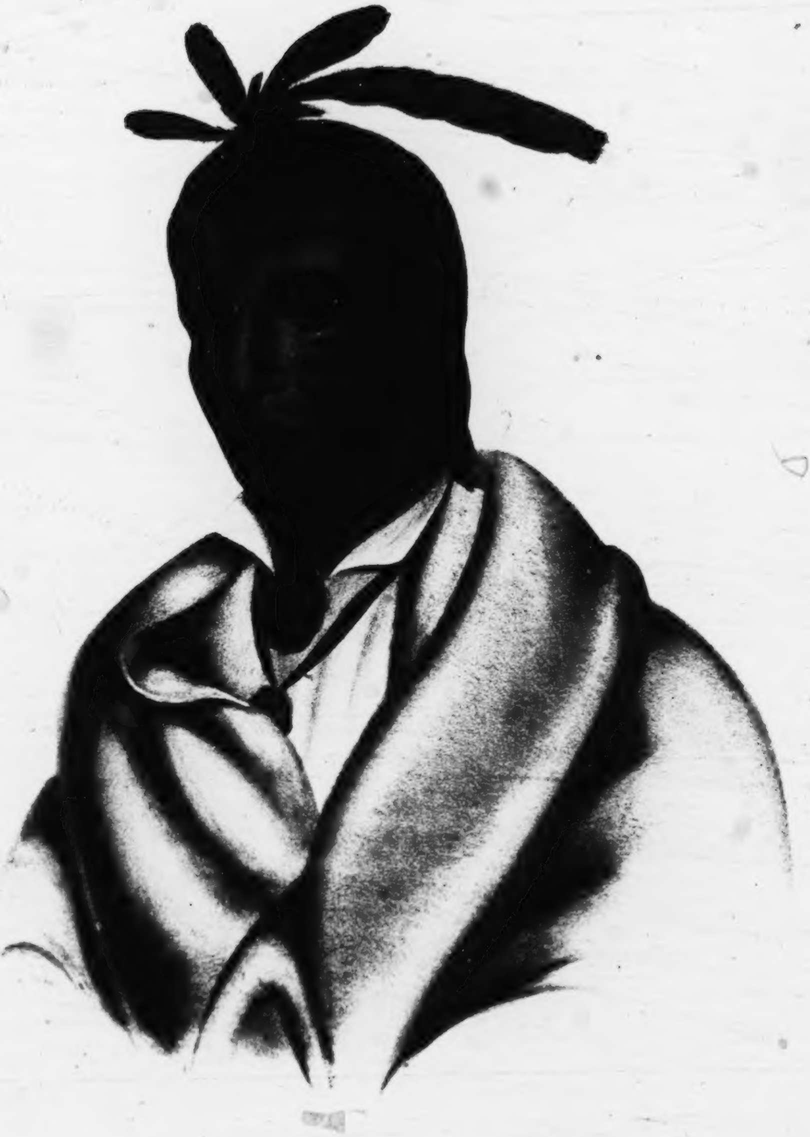
"KEOKUK,

"*Chief of the Sauk Nation.*"

Keokuk was a large and finely formed man. His manners were dignified and graceful, and his elocution, as well in conversation as in public speaking, highly energetic and animated. His flow of language and rapidity of utterance were remarkable; yet his enunciation was so clear and distinct, that it is said not a syllable was lost. His voice was powerful and agreeable, and his countenance prepossessing. It is not often that so fine a looking man as this forest chieftain has been seen, or one whose deportment has been so uniformly correct.

As much of the history of Keokuk is interwoven with that of Black Hawk, we have endeavored to avoid repetition, by omitting many particulars which are related in our sketch of the latter.

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.



A-MIS-QUAM,

A WINNEBAGO BRAVE

43

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

AMISQUAM.

Although we shall scarcely infer the fact from his name, Amisquam, or the *Wooden Ladle*, is a very noted leader of the Winnebagoes, a fierce and restless tribe of the Upper Mississippi. His mother was a woman of that nation, and his father a Frenchman named Descarrie, by which name also the subject of this notice is known. He is a fine looking man, of large stature, and commanding mien, whose influence over the entire mass of the warriors of this numerous tribe is very great. He has led many war parties against the Chippewas, and has always been successful, returning laden with spoil and scalps.

The leader of such parties seldom engages in a fight as a common brave, nor does he usually even carry a gun. The systematic and cautious tactics of Indian warfare, and the inevitable disgrace which results from defeat, imposes upon him a responsible office; and like the general in the army of a civilized people, he is expected rather to direct the efforts of others, than to fight with his own hand. The plan of the enterprise is often the subject of a council, in which all who are of sufficient age may speak, and the decision is usually unanimous; for we know of no instance among the Indians in which questions are decided by majorities. When the leading features of the scheme are agreed upon, the execution is left to the war chief, who may rely on the secrecy, as well as the implicit obedience, of his well trained followers. On the eve of a battle, he gives his orders to his captains, or if the party be small, to the whole band; and during the fight he is engaged in overlooking and directing the whole operation. Occasions may occur, as in all military enterprises, where it may be proper for the leader to place himself at the head of his men, and go foremost into battle; and in all cases when the fight thickens so that the braves meet hand to hand, the leader is thrown into personal contact with the enemy; but the general practice is as we have stated.

The Wooden Ladle was a general, or war chief, who led large parties of his people, and gained reputation by the sagacity with which he directed these military enterprises. He usually assembled his braves at Prairie du Chien; and before going out always adorned himself with a string of beads which he wore round his neck. This was to be the prize of the first warrior who should kill an enemy, and bring his head to the leader, and the trophy was always given on the spot.

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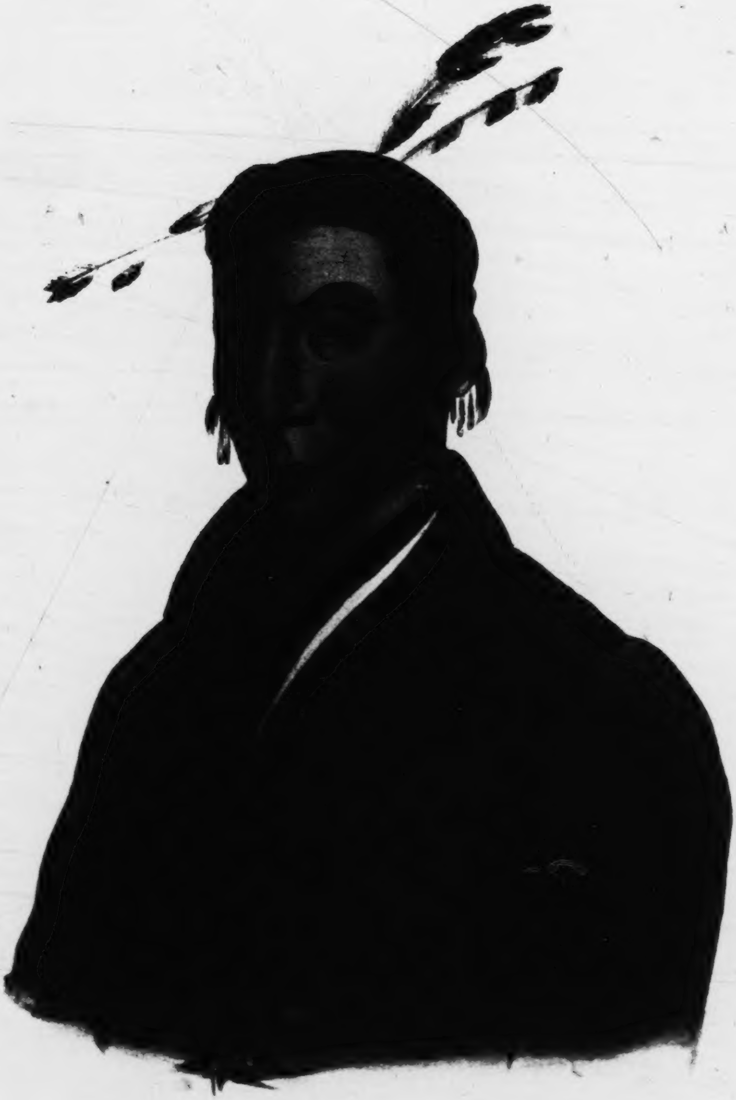


KA-TA-WA-BE-DA,

A CHIPPEWAY CHIEF

No 44

RICE RUTTER & CO Publishers

KATAWABEDA.

A CHIPPEWAY CHIEF.

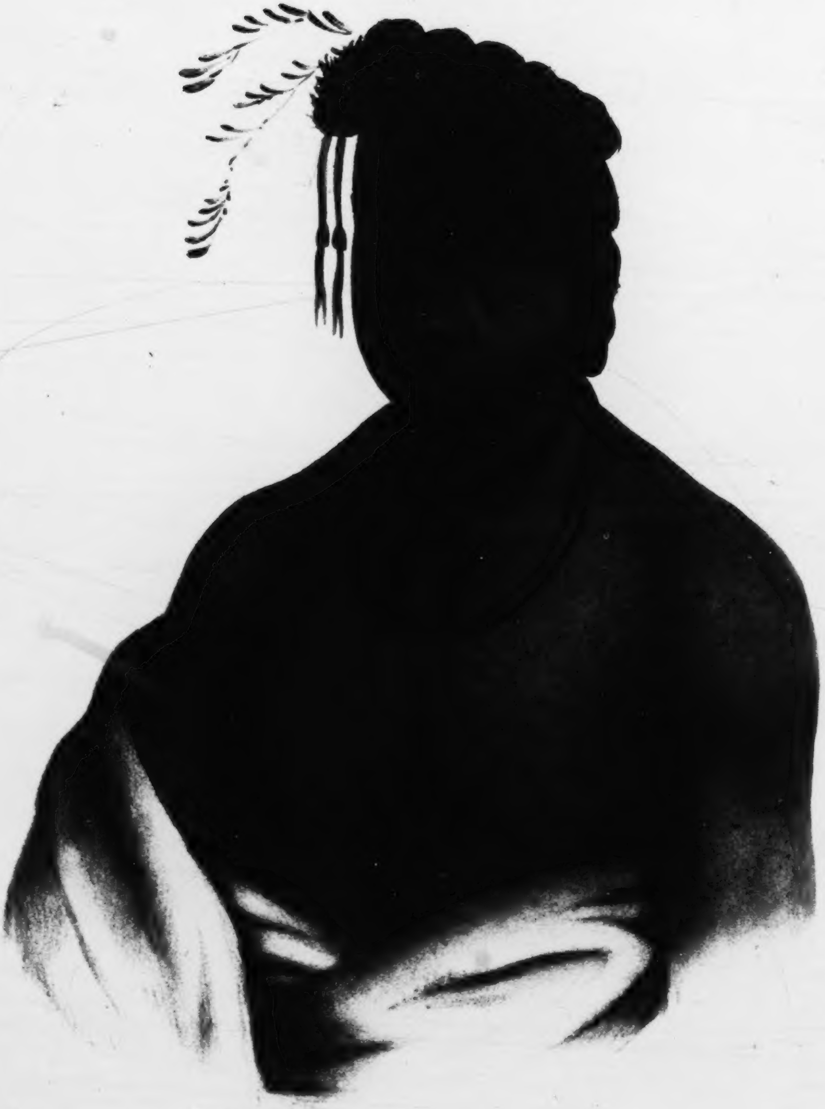
There is, in general, so great a sameness in the Indian character, that the individuals may be said to differ rather in the degree of physical and mental strength with which they are endowed, than in the qualities of their minds. The pursuits of all being the same, there must naturally be a similitude of intellectual development, and we find accordingly but little variety of character, except that arising from extraordinary instances of bodily vigor, or still more rarely, from superior native talent. Their hunters and warriors are great, greater, and greatest, but still they are but warriors and hunters, practising, with more or less success, the same arts of sylvan warfare against the brute inhabitants of the lake and forest, or snatching by similar devices the bloody trophies of victory, in perpetual feuds with each other.

It is therefore an agreeable relief to turn from the monotonous recital of the wiles of battles and ambuscade, to the contemplation of a pacific character. The chief, whose portrait is before us, deserves honorable mention as one of the very few of his race who condemned, by precept and example, the vindictive and bloody wars, so common, and so fatally destructive, among the ill-starred aborigines. Although we do not learn that his courage was ever questioned, he never took an active part in war, but discouraged it on all occasions, as far as his situation and influence allowed. At the councils, in which, as an able speaker, he was a prominent person, he usually harangued in favor of pacific measures, recommended negotiation and remonstrance, rather than revenge and violence, and sought to allay the excitement which ordinarily prevails at the meetings of the antagonist and turbulent denizens of the wild.

Katawabeda was an orator of no small repute. Expert and ready in debate, his speeches were marked by shrewdness, ingenuity, and subtlety of argument, and by a simple brevity and force of expression. Some of these displays of native eloquence were well worthy of preservation, but we are not aware that any of them have been recorded except in the memory of those who sat in the councils of that lonely region of lakes and forests, of which this remarkable Indian was a native and a ruler.

He was the principal village chief—the civil head, as distinguished from the war chief, or military leader—of a band of the Chippeway nation, who reside at Sandy Lake, or Kometongogomog, among the head springs of the Mississippi, and was a sensible, prudent, politic man, who was revered by his own people, and looked up to as a safe counsellor by the surrounding villages.

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY



WESH-CUBB,

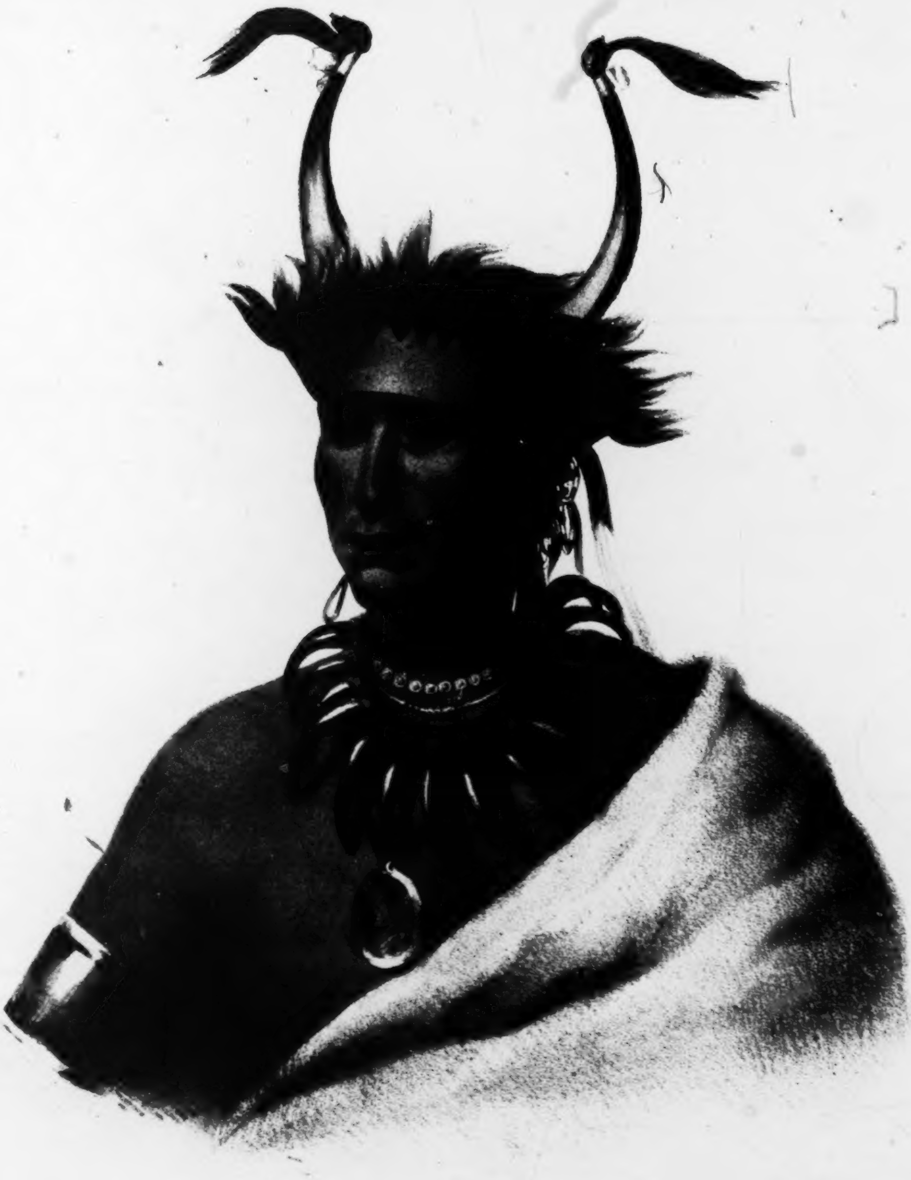
A CHIPPEWAY CHIEF

No. 15

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

WESHCUBB.

Weshcubb, *the Sweet*, is a chief of Red Lake, north of the sources of the Mississippi. He is the son of *Le Sucre*, a chief who is mentioned by General Pike, in his narrative of his voyage up the Mississippi, in 1806. The similarity of the names of the father and son would seem to indicate the existence of some family trait of character, which was designed to be described by their respective names, which have reached us in English and French translations. The father died on Lake Superior, while on his return home from a visit to Michilimackinac. The son is represented as worthy of the place he holds in the estimation of his tribe. He is considered a just and good man, but has never evinced much capacity, nor shown a disposition to lead war parties. The family is noted for a singular freak of the son of Weshcubb, who feigned or fancied himself a woman, and assumed the female dress and employments. The cause of this transformation, so especially remarkable in a savage, who considers the woman an inferior being, and in the son of a chief, who can aspire to the office of his father, if worthy, but not otherwise, is not known. It might have been suggested by a dream, or induced by monomania, or by some bodily infirmity. He, however, joined war parties, and after serving in seven expeditions, was at last killed by the enemy.



CHON-MON-I-CASE,

AN OTTO HALF CHIEF

N°46

RICE, RUTTER CO Publishers

CHONMONICASE, OR SHAUMONEKUSSE.

In the progress of our work we have found no small difficulty in settling the orthography of proper names. Not only are the Indian languages unwritten, but the interpreters, through whom most of our information is necessarily communicated, are illiterate persons, who arbitrarily affix to words the pronunciation which suits their own fancy, or which accords best with their own national or local idiom. Thus the Indians, who call themselves Saukies, are denominated Sacs by the French, and Sauks by the Americans; and the names of many of the chiefs are given with such variations by different travellers that it is sometimes difficult to recognize them. The names which are attached to the portraits in this work are, with a few exceptions, those which we found written upon them in the gallery at the War Office, and which were dictated by the persons who attended the chiefs as interpreters, in their visit to Washington. Whether they have been changed in copying we cannot say; but some of them are evidently incorrect. We have, however, in most cases, left them unaltered, preferring to make our corrections in the biographical notices, rather than alter that which may have been written on authority better than our own. Whether the individual now before us should be called *Chonmonicase*, or *Shaumonekusse*, is a question which we suppose will never excite as much curiosity as has been awakened by the rival claims for the birth-place of Homer; we have, nevertheless, taken some pains to arrive at the proper reading, and have adopted the latter, on the authority of the writers of Long's First Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in which we place implicit confidence.

Shaumonekusse was distinguished early in life as a daring, active, and successful warrior. We are not aware of his having any hereditary claims to the chieftainship of his tribe, to which he has risen gradually by his own merits. He is a person of deep penetration, and is capable of acting with much duplicity on any occasion when he may consider it politic to conceal his real views Having had intercourse with the traders, from his infancy, he has acquired an intimate knowledge of the character of the white men, and has studied to turn this acquisition to advantage. The Ottoes have always maintained friendly relations with the American people, and it was, therefore, not difficult for this chief to cultivate the good opinion of such of our countrymen as visited the distant shores of the upper Missouri.

The Ottoes and the Missouries are remnants of numerous and warlike nations which once roamed over these boundless plains, the monarchs of all they surveyed, but which are now so greatly reduced, that the whole number of the warriors in both tribes together is not more than two hundred. Being united by the closest friendship, they have cast their lots in union, and act together as one people; and small as is their aggregated force, they have sustained themselves with such uniform bravery and good conduct as to command the respect of the tribes around them. They are more indebted to Shaumonekusse than to any other individual for the high reputation they have maintained, as he is not only one of the boldest of their warriors, but is very expert and politic in the management of their affairs.

He is more commonly known to the whites by the name of *Ietan*, or, as the French traders denominate him, *L'Ietan*, a title which was given him in consequence of some exploit against the tribe of that name; probably on account of his having slain an Ietan warrior of distinction.

The countenance of this Indian expresses the qualities which he is known to have possessed in an eminent degree, but which are not common among his race; he was, when a young man, social, witty, animated, and mercurial in his temperament. Although he never obtained any reputation as an orator, he conversed well, and was an agreeable companion.

When Colonel Long's party were encamped on the upper Missouri, in 1819, they were visited by a party of Ottoes, among whom was Ietan, then a young but a distinguished warrior. A grand dance was performed in honor of the American officers; in the course of which, the leaders of the greatest repute among the Indians narrated their exploits. Among others, Ietan stepped forward and struck the flagstaff which had been erected, and around which the dancers moved. This ceremony is called *striking the post;* and such is the respect paid to it, that whatever is spoken by the person who strikes, may be relied upon as strictly true; and, indeed, it could not well be otherwise, for the speaker is surrounded by rival warriors, who would not fail to detect, and instantly expose, any exaggeration by which he should endeavor to swell his own comparative merits. In recounting his martial deeds, Ietan said, he had stolen horses seven or eight times from the Konsas; he had first struck the bodies of three of that nation, slain in battle. He had stolen horses from the Ietan nation, and had struck one of their dead. He had stolen horses from the Pawnees, and had struck the body of one Pawnee Loup. He had stolen horses several times from the Omahas, and once from the Puncas. He had struck the bodies of two Sioux. On a war party, in company with the Pawnees, he had attacked the Spaniards, and penetrated into one of their camps; the Spaniards, excepting a man and a boy, fled, himself being at a distance before his party, he was shot at and missed, by the man whom he immediately shot down and struck. "This," said he, "is the only martial act of my life that I am ashamed of."

This would be considered, by an Indian audience, a highly meritorious catalogue of martial deeds; nor would the stealing of horses be thought the least honorable of these daring exploits. Although the word stealing is used, and the proceeding itself is attended with the secrecy of actual theft, yet the act does not involve any idea of meanness or criminality, but is considered as a lawful capture of the property of an enemy. They deem it dishonest to steal from their friends or allies, but their code of morality justifies any deception or injury towards an enemy, and affords but slight protection to the person or property of any who are not bound to them by some strong bond of interest or friendship. Many of the wars of the Indians grow out of these predatory habits, and the capture of a few horses is repaid by the blood of warriors, and the sacrifice of life.

On the same occasion alluded to above, we are told, "in this dance, Ietan represented one who was in the act of stealing horses. He carried a whip in his hand, as did a considerable number of the Indians, and around his neck were thrown several leathern thongs, for bridles and halters, the ends of which trailed on the ground behind him; after many preparatory manœuvres, he stooped down, and with his knife represented the act of cutting the *hopples* of horses; he then rode his tomahawk as children ride their broomsticks, making such use of his whip as to indicate the necessity of rapid movement, lest his foes should overtake him."

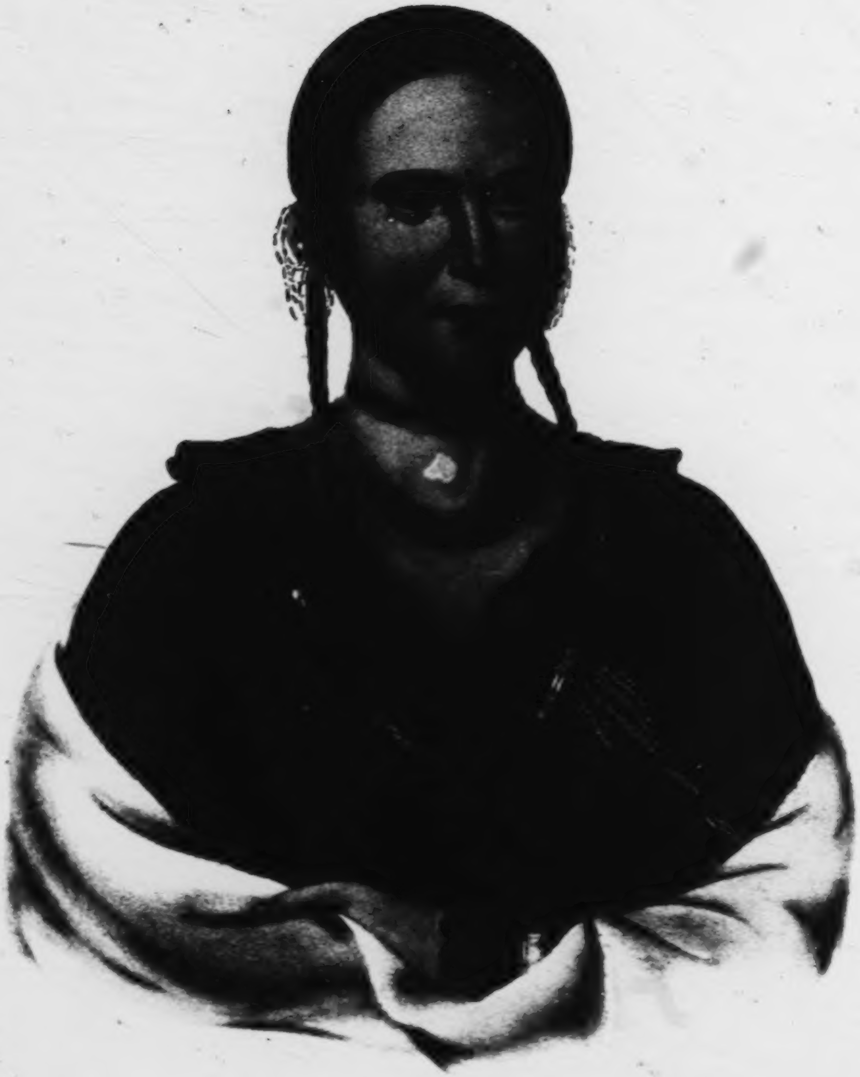
The authority already quoted, after remarking that the Indians sometimes indulge in pleasantry in their conversation, adds, that "Shaumonekusse seemed to be eminently witty, a quality strongly indicated by his well marked features."

The union between the Missouries and Ottoes took place about twenty years ago, when the former were conquered and dispersed by the Sauks and Foxes, and their allies, when a few families joined the Osages; a few took refuge among the Konsas, while the chief part of the tribe became amalgamated with the Ottoes. Having been previously very nearly assimilated in habits, manners and language, the union has been cordial, and they may now be considered as one people.

These tribes boast of having faithfully adhered to their professions of friendship towards the American people; not one of whom, they assert, was ever killed by their warriors. Only two white men have been slain by them within the recollection of any living witnesses; one of these was a Frenchman, and the other a Spaniard, who was killed by Shaumonekusse, in the manner already alluded to; and although this act was attended by a remarkable display of bravery, which no doubt gained him great credit, he declared publicly that it was the only martial act of his life that he was ashamed of.

This individual is distinguished not only as a warrior, but as a great hunter; and it is evident that he takes no small degree of pride in his exploits in the chase, from the manner in which his head was decorated with the spoils of the field, when he sat for his portrait. The horns of the buffalo are worn with a triumph which renders it probable that a legend of more than ordinary daring is connected with the identical pair thus ostentatiously displayed, while the claws of the grizly bear, the fiercest and most powerful quadruped of our continent, are suspended round his neck.

When this portrait was taken, Shaumonekusse was a young and gallant warrior; he has since become the head man of his tribe, and risen to great influence among his neighbors. The immediate cause of his rise from a half to a full chieftain, was the result of a quarrel that happened between one of his brothers and himself. In the fight produced by the quarrel, it was the lot of Shaumonekusse to have his nose bit off, whereupon he shot his brother. He immediately repaired to the council, and made known what had happened, when it was decreed that any man who would bite off his brother's nose deserves to be shot; and in testimony of the respect entertained by the chiefs for the promptness of Shaumonekusse in punishing such an outrage, they elected him chief.



HAYNE HUDJIHINI.

Nº 47

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

HAYNE HUDJIHINI,

THE EAGLE OF DELIGHT.

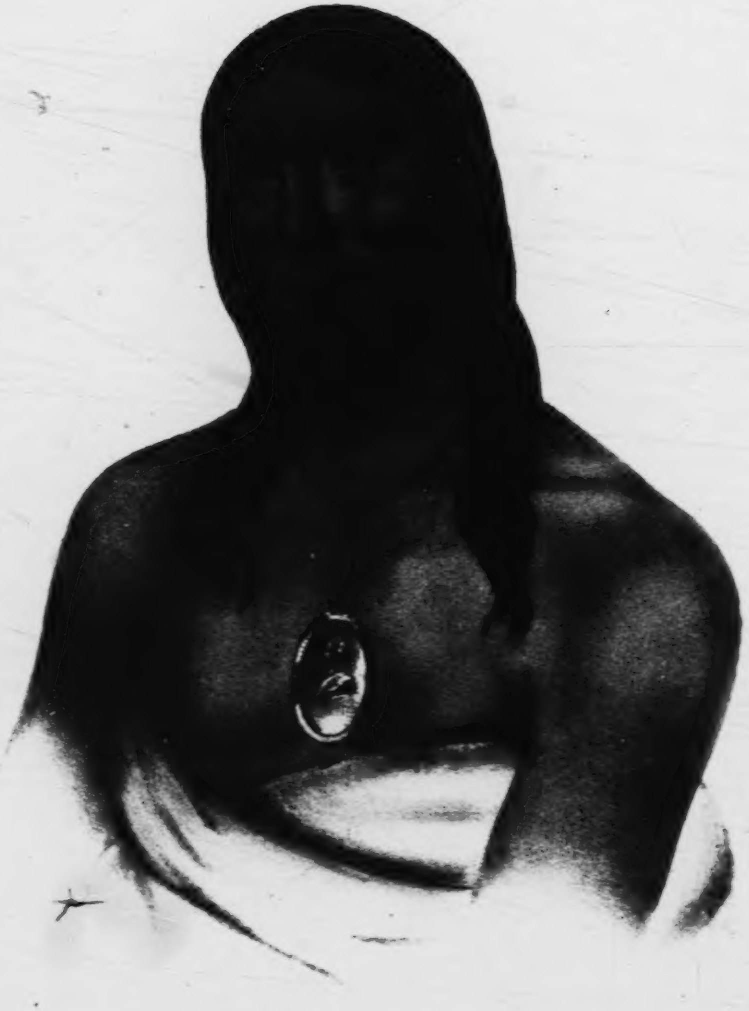
We regret that we have but little to say of the original of this pretty picture. Like many handsome women, her face was probably her principal treasure. The countenance does not indicate much character; without the intelligence of the civilized female, it has a softness rarely exhibited by the Indian squaw. There is a Chinese air of childishness and simplicity about it, which is rather striking, and which is as foreign to the features of the laborious, weather-beaten female of the prairies as it would be to the countenance of a practised belle in one of our cities.

She was the favorite wife of Shaumonekusse; whether the only one, we are unable to say, for the red men are in the habit of multiplying the chances of connubial felicity by marrying as many red ladies as they can support. A great hunter has usually several, while the sluggard, who has gained no reputation by his successes in the chase, is considered as very amply provided with a single help-meet. We infer from the character of Ietan, as well as from the paraphernalia which decorates his person, that he was entitled by the etiquette and the economy of Indian life, to a plurality of wives, and that he was a personage who would probably live up to his privileges.

When he visited the city of Washington, in 1821, Hayne Hudjihini, the Eagle of Delight, was the companion of his journey

Young, and remarkably handsome, with an interesting appearance of innocence and artlessness, she attracted the attention of the citizens of our metropolis, who loaded her with presents and kindnesses. Among other things, she received many trinkets; and it is said that her lord and master, who probably paid her the flattering compliment of thinking her, when unadorned, adorned the most, very deliberately appropriated them to his own use, and suspended them from his own nose, ears, and neck. If she was as good natured as her portrait bespeaks her, she was no doubt better pleased in administering to her husband's vanity, than she would have been in gratifying her own.

Shortly after her return home she died, and the bereaved husband was so sensibly affected by her decease, that he resolved to end his own life by starvation. With this view he threw himself on her grave, and for several days remained there in an agony of grief, refusing food, and repelling consolation. His friends, respecting his feelings, suffered him for a time to indulge his sorrow, but at last forced him away, and his immoderate grief became gradually assuaged.



A-NA-CAM-E-GISH-CA,

A CHIPPEWAY CHIEF

N-48

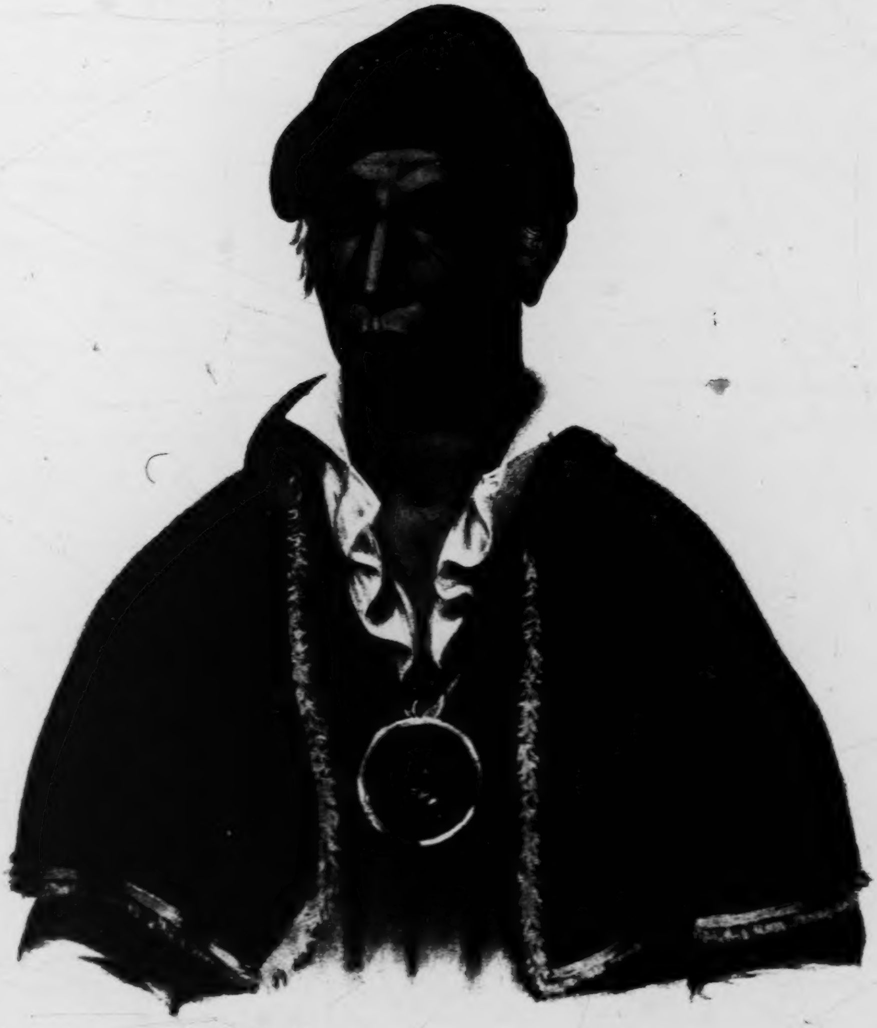
RICE RUTTER & CO [illegible]

ANACAMEGISHCA.

HERE is a forest chieftain with a name sufficiently long to gratify the most aristocratic veneration for high sounding titles, but which, we regret to inform such of our readers as may not happen to be versed in the Ojibway tongue, dwindles, when interpreted, into the humble appellation of *Foot Prints.* How he acquired it, we are unable to say, but that it is an honorable designation, we are prepared to believe from the character of the wearer, who is a person of no small note. He is descended from a line of hyperborean chiefs, who, like himself, have held undisputed sway over a clan of the Chippeways inhabiting the borders of Rainy Lake. His great grandfather Nittum, was an Ottawa, who emigrated from Lake Michigan to the Grand Portage and Rainy lake, at the time when the great Northwest Company, whose doings have been so admirably described by our countryman Irving, began to prosecute their traffic in parts northwestward from the Grand Portage.

Nittum was an uncommon man. So great was his sagacity and conduct, that, although not a native of the region or tribe into which he had boldly cast his lot, he soon came to be regarded as the head chief of the Kenisteno nation. He attained a reputation for bravery, activity, and prudence in council, as well as for the decision of character evinced in all the vicissitudes of a busy and perilous career, which extended beyond the region of Rainy lake, and elevated him above the surrounding warriors and politicians. So great was the veneration in which he was held by the Indians, that the agents of the Northwest Company took especial pains to conciliate his favor while living, and to honor his remains after death. The scaffold upon which, according to the custom of the Chippeways, his body was deposited, was conspicuously elevated, near the trading-house at the Grand Portage, and the savages saw, with admiration, a British flag floating in the breeze over the respected relics of their deceased chief. When these politic traffickers in peltry removed their establishment from Kamenistaquoia to Fort William, they carried with them the bones of Nittum, which were again honored with distinguished marks of respect; and the living continued to be cajoled by a pretended reverence for the memory of the dead. This is the same "*Nitum*" mentioned in the History of the Fur Trade prefixed to McKenzie's Voyages.

Nittum was succeeded in the chieftainship by his son Kagakummig, the *Everlasting*, who was also much respected in the high latitude of Rainy lake and the Lake of the Woods. After his death, his son Kabeendushquameh, a person of feeble mind and little repute, swayed the destinies of this remote tribe, until, in the fulness of time, he also was gathered to his fathers. He left several sons, of whom the subject of this notice is within one of the youngest, but is nevertheless the successor to the hereditary authority of chief. He is a good hunter, and well qualified to sustain the reputation of his family. Of a disposition naturally inclining to be stern and ferocious, but with sufficient capacity to appreciate his own situation and that of his people, as well as the conduct of those who visit his country for the purpose of traffic, he conducts himself with propriety, and is considered a man of good sense and prudence. He is the first of his family who has acknowledged fealty to the American government. This chief takes a lively interest in the condition and prospects of his band, and, in the year 1826, evinced a desire to cultivate amicable relations with the American people, by performing a long and painful journey to attend the council held at Fond du Lac by Governor Cass and Colonel McKenney. He is six feet three inches in stature, and well made. Of his feats in war or hunting no particular accounts have reached us. There are no newspapers at Rainy lake, and it is altogether possible for a person to attain an eminent station without having his frailties or his good deeds heralded by the trump of fame.



QUA-TA-WA-PEA,

N°49. A SHAWNOE CHIEF RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers.

QUATAWAPEA, OR COLONEL LEWIS.

Quatawapea, or "The man on the water who sinks and rises again," was born at the Pickaway Plains, in Ohio, almost sixty years ago, and was a boy at the great battle of the Kenhawa, in which his tribe acted a conspicuous part. His father and all his ancestors were distinguished for their feats in arms. He was for many years the chief of that band of the Shawanoe tribe which resided at Lewistown, on the sources of the great Miami of the Ohio. With strangers he passed for a person of much consideration, in consequence of his fine address and appearance. He was a well formed, handsome man, dressed with much taste and elegance, and was graceful in his deportment. His horse and equipments, rifle, and side arms, were all of the most costly kind, and few of his race ever appeared so well on public occasions. As a hunter he had no superior; but he was not distinguished in council or in war.

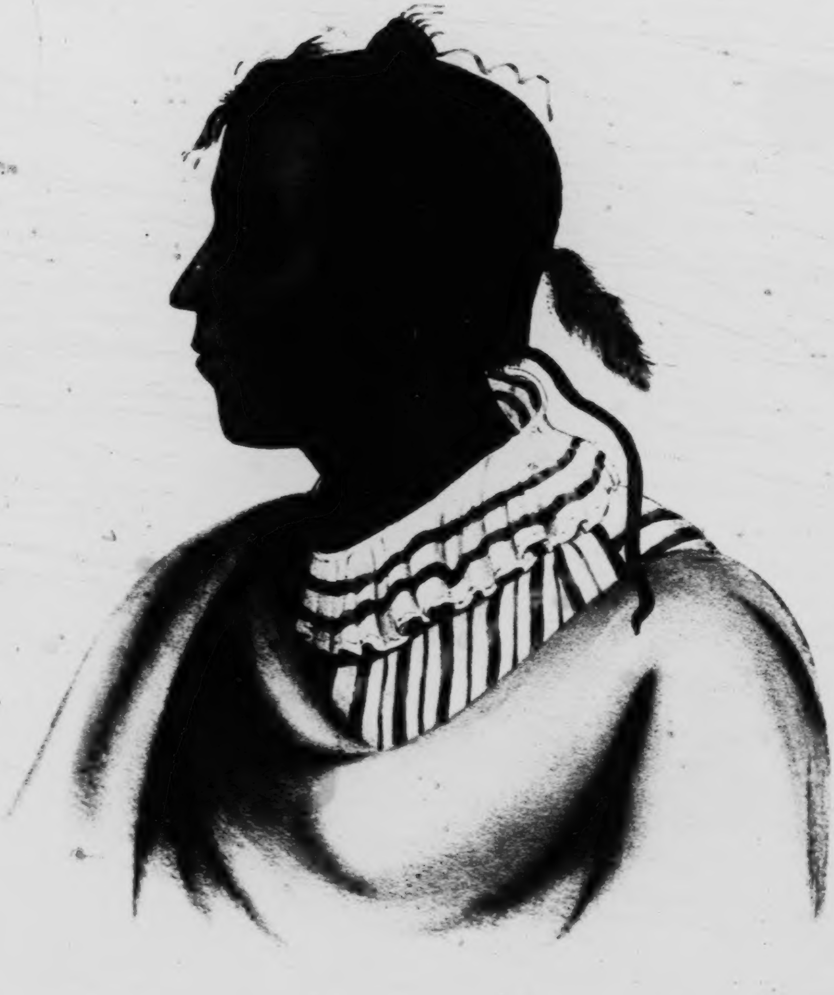
During the late war between the United States and Great Britain, this chief joined the American army with a small band of his braves, and rendered himself extremely useful, on account of his intimate knowledge of the whole country which formed the seat of war on our north-western frontier. Only one martial exploit, however, is recorded to his honor. At a place called Savoirin's Mills, he attacked a small fortification, at the head of his warriors, with such fury, that the British garrison was compelled to evacuate it hastily, and seek safety in flight. They were overtaken and many of them captured; the pursuit was continued for some hours; yet it is a fact, highly honorable to this chief, and the Shawanoe warriors under his command, that not a scalp was taken, nor a prisoner put to death. The British soldiers who were captured were treated with the greatest humanity.

The reader will have observed, that it is not uncommon for the Indian warriors and chiefs to have several names, and that many of them are named after eminent persons among their civilized neighbors. Thus the individual before us is better known by those who speak our language only, as *Colonel Lewis,* than by his original Indian designation.

He lived for many years near Waupaghconneta, in Ohio, where he cultivated a large farm, to which he devoted much attention. Unlike most of his race, he had learned the value of property, and exerted himself to increase his possessions. This conduct rendered him unpopular with his tribe, by whom he had never been greatly esteemed; and he was at length deposed by them, under a charge of peculation, in having applied to his own private purposes the money received from the United States for the use of his people.

It is said that his appointment to the station of chief was entirely accidental. Being one of a delegation which visited the seat of government while General Dearborn was Secretary of War, the superiority of Colonel Lewis, in dress and manners, probably induced the Secretary to regard him as the most conspicuous person of the party, and he presented him with a medal. On his return, the Indians regarding this decoration as an indication of the wishes of the American government, and desirous to testify their obedience to the hint which they supposed to have been thus given, yielded to him tacitly, a precedence which soon grew into a confirmed authority; and such is their rigid notion of discipline, and their habitual respect for their chiefs, that they submitted to him cheerfully while he remained in office. They even retained him for some time after they were satisfied of his unworthiness, at the instance of the agents of our government, who supported his cause, because they found him inclined to peace, and friendly to the whites.

After his deposition from the chieftainship, he emigrated with his family, and a few followers, to the country west of the Mississippi, allotted by the American government to the Shawanoes, where he died in 1826.



ME-TE-A,

A POTTAWATIMIE CHIEF.

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

METEA.

The strongly marked features of this individual are indicative of his decisive character, and the original cast of his mind. Metea was distinguished as an orator and as a warrior. He was a Pottawatimie of unbounded influence in his tribe, and was esteemed by all who knew him as a man of commanding talents. He resided on the little St. Joseph's river, about twelve miles from Fort Wayne, in Indiana.

We know little of Metea previous to the unfortunate war between Great Britain and the United States, which commenced in 1812, when his name was prominently connected with one of the most tragic scenes of that conflict. The employment of savages, in the hostilities against our frontier settlements, led to many outrages, but to none more afflicting than the massacre at Chicago. At this solitary spot, far in the wilderness, and entirely detached from any of the populous parts of our country, a small fort had been established, and a few families, supported chiefly by the Indian trade, formed a little village in its vicinity. Captain Heald, the commander, having received orders from General Hull to abandon the post, and retire to Detroit, left the property which could not be moved under charge of a few friendly Indians, and marched out with the garrison, consisting of about fifty regulars. In his train were some females and children, belonging to the garrison, and several families of the village, who were unwilling to remain at this solitary and exposed point, after the withdrawal of the military They had scarcely left their fortress when a band of Indians, who had been watching the motions of this ill-fated party, rushed upon them and commenced the work of extermination. Twenty-five of the regulars, and nearly all of the defenceless persons under their charge, were slain. A few of the soldiers were made prisoners, and a few escaped by means of some of those miraculous chances so common in border warfare. Captain Heald and his wife, who accompanied him, were both wounded. We have seen an accomplished lady, at that time, though married, in the prime of her youth, who was a participator in the horrors of that dreadful scene. She concealed herself for a time by plunging into the lake, on whose borders the bloody tragedy was acted, and at last escaped by placing herself under the protection of a young Indian, whom she knew, and who with some difficulty extricated her from the scene of slaughter, and conducted her, after many days of perilous and toilsome wandering in the wilderness, in safety to Detroit. Metea was a conspicuous leader in this affair.

When General Harrison marched to Fort Wayne, in the autumn of 1812, for the purpose of raising the siege of that post, Metea led a party of his tribe to meet and obstruct the advance of the American army. Having posted his men advantageously in a swamp, five miles east of the fort, through which the army of Harrison must pass, he advanced some distance in front of them for the purpose of reconnoitering, and concealed himself behind a tree. General Harrison, who was well skilled in the stratagems of Indian warfare, had thrown his scouts out in front and on the flanks of his line of march; and as one of these was silently picking his way through the bushes, the right arm of Metea, exposed from behind the trunk of a large tree, caught his eye. To throw his rifle to his shoulder, to aim with unerring precision at the only part of his enemy which was visible, and to fire, required but an instant; and the Pottawatimie chief, with his arm broken, retreated, closely pursued, to his men, who, being discovered, raised their ambuscade and retired. When narrating this anecdote afterwards to the gentleman from whom we received it, Metea remarked that he found great difficulty in escaping his pursuers, and saving his gun. He was asked why he did not throw away his gun, to which he replied, "I would rather have lost my life. Had I returned from the battle without my gun, I should have been disgraced; but if I had fallen with my face towards the enemy, my young men would have said that Metea died like a brave."

Metea was a prominent speaker at the council held at Chicago, in 1821, and afterwards at the treaty of the Wabash, in 1826, and on both occasions gave decisive evidence of talent as a debater. Our informant, who was for many years a member of Congress, and who saw this individual on these and various other public occasions, remarked that he had heard many bursts of eloquence from him, such as were seldom exceeded by any public speaker.

There is an interesting account of this chief in the Narrative of Long's Second Expedition, performed in 1823, from which we extract the following paragraphs, descriptive of an interview with him at Fort Wayne, where the party halted to collect information in regard to the Pottawatimies.

"In order to afford the party an opportunity of obtaining the best information, General Tipton sent for one of the principal chiefs in that vicinity, with whom they conversed two days. The name of this man was Metea, which signifies, in the Pottawatimie language, *Kiss me*. He was represented to us as being the greatest chief of the nation; we had, however, an opportunity of ascertaining afterwards that he was not the principal chief, but that he had, by his talents as a warrior, and his eloquence as an orator, obtained considerable influence in the councils of his nation. He may be considered as a partisan, who, by his military achievements, has secured to himself the command of an independent tribe. He resides on the St. Joseph, about nine miles from Fort Wayne, at an Indian village called Muskwawasepeotan, *The town of the old red wood creek*. Being a chief of distinction, he came accompanied by his brother, as his rank required that he should be assisted by some one to light his pipe, and perform such other duties as always devolve upon attendants. Metea appears to be a man of about forty or forty-five years of age. He is a full-blooded Pottawatimie; his stature is about six feet; he has a forbidding aspect, by no means deficient in dignity. His features are strongly marked, and expressive of a haughty and tyrannical disposition; his complexion is dark. Like most of the Pottawatimies whom we met with, he is characterized by a low aquiline and well shaped nose. His eyes are small, elongated, and black; they are not set widely apart. His forehead is low and receding; the facial angle amounts to about eighty. His hair is black, and indicates a slight tendency to curl. His cheek bones are remarkably high and prominent, even for those of an Indian; they are not, however, angular, but present very distinctly the rounded appearance which distinguishes the aboriginal American from the Asiatic. His mouth is large, the upper lip prominent. There is something unpleasant in his looks, owing to his opening one of his eyes wider than the other, and to a scar which he has upon the wing of his nostril. On first inspection his countenance would be considered as expressive of defiance and impetuous daring, but upon closer scrutiny it is found rather to announce obstinate constancy of purpose and sullen fortitude. We behold in him all the characteristics of the Indian warrior to perfection. If ever an expression of pity or of the kinder affections belonged to his countenance, it has been driven away by the scenes of bloodshed and cruelty through which he has passed. His dress was old and somewhat dirty, but appeared to have been arranged upon his person with no small degree of care. It consisted of leather leggins, buttoned on the outside, a breechcloth of blue broadcloth, and a short chequered shirt over it; the whole was covered with a blanket, which was secured round his waist by a belt, and hung not ungracefully from his shoulders, generally concealing his right arm, which is rendered useless and somewhat withered from a wound received during the late war, when he attacked, with a small party of Indians, the force that was advancing to the relief of Fort Wayne. His face was carefully painted with vermilion round his left eye. Four feathers, colored without taste, hung behind, secured to a string which was tied to a lock of his hair. In our second interview with him, he wore a red and white feather in his head, that was covered with other ornaments equally deficient in taste. Mr. Seymour took a likeness of him, which was considered a very striking one by all who knew Metea."

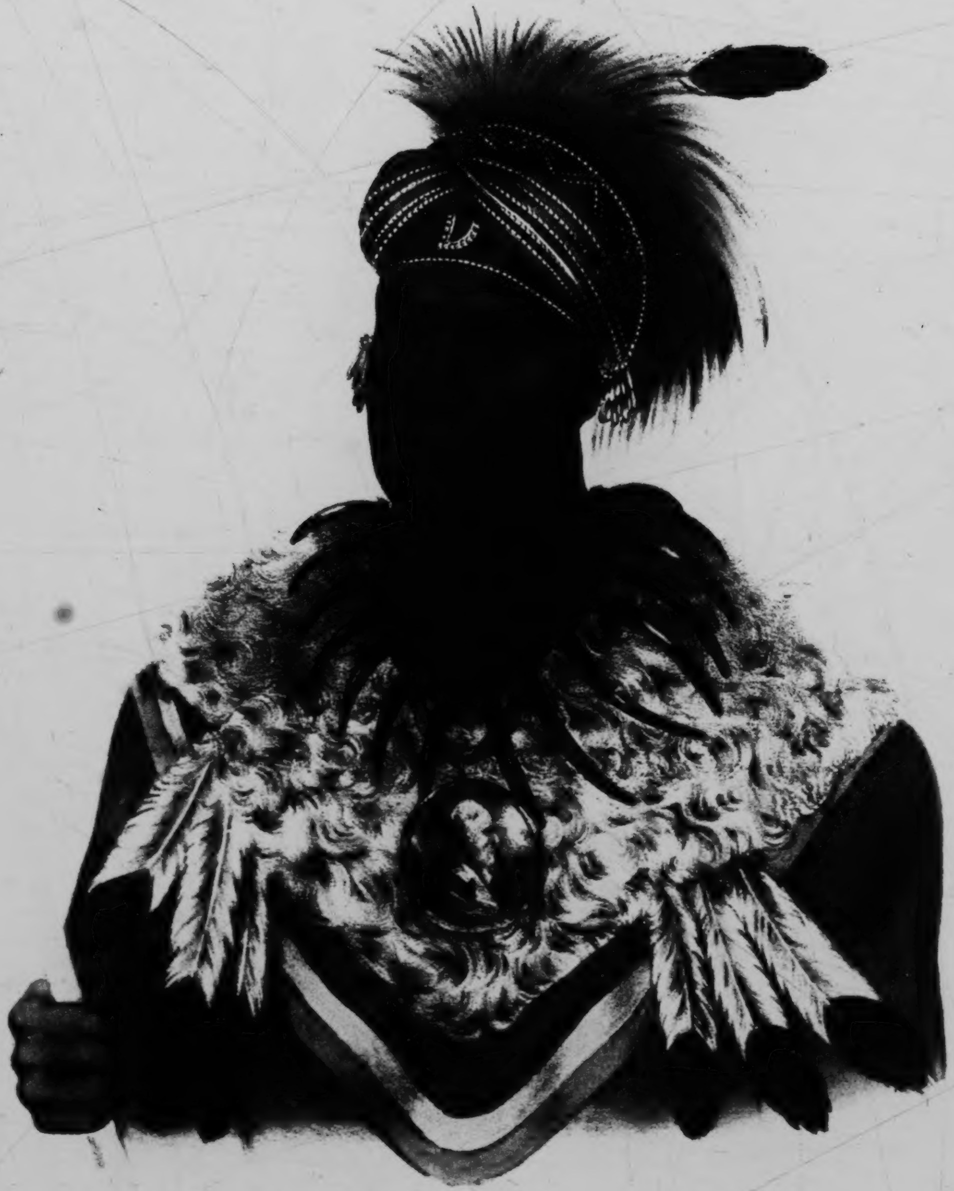
"The chief was accompanied by his brother, who is much younger, and resembles him, but whose features indicate a more amiable and interesting disposition. We observed that during the interview the latter treated Metea with much respect, always preparing and lighting his pipe, and never interfering in the conversation unless when addressed by the chief. On entering the room where the gentlemen of the party were, Metea shook hands with the agent, but took no notice of the rest of the company, until General Tipton had explained to him, through his interpreter, the nature of the expedition, the object of his Great Father, the President, in sending it among the Indians, and the information which would be expected from him. He informed him likewise that his time and trouble would be suitably rewarded. The chief then arose from his seat, shook hands with all who were present, told them that he would very willingly reply to all their questions, but that, according to usage, he was bound to repeat to his nation all the questions that should be asked and the replies that he would make; that there were certain points, however, on which he could give no information without having first obtained the formal consent of his community; that on these subjects he would remain silent, while to all others he would reply with cheerfulness; and that after they should have concluded their inquiries, he would likewise ask them some questions upon points which he thought concerned his nation, and to which he trusted they would in like manner reply. He then resumed his seat, and answered with much intelligence, and with a remarkable degree of patience, all the questions that were asked of him."

This minute narrative is not only graphic in relation to the appearance and deportment of Metea, but is highly descriptive of the decorum, the caution, and the gravity of the Indian character.

After the war Metea was in the habit of visiting Malden annually to receive pay, as he expressed it, for his arm, from his British father. It is probable that he received presents whenever he visited the British posts.

In the latter part of his life Metea became a warm advocate for educating the youth of his tribe; and in 1827, having collected a number of boys, he took them to the agent at Fort Wayne, who sent them to the Choctaw academy in Kentucky.

General Tipton, formerly an agent in the Indian Department, and now a Senator in Congress, to whom we are indebted for the greater part of this sketch, describes Metea as possessing many noble traits of character. He was ambitious and fond of power, but he was brave and generous, giving freely to his friends, and never betraying the littleness of any selfish propensity. He devoted much of his time, and all his care, to the interests of his nation, and was an able and faithful chieftain. With all these good qualities he was the victim of that fatal passion for ardent spirits which has brought such swift destruction upon his race. The last council he attended was at Fort Wayne, in 1827, when several days were spent in a difficult negotiation, during which he attracted attention by the dignity and propriety of his bearing. When the business was concluded he remarked that he must have a frolic, and the agent permitted him to receive a small bottle of spirits; by some secret means he procured more, and unhappily became intoxicated. In a state of frenzy he roamed through the village, demanding liquor; and at last is supposed to have taken a bottle of aqua fortis from the window of a shop, and swallowed the contents, which, in about half an hour, caused his death.



WA-PEL-LA

A MUSQUAKEE CHIEF

Nº 50.

RICE RUTTER & CO. Publishers

WAPELLA.

Wapella, whose name signifies the *Prince*, or the *Chief*, is the head man of the Musquakee, or Fox tribe. He was one of the delegation led by Keokuk to Washington in 1837, and made a favorable impression by the correctness of his deportment on that occasion. In stature he is shorter, and more heavily built than most of the Indians, and has the appearance of great strength and activity.

In the council held by the Secretary of War, for the purpose of reconciling the Sioux with the Sauks and Foxes, Wapella spoke next after Keokuk, and acquitted himself well. Although he possessed not the fine form and striking manner of Keokuk, many thought his speech not inferior to that of the principal chief. It was well digested, sensible, and pertinent. We remarked that, in the opening of his harangue, the authority of Keokuk was distinctly recognized, as well as the identity of interest of the tribes represented respectively by these two chiefs. "My father," said Wapella, "you have heard what my chief has said. He is the chief of our nation. His tongue is ours. What he says we all say—whatever he does we will be bound by it."

Having concluded their visit at Washington, the delegates were conducted to several of the principal cities of the Atlantic states, where they excited much curiosity, and, we are happy to say, were treated with uniform kindness and hospitality. Unfortunate as are the relations between our government and the Indians, imposed by a train of circumstances for which, as a people, we are not account-able, there is evidently no lack of generous sympathy towards that race in any part of our country.

The reception of these Indian delegates at Boston was conducted with more ceremony than at any other place, and must have been highly gratifying to them, as well as interesting to numerous assemblages of citizens, most of whom saw, for the first time, the American savage in his native costume. It is said that so great a multitude was never assembled in that city to witness a public spectacle. In the morning from ten to twelve, the chiefs held a levee at Faneuil Hall, for the reception of ladies exclusively, when it might doubtless have been said of the Boston ladies, as a New England poet wrote long ago,

> "All longed to see and touch the tawny man;"

for we are told that this ancient hall was crowded in every part, floor and gallery, by the fair citizens.

At noon the chiefs and warriors were conducted to the State-house, where the Governor, the members of the Legislature, and other dignitaries, were prepared to receive them. Governor Everett, whose celebrity as a scholar, statesman, and philanthropist, would have naturally placed him in a conspicuous position at this exhibition of civic hospitality, independently of his office, addressed them in a bland and spirited manner. The chiefs replied separately. As usual, Keokuk spoke first, and after him Wapella. The remarks of the latter were as follows:

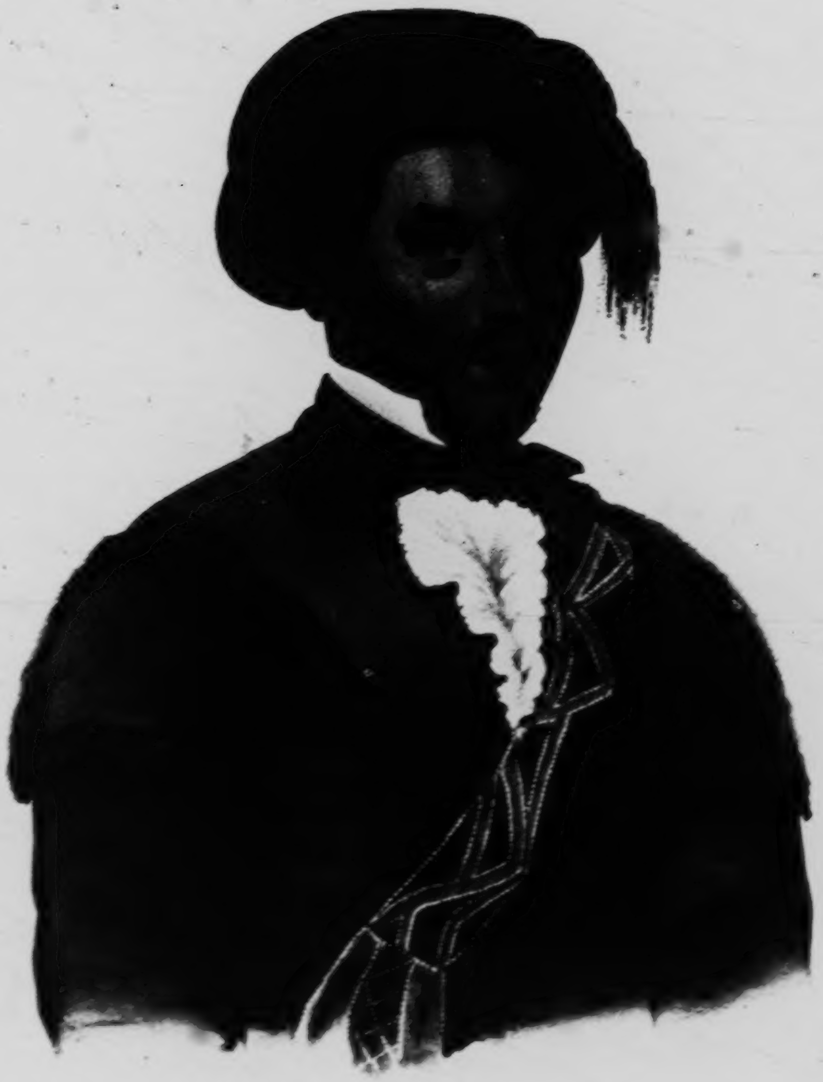
"I am very happy to meet my friends in the land of my forefathers. When a boy I recollect my grandfather told me of this place, where the white man used to take our fathers by the hand. I am very happy that this land has induced so many white men to come upon it; by that I think they get a living on it, and I am pleased that they content themselves to stay on it. (Great applause.) I am always glad to give the white man my hand and call him brother. The white man is the eldest of the two; but perhaps you have heard that my tribe is respected by all others, and is the oldest among the tribes. I have shaken hands with a great many different tribes of people. I am very much gratified that I have lived to come and talk with the white man in this house, where my fathers talked, which I have heard of so many years ago. I will go home and tell all I have seen, and it shall never be forgotten by my children."

When the speaking was concluded, the Governor and the chiefs repaired to the balcony of the State-house, which overlooks a beautiful and extensive open square, where presents were distributed to the Indians. Keokuk received a splendid sword and a pair of pistols; his little son a pretty little rifle. The principal chiefs were presented with costly swords, and others of less value were given to the warriors. Black Hawk had a sword and pistols. Shawls, calico, and trinkets, were given to the women. "During this ceremony," says one of the Boston editors, "a mass of at least fifteen acres of people stood below, filling the streets and the common. The chiefs were escorted to the common by the cadets, and began their war dance. The crowd very patiently kept outside the lines, leaving a space of many acres, in the centre of which were the Indians. Their war exercises were not very striking. One beat a drum, to which they hummed monotonously, and jumped about grotesquely. This lasted half an hour, when they moved off in carriages to their lodgings."

At Philadelphia, the delegations were taken to Cooke's splendid circus, and witnessed the equestrian exercises, which were probably more to their taste than any exhibition with which they were gratified during their tour. At New York they visited Mr. Catlin's extensive gallery of Indian portraits, and are said to have borne testimony to the fidelity of the likenesses of their acquaintances in that valuable collection.

Perhaps the most amusing incident of this tour was that which occurred at the Washington theatre, to which the several Indian delegations had access every evening during their stay in the metropolis. Their conduct on these occasions did not evince the apathy usually attributed to them, but struck us rather as characterized by the habitual decorum and gravity of this singular people, mingled with an indifference resulting from their indistinct understanding of the subject. There were exceptions to this general deportment. They sometimes whispered to each other, with an appearance of interest, and more than once laughed heartily at some stroke of buffoonery. But the occurrence alluded to was of a more decided character. Miss ——— was acting the part of a sylph, which she did very charmingly. The merit of the performance consisted in her graceful attitudes, and in movements so light and easy that they seemed to be effected by means of mere mental volition, independently of the vulgar locomotive machinery commonly used by mortals. The Sioux occupied a stage box, and were so much delighted that, in the midst of the performance, one of them rose, and, taking a dressed buffalo robe from his shoulders, threw it at the feet of the actress, with a speech, which, according to the established phraseology, should doubtless be called an *appropriate address;* another threw a head-dress, a third something else, until the whole company had each given a token of his approbation. Though taken by surprise, the sylph showed great presence of mind; indeed, if there is any thing for which a woman is never wholly unprepared, it is admiration. Gathering up the unexpected tribute, she threw the articles over her arm, and continued to act in character, until showers of Indian finery became so thick that she was obliged to seek assistance to remove them. After a momentary absence she reappeared with a sheaf of ostrich feathers, which she distributed among the warriors—with an *appropriate* address.

We may mention, in connection with the foregoing anecdotes, the conduct of some Pawnee and Oto chiefs and warriors, who visited the Cincinnati theatre, on their way to Washington, during the same season. The Ravel family were exhibiting their wonderful feats of strength and agility, and the Indians evidently shared the universal admiration excited by these surprising performances They confined themselves, however, to the ordinary expressions of pleasure, until the lad who was called the "Infant Hercules" exhibited a feat which displayed great muscular power, when the whole band evinced their admiration by loud shouts.



TUSTENNUGGEE EMATHLA.

TUSTENNUGGEE EMATHLA.

THIS IS a fine looking man, six feet and one inch in height, of manly and martial appearance, and great physical strength, who seems well calculated to command the respect of a band of savage warriors. Our brief sketch of him is framed from memoranda taken from his own lips. He is a full-blooded Creek, and was born on the Tallapoosa river, about the year 1793, which would make him forty-five years old at the period to which we bring down his biography. He is most generally known by the familiar name of Jim Boy, but is properly entitled to that which we have placed at the head of this article, Tustennuggee, meaning *warrior*, and Emathla, which signifies *next to the warrior*.

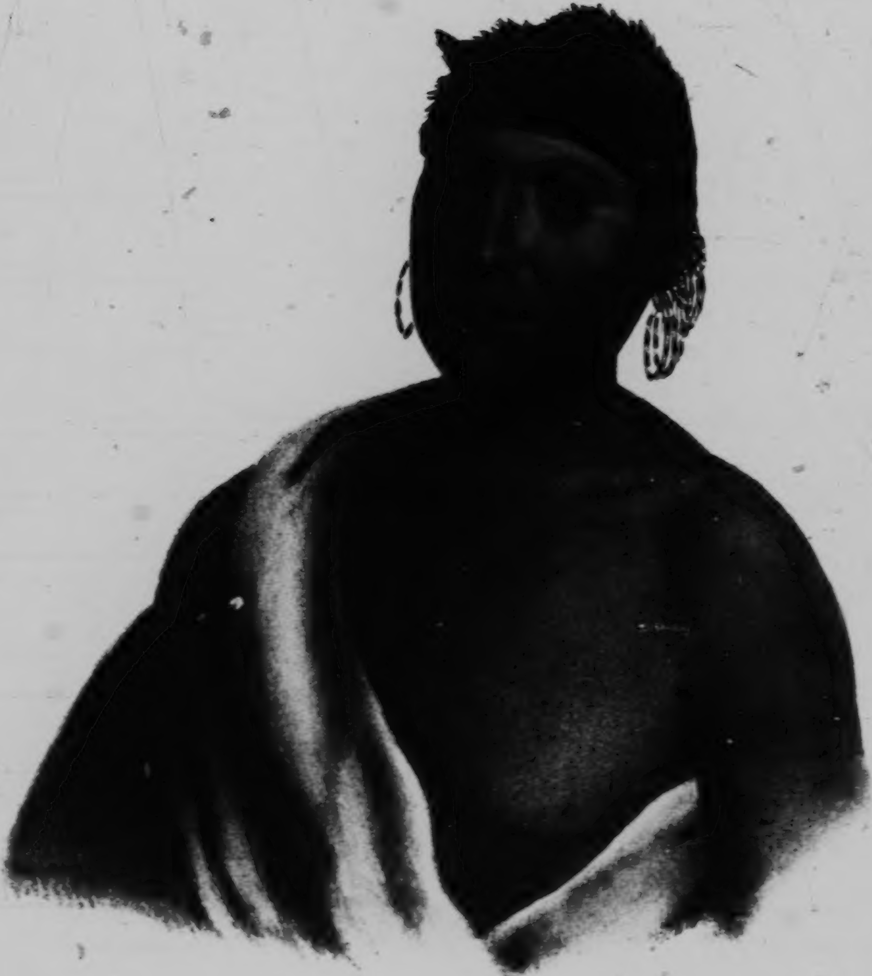
When the war broke out in 1811, between the Creeks and the American people, he was too young to wield the tomahawk, but was permitted to follow the warriors of his nation to the field; and he thus witnessed the capture of Fort Mimms, a fortress which the Indians surprised at the commencement of hostilities, and where they basely massacred all who fell into their hands, without regard to age or sex. He was also present at the battle of Cahawba, but took no further part in that war. He afterwards accompanied General Jackson, under the command of McIntosh, towards Florida, but was not in any fight.

When the Creek nation became divided into two parties, one of whom were friendly to the American people and government, and disposed to yield to the settled and inevitable policy which demanded their entire separation from the white race, and the other hostile to our country and unwilling to emigrate, Tustennuggee Emathla attached himself to the former party. He has continued, since he reached the years of maturity, the undeviating friend of the Americans; and it affords us great pleasure to recognize, in the steady attachment of this individual and many others, the most intelligent and best disposed of their race, some proof that, whatever abuses may have corrupted and disgraced our intercourse with that unfortunate people, the general policy of our government towards them has been of a kind and liberal character.

In the late war in Florida, Tustennuggee Emathla seems to have rendered some service. General Jessup sought his services to lead a party against the Seminoles, and he accordingly raised a band of seven hundred and seventy-six warriors, whom he conducted to the seat of war. He descended the Chattahooche to Tampa Bay, having instructions from General Jessup not to engage in hostilities against the Seminoles until he should first have endeavored, as a mediator, to induce them to abandon the bloody and fruitless contest in which they were unhappily engaged. In this attempt he was not successful; and we find him, soon after his arrival at Tampa, joining the camp of Colonel Lane, by whom he was sent, with two hundred of his warriors, to look after the Seminoles. He fell in with a party of the latter, and drove them into a swamp, from which they opened a fire and wounded several of his men. He was then sent to meet Governor Call, and arrived at the spot where General Gaines was surrounded, soon after that officer had been relieved. On the following day he joined Governor Call, and proceeded to Fort Drane. Thence they moved on one of Acee-Yoholo's towns, called Weecockcogee, or little river, about sixty miles from Fort Drane, where the Seminoles, though numerous, refused them battle, fled, and were pursued. The Creeks were unable to overtake them; but the Tennessee horse fell in with them on the following day, and a fight ensued, in which several were killed on each side.

Tustennuggee and his party joined the army again at Fort Dade, and the Seminoles being in a Swamp hard by, an attack was planned, in which the Creeks were invited to go foremost, an honor which they promptly declined, while they cheerfully agreed to advance side by side with the white men. In this fight the Creeks lost four men, besides one who was accidentally killed by the whites; but the Seminoles were beaten. He was afterwards sent to a place towards Fort Augustine for provisions, and was in several skirmishes not worth recording.

This chief states that he joined our army under a promise made by the commanding general, that in the removal of the Creeks to the west of the Mississippi, which was about to take place, his family and property should be attended to, and that he should be indemnified for any loss that might happen in consequence of his absence. These stipulations, he alleges, were broken by the removal of his women and children while he was absent in the service of the government, whereby his entire property was destroyed. Nor was this the worst of his misfortunes. His family, consisting of a wife and nine children, were among the unfortunate persons who were on board the steamboat Monmouth when that vessel was sunk by the mismanagement of those to whose care it was intrusted; and two hundred and thirty-six of the Creeks, including four of the children of Tustennuggee Emathla, were drowned. Melancholy as such an occurrence would be under any circumstances, the catastrophe is infinitely the more deplorable when happening to an ignorant people while emigrating unwillingly under the charge of our public agents, and to a people whose whole intercourse with the whites has tended to render them suspicious of the faith of civilized men. The more intelligent among them will doubtless attribute the misfortune to culpable negligence, if not design, while the ignorant will see in it, with superstitious awe, another link in the chain of fatal events entailed upon the red men by their contact with the white race. So far as the chief before us has any claim upon the justice or benevolence of our country, there can be no doubt that the government will maintain its faith inviolate. Whatever may be thought of our policy towards the Indian tribes, as such, we are not chargeable, as a people, with any backwardness in the discharge of our obligations to individual claimants.



PEAH-MUS-KA,

A MUSQUAKEE CHIEF

N°38

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

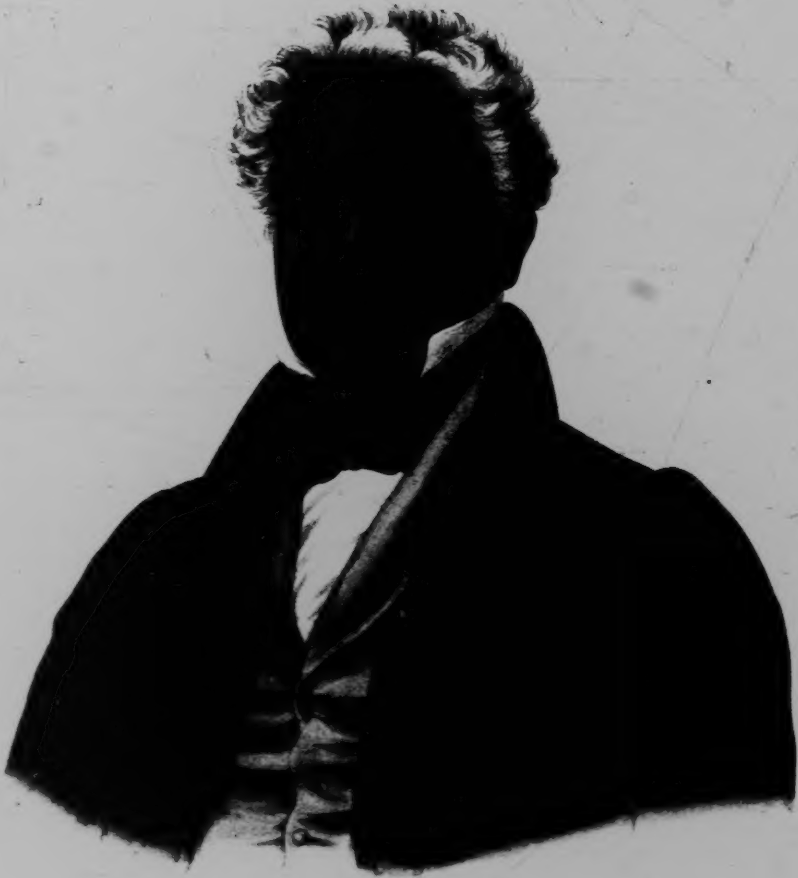
PEAHMUSKA.

This person was the principal chief of the Fox, or Musquakee tribe, and was considered a peaceable, well disposed man. An Indian of such a character has little history; if not signalized by exploits of war, revenge, or depredation, his slothful life is expended in pursuits which afford no incident worthy of record. His summers are spent in the chase, and his winters in sleep.

The Musquakees, as is remarked in another place, are the remnant of a tribe once powerful, but now incorporated with the Sauks, and the chief has but a narrow sphere of duty or influence.

Although Peahmuska lived an inoffensive, reputable life, we are sorry to record that he died by violence. He was proceeding, a few years ago, to Prairie du Chien, with a small party, consisting of eight or ten warriors of his tribe, and had encamped for the night within a day's journey of that place, when a party of Menomenies, who had secretly pursued them, surprised the sleeping band and murdered them all except one, who had the good fortune to escape. In revenge for this massacre, a war party of Sauks and Foxes afterwards stole upon a number of Menomenies, at Prairie du Chien, and slew them all, within sight of the American fort. The commanding officer, considering his authority insulted, and desiring to put a stop to these retaliatory measures, demanded of the Sauks the delivery of the murderers; but Keokuk, the head chief, replied that they were so numerous that it was impossible for him to take them. The offenders, in the mean while, expecting that some attempt would be made by the agents of the American government, to punish their audacity, had banded themselves under Black Hawk, and were preparing for war. It was during the existence of this state of excitement, that some other collisions took place, which led to the war in which Black Hawk figured as the principal leader.

The Sauks and Foxes are considered to be an hospitable people, and friendly to the whites; but, in the prosecution of their wars, or schemes of revenge, are regarded, even by the Indians, as remarkably cunning and treacherous. They relate of themselves, with great exultation, an exploit which they deem highly creditable to their character as warriors. A party of them, while on a hunting expedition, fell in with an equal number of Ioways, with whom they were then at peace, but against whom they cherished a secret hatred, arising out of some ancient feud. Professing to be delighted at the meeting, they invited the Ioways to a feast; and when their unsuspecting guests were seated round the banquet, consisting of a roasted dog, each warrior of the Sauk and Fox party selecting his victim, the whole of the Ioways were shot at the same instant; after which the murderers devoured the feast in triumph. Such are the daring and the chivalry of the red man; such the deeds of gratuitous extermination which often characterize them, and which, in connection with other destroying influences, are operating in passing these people away from among the nations of the earth.



MAJOR RIDGE,

A CHEROKEE CHIEF.

RICE, RUTTER & CO Publishers

MAJOR RIDGE.

THE subject of this biography received from his parents in infancy, the name of Nung-noh-hut-tar-hee, or *He who slays the enemy in the path.* After arriving at the age of a hunter, on being asked "which way did you come into camp?" he would reply, "I came along the top of the mountain." This answer being frequently repeated, it was seized upon as indicating a characteristic habit in the young hunter, who was thenceforward called Kah-nung-da-tla-geh, or The man who walks on the mountain's top. The name by which he has been subsequently known, may have been derived from the Cherokee words which signify the summit or ridge of a mountain.

The date of the birth of this individual is not known, as the Cherokees, previous to the recent invention of an alphabet of their tongue, possessed no means by which they could record the ages of their children. It is believed that he is about sixty-six years old, which would fix the date of his nativity at about the year 1771. He was born at a Cherokee town called Highwassie, situated upon the river of the same name, and on the edge of a beautiful prairie, encircled by forests. It is just at this point that the Highwassie breaks through a range of lofty mountains, with great velocity and power. The scenery affords a fine combination of the grand and beautiful; and those who imagine that the germs of poetry and eloquence may be planted in the young mind, by the habitual contemplation of bold and attractive landscape, would readily select this as a spot calculated to be richly fraught with such benign influences. The father of Ridge was a full-blooded Cherokee, who, though not distinguished in the council of the nation, was a famous hunter, and had once taken the scalp of an Indian warrior on the Kaskaskia river. The subject of this notice was the fourth son of his parents, but the first who reached the years of maturity; and of two brothers and a sister younger than himself, but one survives, who is the father of Elias Boudinot. His mother was a respectable Cherokee woman of the half blood, her father being a white man, of whose origin or history we have not been able to collect any information.

The most prominent feature in the early reminiscences of Ridge, refers to the distressed situation to which the Cherokees were reduced by the invasions of the white people, who burned their villages, and killed their people. When his father, wearied of these hostile incursions, resolved on flight, he took his family in canoes down the Highwassie to the Tennessee river, and ascended the smaller branches of that stream to the Sequochee mountains, in whose deep glens and rock-bound fastnesses they were secure from pursuit. Here the game abounded, and the young hunter received his first lessons. His father taught him to steal with noiseless tread upon the grazing animal—to deceive the timid doe by mimicking the cry of the fawn—or to entice the wary buck within the reach of his missile, by decorating his own head with antlers. He was inured to patience, fatigue, self-denial, and exposure, and acquired the sagacity which enabled him to chase with success the wild cat, the bear, and the panther. He watched the haunts, and studied the habits of wild animals, and became expert in the arts which enable the Indian hunter at all seasons to procure food from the stream or the forest.

Having continued in this primary and parental school until he reached the age of twelve, the young Indian was considered as having made a proficiency which entitled him to be advanced to a higher grade of studies; and a superstitious rite was required to be performed to give due solemnity to the occasion. The usages of the nation made it requisite that his martial training should be preceded by a formal dedication to the life and business of a warrior, and an invocation to the Great Spirit to endue him with courage and good fortune. For this purpose his parents solicited the assistance of an aged warrior, whose numerous achievements in battle had established for him a high reputation; and whose sagacity and valor gave him, in the estimation of his tribe, the envied rank of a Ulysses. The assent of the war-chief was conveyed in the brief avowal that *he would make him dreadful.* The ceremony took place immediately. The hoary brave, standing upon the brink of a mountain stream, called upon the Great Spirit to fill the mind of the young warrior with warlike inclinations, and his heart with courage. He then, with the bone of a wolf, the end of which terminated in several sharp points, scratched the naked boy, from the palm of one hand along the front of the arm, across the breast, and along the other arm to the hand—and in like manner lines were drawn from the heels upward to the shoulders, and from the shoulders over the breast downward to the feet—and from the back of one hand along the arm, across the back, and to the back of the other hand. The lines thus made each covered a space of two inches in width, and consisted of parallel incisions which penetrated through the skin, and caused an effusion of blood along their entire extent. He was then required to plunge into the stream and bathe, after which the war-chief washed his whole body with a decoction of medicinal herbs; and, in conclusion, he was commanded not to associate with the female children, nor to sit near a woman, nor, in short, to suffer the touch of one of that sex during the space of seven days. At the end of this term the war-chief came to him, and after delivering an address to the Great Spirit, placed before the young candidate food, consisting of partridges and *mush.* The partridge was used on this occasion, because, in its flight, this bird makes a noise with its wings resembling thunder while in sitting or walking it is remarkably silent, and difficult to discover—and thus were indicated the clamor of the onset, and the cautious stealth which should govern the movements of the warrior at all other times. It is thus that the Indian is made in early life the subject of superstition, is taught to believe himself supernaturally endued with courage, and is artificially supplied with qualities which might otherwise never have been developed in his mind.

When Ridge was fourteen years old, a war party was made up at Cheestooyee, where his parents then resided; the warriors danced the war-dance, and sung war songs to induce the young men to join in the expedition. These martial exercises had such an effect upon young Ridge, that he volunteered against his father's wishes, and in despite of the tears of his mother; and went, with two hundred of the tribe, against a fort of the Americans in Tennessee, which was assaulted without success. In this expedition he endured, without a murmur, great hardship and dangers.

In the same year the whites made an irruption at a place called the Cherokee Orchard, and retired after killing one Indian. The Cherokees, expecting that their enemies would return, arranged a force of about two hundred men in an ambuscade, near the Orchard, and had spies posted to watch the fords of the river Tennessee, where it was expected the white people would cross. It was soon reported that thirty horsemen, and six men on foot were approaching. The Cherokees were divided into two parties, one of which was to attack the whites in front, while the other was to throw itself across their rear, to intercept their retreat. The whites being taken by surprise, were beaten, and sought safety in flight. Those on foot were taken and killed, while the horsemen plunged into the river, where they continued to maintain the unequal conflict with great obstinacy. A few who rode strong and fleet horses, escaped by clambering up a steep bank, and the rest were slain. One of the Cherokees having overtaken a white man who was ascending the bank, after recrossing the river, grappled with him in deadly fight. The white man being the stronger, threw the Indian, when a second came to the assistance of the latter, and while the gallant Tennessean was combatting with two foes, Ridge, who was armed with a spear only, came up and despatched the unfortunate white man, by plunging his weapon into him. This affair was considered highly creditable to Ridge, the Indians regarding not courage only, but success, as indicative of merit, and appreciating highly the good fortune which enables one of their number to shed the blood of an enemy, in however accidental or stealthy a manner.

Soon after this affair, he conducted his father, who was sick, to a place more distant from the probable scene of war, and then joined a large army composed of the combined forces of the Creeks and Cherokees; the latter, led by the chiefs Little Turkey and White Dog, and the former by Chinnubbe. The object of this enterprise was to take Knoxville, then the chief place in Tennessee; but it was not successful. In consequence of a disagreement among the chiefs, they returned without attacking the head-quarters of the white settlements, after capturing a small garrison near Marysville.

In another affair Ridge was scarcely more fortunate. He joined a company of hunters, and passed the Cumberland mountains into Kentucky, to chase the buffalo and the bear. While thus engaged, their leader, who was called Tah-cung-stee-skee, or the Remover, proposed to kill some white men, for the purpose of supplying the party with tobacco, their whole store of which had been consumed. Ridge was left, with an old man, to guard the camp; the remainder of the party set out upon this righteous war, and after a brief absence, returned with several scalps, and some tobacco which had been taken out of the pockets of the slain. This incident affords an example of the slight cause which is considered among savages a sufficient inducement for the shedding of blood. We know not who were the unhappy victims; they might have been hunters, but were as probably the members of some emigrant family which had settled in the wilderness, whose slumbers were broken at midnight by the war-whoop, and who saw each other butchered in cold blood by a party of marauders, who sought to renew their exhausted store of tobacco! We are told that Ridge was so greatly mortified at having been obliged to remain inactive, far from the scene of danger, that he actually wept over the loss of honor he had sustained, and that his grief was with difficulty appeased.

He returned home after an absence of seven months, and found that both his parents had died during that period, leaving him, still a youth, with two younger brothers and a sister, to provide for themselves, or to depend upon the cold charity of relatives, whose scanty subsistence was derived from the chase. Under these depressing circumstances, he spent several years in obscurity, but always actively engaged either upon the war-path, in predatory excursions against the whites, or in hunting expeditions to remote places where the game abounded. On one occasion, when he was about seventeen years of age, he, with four others, killed some white men upon the waters of Holston, during one of those brief seasons of peace which sometimes beamed on the frontier, like sunny days in the depth of winter—a peace having been declared during the absence of this party. That unfortunate act was the cause of a new war. The enraged whites collected a force, invaded the Cherokees who were holding a council at Tellico, and killed a large number of their warriors. This event affords another illustration of the brittle nature of compacts between the inhabitants of the frontier, accustomed to mutual aggression, and ever on the watch to revenge an insult, or to injure a hated foe; while it shows also that the beginnings of these wars are often the result of the most fortuitous causes—growing more frequently out of the mistakes, or lawless acts of individuals, than from any deliberate national decision.

Ridge and his companions, having been detained by the sickness of one of their number, did not arrive at the encampment of the tribe, at the Pine Log, until after the consequences of their rash act had been realized in the slaughter of some of the principal men of the nation by the white people. They were coldly received: the relatives of the slain were incensed, and disposed to take revenge for their loss, upon the young men who had occasioned the misfortune, nor were there wanting accusers to upbraid them openly as the authors of a great public calamity. Having no excuse to offer, Ridge, with a becoming spirit, proposed to repair his error as far as possible, by warding off its effects from his countrymen. He raised the war-whoop, entered the village, as is customary with those who return victorious, and called for volunteers to march against the enemy—but there was no response; the village was still, no veteran warrior greeted the party as victors, and those who mourned over deceased relatives, scowled at them as they passed. The usual triumph was not allowed, and the young aggressors, so far from being joined by others in a new expedition, fell back abashed by the chilling and contemptuous reception which they met. One old man alone, a conjurer, who had prophesied that when these young men should return, the war-pole would be ornamented with the scalps of their enemies, felt disposed to verify his own prediction by having those bloody trophies paraded upon the war-post, and he exerted himself to effect a change in the public mind. At length the voice of one chief declared, that fallen relatives would be poorly revenged by shedding the blood of friends, and that if satisfaction was required it should be taken from the pale-faces. He then commenced the war-song, at the sound of which the habitual thirst of the Indian for vengeance began to be excited; the young men responded, and volunteers offered themselves to go against the common enemy, among whom Ridge was the first. The party proceeded immediately against a small fort on the frontier, which they took, and murdered all the inmates—men, women, and children. Ridge has since frequently related the fact, that the women and children were at first made prisoners, but were hewn down by the ferocious leader Doublehead, who afterwards became a conspicuous man, and a tyrant in the nation; he spoke of this foul deed with abhorrence, and declared that he turned aside, and looked another way, unwilling to witness that which he could not prevent.

We pass over the events of the border wars which succeeded, and continued for two years to harass this unhappy region, embracing a vast number of skirmishes and petty massacres, which gave scope to individual address and boldness, but produced no military movements upon any extended scale, nor any general battle. The last invasion by the whites was conducted by General Sevier, who penetrated to the head of Coosa, and then returned to Tennessee. Two years afterwards a general peace was concluded with President Washington by a Cherokee delegation, sent to the American capital, at the head of which was the celebrated Doublehead. They returned, bringing a treaty of peace, and accompanied by an agent of the American government, Colonel Silas Dinsmore, who took up his residence in the Cherokee country, and commenced instructing the Indians in the use of the plough, the spinning-wheel, and the loom.

The government of the Cherokee nation was, at that time, vested in a council, composed of the principal chief, the second principal chief, and the leading men of the several villages, who made treaties and laws, filled the vacancies in their own body, increased its number at will, and, in short, exercised all the functions of sovereignty. The executive and more active duties were performed chiefly by the junior members, a requisite number of whom were admitted for that purpose. At the age of twenty-one Ridge was selected, we are not told at whose instance, as a member of this body, from the town of which Pine Log was the head man. He had no property but the clothes he wore, a few silver ornaments, and a white pony, stinted, old, and ugly, which he rode to the council. The Indians are fond of show, and pay great respect to personal appearance, and exterior decoration. On public occasions they appear well mounted, and are ostentatious in the display of their wealth, which consists in horses, weapons, trinkets, and the trophies of war and hunting; and this pride is the more natural as the property thus exhibited consists of the spoils won by the wearer. A mean appearance is, therefore, in some degree, an evidence of demerit; and when Ridge presented himself before the assembled nation, wretchedly mounted and in meagre attire, he was held in such contempt, that it was proposed to exclude him from the council. But the old men invited him to a seat near them, and shook him by the hand, and the younger members one by one reluctantly extended to him the same sign of fellowship. During the first council, he did no more than listen to the speeches of the orators, seldom indicating any opinion of his own. The powers of the mind are but little exercised in an Indian council, especially in a season of peace, when there is nothing to provoke discussion, and these assemblages are convened rather in obedience to custom than for the actual discharge of business. But the time was approaching when the public concerns of the Cherokees were to become more complicated and important, and its councils to assume a higher dignity and interest.

It would be difficult to point out with accuracy the primary causes, or to detect the first germs, of the partial civilization which has been introduced among the Cherokees. In the memoir of Sequoyah we briefly suggested several incidents which, as we suppose, exerted a combined influence in the production of this benign effect. Referring the reader to that paragraph, we shall only remark here, that Ridge entered upon public life just at the period when a portion of his nation began to turn their attention to agriculture, and of course to acquire property, and to need the protection of law. New regulations and restraints were requisite to suit the novel exigencies of a forming state of society; while the less intelligent part of the people withheld from war, and not yet initiated in the arts of peace, remained in a state of restless and discontented idleness, but little in unison with the enterprising spirit of their leaders, and as little congenial with the growth of civilization. It was necessary, therefore, that those who executed the laws should be firm and vigorous men; and among this class Ridge was soon distinguished as one possessing the energy of character so important in a ruler. At the second council in which he sat, one of the ancient laws of the Cherokees was abrogated at his suggestion According to immemorial usage, the life of a murderer was at the disposal of the relatives of the deceased, who might put him to death, or accept a price for the injury. Blood for blood was the rule, and if the guilty party fled, his nearest relative might be sacrificed in his place. The nation was divided into seven tribes, each preserving a distinct genealogy, traced through the female line of descent: and these tribes were held sacredly bound to administer this law, each within its own jurisdiction, and to afford facilities for its execution when the aggressor fled from one tribe to another. And we may remark here, as a curious illustration of the principle of Indian justice, that the object of this law was not to punish guilt, to preserve life, or to prevent crime; neither the protection of the weaker, nor the conservation of the peace of society was its object; it was the *lex talionis* administered simply to appease individual passion—its sole purpose was revenge. For if any one killed another by accident, his life was as much forfeited as if he committed a wilful homicide, and if he could not be readily found, the blood of his innocent relative might be shed: the most inoffensive and respectable person might be sacrificed to atone for the crime or the carelessness of a vagabond kinsman. Ridge, in an able speech, exposed the injustice of that part of this law which substituted a relative for a fugitive murderer, and successfully advocated its repeal. The more difficult task remained of enforcing obedience to the repealing statute—a task which involved the breaking up of an ancient usage, and the curbing into subjection one of the wildest impulses of the human bosom, the master passion of the savage—

revenge; and this was to be effected in a community newly reorganized, still barbarous and unused to the metes and bounds of a settled government. But Ridge, having proposed the measure, was required to carry it into effect, and readily assumed upon himself that responsibility; taking the precaution, however, to exact from every chief a promise, that he would advocate the principle of the new law, and stand prepared to punish its infringement. It was not long before an opportunity occurred to test the sincerity of these pledges. A man who had killed another, fled. The relations of the deceased were numerous, fearless, and vindictive, prompt to take offence, and eager to imbrue their hands in blood upon the slightest provocation. They determined to resent the injury by killing the brother of the offender. The friends of the latter despatched a messenger to Ridge, to advise him of the intended violation of the new law, and implore his protection; and he, with a creditable promptitude, sent word to the persons who proposed to revenge themselves, that he would take upon himself the office of killing the individual who should put such a purpose into execution. This threat had the desired effect, not only in that instance, but in causing the practice of substituting a relative in the place of an escaped homicide, to be abandoned.

About this time the subject of this memoir was married to a Cherokee girl, who is represented as having been handsome and sensible—who possessed a fine person and an engaging countenance, and sustained through life an excellent character.

The Cherokees lived at that time in villages, having corn-fields, cultivated by the squaws, and inclosed in a common fence, which, by excluding the idea of separate property, cut off the strongest inducement to industry. Their dwellings were rude cabins, with earthen floors, and without chimneys. Ridge determined, after his marriage, to build a house, and cultivate a farm; and accordingly he removed into the wilderness, and reared a mansion of logs, which had the luxury of a door, and the extravagant addition of a chimney.

Nor was this all: a roof was added, of long boards, split from logs, and confined in their places by *weight poles*—and thus was completed the usual log-cabin of the frontier settler, an edifice which ranks in architecture next above the lodge or wigwam. And here did the Indian warrior and his bride, forsaking the habits of their race, betake themselves to ploughing and chopping, knitting and weaving, and other Christian employments, while insensibly they dropped also the unpronounceable heathen names in which they had hitherto rejoiced, and became known as Major Ridge and Susannah. It is hardly necessary to remark, that one of the first things which the Indian learns from his civilized neighbor, is his love of titles; and finding that every gentleman of standing on the frontier had one, and that neither a commission nor a military employment is necessarily inferred from the assumption of a martial designation, he usually, on taking an English name, prefixes to it the title of Captain or Major.

The residence of Major Ridge was in the Ookellogee valley, where he lived more than eighteen years, employed in rural pursuits, and gathering about him herds and other property. He seems to have entirely abandoned the savage life, and settled quietly down in the enjoyment of the comforts of civilization. His family consisted of five children, one of whom died in infancy, another was deficient in mind, and the other three were well educated. His son John, after attending the mission school at Brainerd, was sent to Cornwall in Connecticut, where he spent four years under the instruction of the Reverend Herman Daggett. He here fell in love with a beautiful and excellent young lady, Miss Northrop, who reciprocated his affection, and after an engagement of two years, they were married—she leaving for him her parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, and identifying herself with the Cherokees, among whom she has ever since resided. This couple have six children. The influence of this lady has already been most benignantly exerted over the rude people with whom her lot has been cast; but the extent of her usefulness will not be fully known nor appreciated until it shall be seen in the exertions of her children, whom she is carefully training up in the precepts of the Bible. The daughters of Major Ridge were also educated. One of them married and died early; the other is an accomplished young lady, of superior mind, who has travelled through most of the states of the Union, and who devotes herself, with a Christian and patriotic ardor, to the improvement of her countrywomen. The whole family are professors of religion, and are exemplary in their lives.

The interesting domestic avocations in which Major Ridge was now busily engaged, did not withdraw him from his public duties. He continued to be an active member of the council, in which he gradually rose to be an influential leader, and he was the orator usually chosen to announce and explain to the people the decrees of that body. He was also engaged in riding what was termed the judicial circuit. To enforce the laws among a barbarous people required a vigorous administration, and this office was assigned to twelve horsemen, persons of courage and intelligence, who were the judges, jurors, and executors of justice. Major Ridge was placed at the head of this corps, whose duty it was to ride through the nation, to take cognizance of all crimes and breaches of law, and to decide all controversies between individuals. In the unsettled state of the community, the want of forms, and the absence of precedent, much was left to their discretion; and after all, these decisions were enforced rather by the number, energy, and physical power of the judges, than through any respect paid to the law itself.

In addition to these arduous duties as a magistrate, Ridge was active and useful in his example as a private man. He encouraged the opening of roads, and caused some to be made at his own expense. He advocated all public improvements, and endeavored to inculcate a taste for the refinements of civilization. He built a house, planted an orchard, and went forward in the march of improvement, until his farm was in a higher state of cultivation, and his buildings better, than those of any other person in that region, the whites not excepted.

About the close of the administration of President Jefferson, the question as to emigrating to the west of the Mississippi, began to be agitated among the Cherokees. Enolee, or Black Fox, the successor of Little Turkey, was head chief of the nation. He, with Tah-lon-tus-kee, Too-chay-lor, the Glass, the Turtle at home, and others, began to advocate the removal; the public mind became greatly excited, and those who possessed oratorical talents, employed them in popular harangues. While the people were discussing the subjects, the chiefs had matured their plan, and were proceeding to carry it into effect without the public consent, which the usages of the nation required, but for which they intended to substitute a hasty vote of the council. Accordingly, at a council held at a post within the limits of Tennessee, Black Fox, and a few other leaders, acting in concert with Colonel R. J. Meigs, the agent of the United States, brought forward a project for sending a delegation to Washington, to exchange their country for lands further west. The deputies were already nominated by the head chief; his *talk* to the President of the United States was delivered to Tah-lon-tus-kee, the leader of the deputation; and a vote of the council was only wanting to sanction what had been done, and to authorize the making of a treaty under which the nation should be removed to a far distant wilderness. That *talk* was in substance as follows: "Tell our Great Father, the President, that our game has disappeared, and we wish to follow it to the west. We are his friends, and we hope he will grant our petition, which is to remove our people towards the setting sun. But we shall give up a fine country, fertile in soil, abounding in water courses, and well adapted for the residence of white people. For all this we must have a good price." This bold and artful movement had the desired effect; the people who had discussed the subject, without reference to a decision so sudden and conclusive, were not ready for the question: they were taken by surprise, and as it was not expected that any one would have the moral courage to rise in opposition under such circumstances, it only remained to take a vote, which would so far commit the nation as to preclude any future debate. A dead silence ensued —the assembly was apparently awed, or cajoled into compliance, when Ridge, who had a spirit equal to the occasion, and who saw with indignation that the old men kept their seats, rose from the midst of the younger chiefs, and, with a manner and tone evincing great excitement, addressed the people. "My friends," said he, "you have heard the talk of the principal chief. He points to the region of the setting sun as the future habitation of this people. As a man he has a right to give his opinion; but the opinion he has given as the chief of this nation is not binding; it was not formed in council, in the light of day, but was made up in a corner—to drag this people, without their consent, from their own country, to the dark land of the setting sun. I resist it here, in my place, as a man, as a chief, as a Cherokee, having the right to be consulted in a matter of such importance. What are your heads placed on your bodies for, but to think, and if to think, why should you not be consulted? I scorn this movement of a few men to unsettle the nation, and trifle with our attachment to the land of our forefathers! Look abroad over the face of this country—along the rivers, the creeks, and their branches, and you behold the dwellings of the people who repose in content and security. Why is this grand scheme projected, to lead away to another country the people who are happy here? I, for one, abandon my respect for the will of a chief, and regard only the will of thousands of my people. Do I speak without the response of any heart in this assembly, or do I speak as a free man, to men who are free and know their rights? I pause to hear." He sat down in the midst of acclamations. The people declared that his talk was good, that the talk of the head chief was bad; the latter was deposed upon the spot, and another appointed in his place. The delegation was changed, so that a majority of it were opposed to emigration, and Ridge was added to the number.

The advantage of travelling through the United States was not thrown away upon this intelligent and liberal-minded Indian. He visited the capital of a great nation, passing through many populous towns, and a great extent of cultivated country—was introduced to President Jefferson, and became acquainted with many refined persons. He returned with a mind enlarged by travel, and with a renewed ardor in the cause of civilization.

The authority which we follow, having supplied us with few dates, we are not able to state at what time the ferocious Doublehead rose into power among the Cherokees, nor is it very important. He was bold, ambitious, and possessed of uncommon sagacity and talent. He had strong friends, and, by prudently amassing such property as the condition of the country rendered attainable, was considered wealthy. With these advantages he became a prominent man; and when the Cherokees began to establish something like a civil government, and to create offices, he succeeded in placing himself in the most lucrative posts. But as he sought office with selfish views, he very naturally abused it, and made himself odious by his arbitrary conduct. He not only executed the laws according to his own pleasure, but caused innocent men to be put to death, who thwarted his views. The chiefs and the people began alike to fear him, and a decree was privately made that he should be put to death. Ridge was chosen to perform the office of executioner, which he boldly discharged, by going with a few followers to Doublehead's house, and killing him in the midst of his family; after which he addressed the crowd who were drawn together by this act of violence, and explained his authority and his reasons. It is impossible for us to decide how far such an act may have been justified by the demerits of the victim, and the patriotic motives of him who assumed the office of avenger. To settle the relative merits of the Brutus and the Cæsar, is seldom an easy task; and it is rendered the more difficult in this instance, in consequence of the absence of all evidence but that of the friends of the parties. There seems, however, to be sufficient reason to believe, that Ridge sincerely desired to promote the civilization of his race, that Doublehead, his equal in talent and influence, but a savage at heart, entertained less liberal views, and that the removal of the latter was necessary to the fair operation of the great experiment to which Ridge was now devoting all his energies.

Shortly after the return of Ridge from Washington, a great excitement occurred among the Cherokees, on the subject of civilization. Heretofore the improvement of this nation had been gradual and almost imperceptible. A variety of causes acting together, led to a chain of natural consequences, which, by easy degrees, had produced important changes in the habits of the people. The insulated position of the nation, the intermixture of a half-breed race, the vicinity of the white settlements, the visits of the Missionaries, and the almost miraculous invention of Sequoyah, had all contributed to infuse the spirit of civilization. But, though many were converted, the great majority remained wrapped in the impenetrable mantle of barbarism, unaffected by these beneficent efforts, or regarding them with sullen apathy, or stupid suspicion. A mass of ignorance, prejudice, and vice, excluded the rays of civilization, as the clouds of unwholesome vapor exhaled from the earth, shade her bosom from the genial warmth of the sun. But what, previous to the period at which we have arrived, had been merely doubt or disinclination, now began to assume the form of opposition. Some of the Cherokees dreamed dreams, and others received in various ways communications from the Great Spirit, all tending to discredit the scheme of civilization. A large collection of these deluded creatures met at Oostanalee town, where they held a grand savage feast, and celebrated a great medicine dance, which was performed exclusively by women, wearing terrapin shells, filled with pebbles, on their limbs, to rattle in concert with their wild uncouth songs. An old man chanted a song of ancient times. No conversation was allowed during the ceremony; the fierce visage of the Indian was bent in mute attention upon the exciting scene, and the congregated mass of mind was doubtless pervaded by the solemnizing conviction that the Great Spirit was among them. At this opportune crisis, a deputation from Coosa Wathla introduced a half-breed Cherokee, from the mountains, who professed to be the bearer of a message from heaven. His name was Charles. He was received with marked respect, and seated close to Ridge, the principal person present, and who, though he deplored the superstition that induced the meeting, had thought proper to attend, and ostensibly to join in the ceremonies. The savage missionary did not keep them long in suspense; he rose and announced that the Great Spirit had sent him to deliver a message to his people; he said he had already delivered it to some of the Cherokees in the mountains, but they disbelieved, and had beaten him. But he would not desist; he would declare the will of the Great Spirit at all hazards. The Great Spirit said, that the Cherokees were adopting the customs of the white people. They had mills, clothes, feather beds, and tables—worse still, they had books and domestic cats! This was not good—therefore the buffalo and other game were disappearing. The Great Spirit was angry, and had withdrawn his protection. The nation must return to the customs of their fathers. They must kill their cats, cut short their frocks, and dress as become Indians and warriors. They must discard all the fashions of the whites, abandon the use of any communication with each other except by word of mouth, and give up their mills, their houses, and all the arts learned from the white people. He promised, that if they believed and obeyed, then would game again abound, the white man would disappear, and God would love his people. He urged them to paint themselves, to hold feasts, and to dance—to listen to his words, and to the words the Great Spirit would whisper in their dreams. He concluded by saying, if any one says that he does not believe, the Great Spirit will cut him off from the living.

This speech, artfully framed to suit the prejudices of the Indians, and to inflame the latent discontent of such as were not fully enlisted in the work of reform, caused a great excitement among them. They cried out that the talk was good. Major Ridge perceived at once the evil effect that would be produced by such harangues, and, with his usual decision, determined not to tamper with the popular feeling, but to oppose and correct it. He rose in his place, and addressing the tumultuous assemblage with his wonted energy, said, "My friends, the talk you have heard is not good. It would lead us to war with the United States, and we should suffer. It is false; it is not a talk from the Great Spirit. I stand here and defy the threat that he who disbelieves the threat shall die. Let the death come upon me. I offer to test this scheme of impostors!" The people, mad with superstition, rushed upon the orator who dared thus to brave their fury, and rebuke their folly, and would probably have put him to death, had he not defended himself. Being an athletic man he struck down several of the assailants, but was at last thrown to the ground, and his friend, John Harris, stabbed at his side. Jesse Vaun and others rallied around him, and beating back the crowd, enabled him to rise; and at length an old chief had sufficient influence over the infuriated savages to quell the tumult. As the tempest of passion subsided, the fanaticism which had caused it died away. The threat of the pretended messenger of heaven had proved false. His challenge had been accepted, and the daring individual who had defied him, lived, an evidence of his imposition.

The storm of fanaticism passed on to the Creek nation, among whom dreams were dreamed, and prophets arose who professed to have talked with the Great Spirit. The daring and restless Tecumthe, who had traversed the wilderness, for several hundred miles, for the purpose of stirring the savages to war against the Americans, appeared among the Creeks at this juncture, and artfully availed himself of a state of things so well suited to his purpose. Besides bringing tidings from the Great Spirit, he brought assurances from the British king, and greetings from the Shawanoe nation. The Creeks rose against their chiefs, broke out into war against the United States, and having surprised the frontier post of Fort Mimms, massacred the whole garrison, without distinction of age or sex.

These events occurred at a period the most gloomy in the history of our frontier settlements, the most hapless in the melancholy record of the destiny of the red man. The jealousies between Great Britain and America were rapidly approaching to a crisis, and the prospect of a war between these nations opened a wide field for the turbulence of savage passion, and the craft of savage intrigue. The extensive frontier of the United States, from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, became agitated. Emissaries, prophets, and mercenary traders were at work in every direction, having various interests and purposes, but alike bent upon setting all the elements of discord in motion.

General William McIntosh, a half-breed Creek, and one of their head men from Coweta, was on a visit to the Cherokee nation, when the faithless and tragic outrage was perpetrated at Fort Mimms; and, by order of the chiefs, he was escorted back to his own country by a chosen band of Cherokees, at the head of whom was Ridge. On their arrival at Coweta, they found the council of the Creek nation assembled. The head chief, Big Warrior, of Tuckabachee, was there, endeavoring to devise measures to secure his people from the impending danger of a civil war, and a war with the United States. The chiefs were in favor of a pacific policy, but they were overruled by a large majority, who, under the malign influence of the prophets, breathed only vengeance against the whites, and uncompromising hostility against every measure and every advocate of Christianity or civilization. The Big Warrior, having drawn a band of faithful friends about him for his present protection, applied to the United States authorities for assistance to put down this rebellion; and sent to the Cherokee nation a talk, together with a piece of tobacco, tied with a string of various colored beads, to be smoked in their council. Ridge was the bearer of the tobacco and the talk of the Creek chief, and in his name demanded aid to put down the *Red Sticks*, as the insurgent party were called; and, in an animated speech, he urged the object of his mission before the council at Oostanalee. He maintained that the hostile portion of the Creeks, in making war against the whites, had placed the Cherokees in a condition which obliged them to take one side or the other. That in the unsettled state of the country, no distinction would be known but that of Indians and white men, and a hostile movement by any tribe would involve the whole in a war. He insisted, further, that if the Creeks were permitted to put down their chiefs, and be ruled by the prophets, the work of civilization would be subverted, and the Red Sticks, in their efforts to re-establish a state of barbarism, would destroy all the southern tribes. The council listened with attention, and having considered the arguments of Ridge, declared that they would not interfere in the affairs of their neighbors, but would look on, and be at peace. "Then," said Ridge, "I will act with volunteers. I call upon my friends to join me." A number of brave men, the most conspicuous persons in the nation, came forward; the people imbibed the spirit, until at last the chiefs were constrained to reverse their recent decision in council, and declare war.

The government of the United States had, by this time, taken steps to punish the massacre at Fort Mimms, and to protect the border settlements. General White, of Tennessee, with a body of the militia of that state, accompanied by Major Ridge, and a number of Cherokee warriors, marched into the Creek nation, and returned with many prisoners.

On his arrival at home, Major Ridge sent runners through the nation to collect volunteers for another expedition, and, with the assistance of the other chiefs, raised eight hundred warriors, whom he led to the head-quarters of General Jackson, at the Ten Islands, in Alabama. Under this commander, destined to become eminently successful in his military exploits, the army moved towards the position of the Creeks, who occupied a fortified camp, in a bend of the Talapoosa river, which, from its shape, was called the Horse-shoe. This little peninsula was connected with the main land by a narrow isthmus, across which the Creeks had thrown a strong breastwork of logs, pierced with loop-holes, while the remainder of the circumference was surrounded and protected by the deep river. Within the area were a town and camp, in the midst of which was a high post painted red, and at the top of this were suspended the scalps of the white people who had been slain in the war. The Creek warriors, naked, and painted red, danced round this pole, and assembled about it, to narrate their exploits in battle, for the purpose of exciting in each other the principle of emulation, and the desire of vengeance. General Jackson, with his usual energy of purpose, resolved to attack the enemy without delay. The main body of his army advanced upon the breastwork, while General Coffee, with a detachment of the militia, and the Cherokee allies, forded the Talapoosa below, and surrounded the bend of the river. It was not intended that this division should cross into the camp, nor were they provided with boats; but the Cherokees, becoming anxious to join in the assault, two of them swam over the river, and returned with two canoes. A third canoe was secured by the activity of a Cherokee, who brought it from the middle of the river, after the Creeks who occupied it, had been shot by the Tennessee riflemen. Major Ridge was the first to embark; and in these three boats the Cherokees crossed, a few at a time, until the whole body had penetrated to the enemy's camp. A spirited attack was made upon the rear of the enemy, by which their attention was diverted from the breastwork, and material aid given to a daring charge then making upon it by the regulars and militia. The breastwork was carried; the troops poured into the camp, the Indians pressed upon its rear, and the Creeks sought shelter behind numerous logs and limbs of forest trees, which had been strewed about to impede the advance of the assailants, and afford protection to themselves in the last resort. Here they fought with desperation. Thinned by the sharp shooters, and hemmed in on all sides, they scorned to ask for quarter—or, perhaps, unaccustomed to that courtesy of civilized warfare which allows the vanquished to claim his life, they knew not how to make the demand. They continued to fight, and shout the war-whoop, selling their blood dearly to the last drop. Driven at last from their lurking-places, they plunged into the thicket of reeds that margined the river, but the sword and the tomahawk found them here, and their last dismal refuge was in the deep current of the Talapoosa. Here, too, the rifle ball overtook them, and the vindictive Cherokees rushed into the water in the fury of the pursuit. Few escaped to report the tragic story of that eventful day.

Ridge was a distinguished actor in this bloody drama; and we are told that he was the first to leap into the river in pursuit of the fugitives. Six Creek warriors, some of whom had been previously wounded, fell by his hand. As he attempted to plunge his sword in one of these, the Creek closed with him, and a severe contest ensued. Two of the most athletic of their race were struggling in the water for life or death, each endeavoring to drown the other. Ridge, forgetting his own knife, seized one which his antagonist wore, and stabbed him; but the wound was not fatal, and the Creek still fought with an equal chance of success, when he was stabbed with a spear by one of Ridge's friends, and thus fell a hero who deserved a nobler fate.

Thus ended the massacre of the Horseshoe, the recital of which we have made as brief as was consistent with fidelity to our task. We take no pleasure in recording these deeds of extermination:

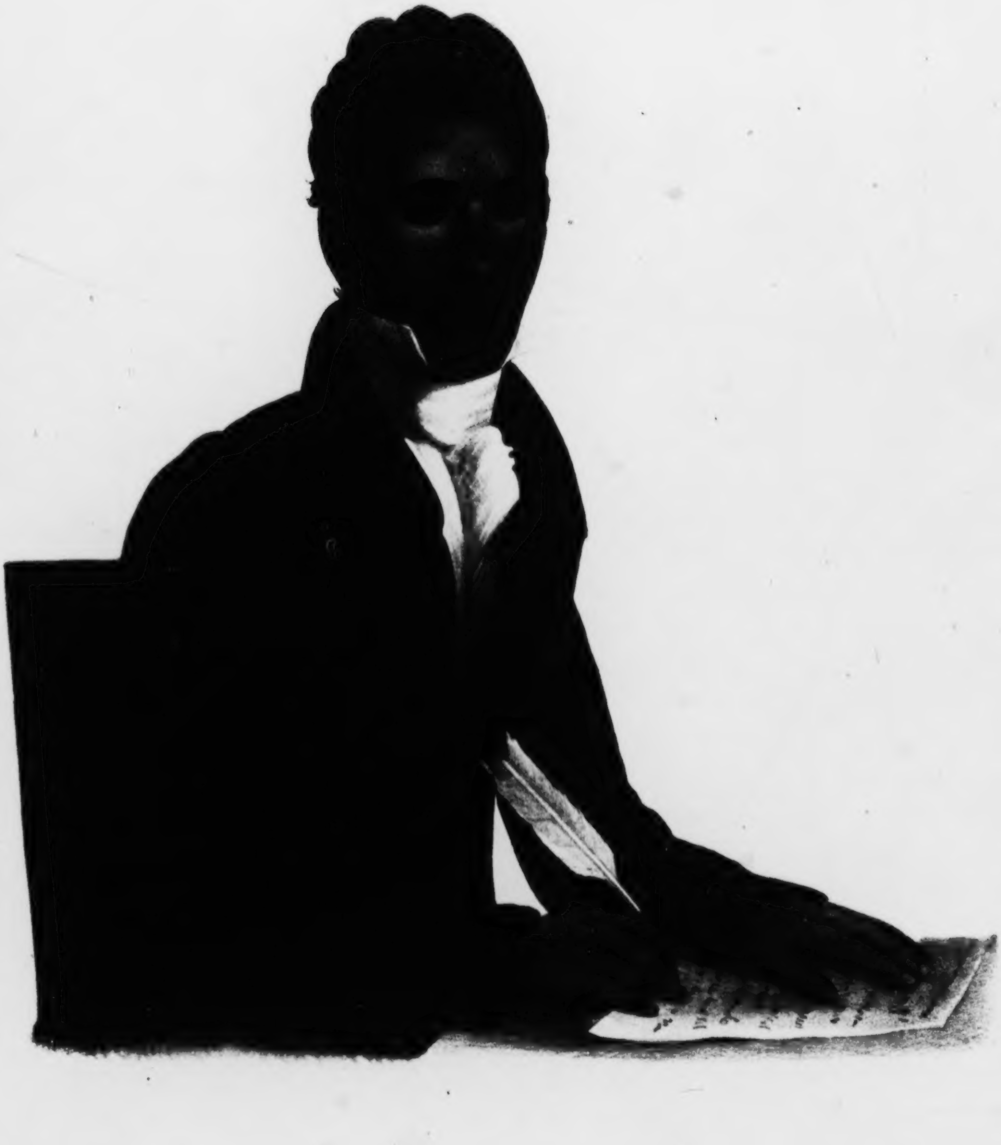
but they form a portion of history, and, unhappily, the story of border warfare is always the same; for it is always war imbittered by party feud, personal injury, and individual hatred—a national quarrel aggravated by private griefs, and inflamed by bad passions.

After the Creek war Major Ridge visited Washington as a delegate from his nation, to President Madison, to adjust the northern boundary of their country; and he again represented his people on a similar mission during the administration of Mr. Monroe. He had now become a prominent man, and when Alexander Saunders, an influential Cherokee, and the personal friend of Ridge, proposed to divide the nation, and organize a new council, it was chiefly through his exertions that the scheme was defeated.

After the death of Charles R. Hicks, the Cherokees were governed by John Ross, who, being a person of some education, led them to adopt a constitution and laws, in imitation of those of the United States. We pass over the controversy that ensued between the Cherokees and the State of Georgia, and between the latter and the United States, with the single remark, that Georgia objected to the organization of a government, by Indians, within her limits; and insisted that the American government should extinguish the title of the Cherokees, and remove them to other lands. Major Ridge had been among those who were opposed to the emigration of his people; he had favored the plan of establishing a regular government, and the introduction of education and Christianity, and had believed that these improvements could be more successfully cultivated by remaining in their own country, than in a region of wilderness, where all the temptations to a relapse into savage habits would be presented. But when, after a bitter and fruitless contest, it was found that Georgia adhered inflexibly to her determination, and the government of the United States would not interfere, he saw that sooner or later the weaker party must submit or be crushed, and he now used his influence to induce the Indians to remove to the new home pointed out to them. His views were supported by the members of a delegation that visited Washington in 1832, and who, after appealing to the government, and conversing with many eminent public men, and intelligent citizens, whose sympathies were strongly enlisted in their cause, came to the conclusion that it would be best to do at once that to which they would be finally compelled. John Ross, with a majority of the Cherokees, maintained a different policy, and an unhappy spirit of party was engendered by this diversity of opinion. Major Ridge was accused of entertaining opinions hostile to the interest and happiness of the people—was regularly impeached, and cited to appear before a council to be held in the autumn of 1833, to answer a charge of treason. But when the time arrived, his accusers endeavored to put off the trial; betraying evidently their own convictions of his innocence, and their willingness to hold over him an accusation, which, while neither established nor refuted, might neutralize his influence. This attempt, however, failed, and the charge was dismissed.

Major Ridge is one of the very few individuals who, after being reared in the habits of the savage, have embraced the employments and comforts of civilized life. In youth we have seen him pursuing the chase for a livelihood, and seeking the war-path with all the Indian avidity for bloodshed and plunder. Gradually withdrawing from these occupations, he became a cultivator of the soil, a legislator, and a civil magistrate; exhibiting in each capacity a discretion and dignity of character worthy of a better education. His house resembled in no respect the wigwam of the Indian—it was the home of the patriarch, the scene of plenty and hospitality.

He showed the sincerity of his own conversion from barbarism, by giving to his children the advantages of education, and rearing them in habits of morality and temperance. All of them have professed the Christian religion, and sustained fair reputations; while Major Ridge, surrounded by his descendants, enjoys, in his old age, the respect and confidence earned by a long life of active industry and energetic public service.



JOHN RIDGE,

A CHEROKEE.

No. 55.

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers.

JOHN RIDGE.

The subject of this sketch was a son of Major Ridge, a distinguished Cherokee chief. That individual was a remarkable instance of one born and brought up in savage life, accustomed to war and hunting, and to the habits and modes of thought of the Indian warrior, yet abandoning those habits, and by deliberate choice, adopting the customs of civilized men, and persevering in them unchangeably through life. There have, doubtless, been other instances, but we know of none in which the change was so thorough and the result so successful. Commencing life as a mere savage, with no knowledge but that of the hunter, he adopted with energy the forms of civilization, became a successful farmer, and a public-spirited citizen, and reared his family in the observance of the social duties and virtues of civilized life. His wife zealously seconded his views, and though bred in a wigwam, learned, after her marriage, the domestic arts appertaining to good housewifery, and became as skilful in housekeeping and agriculture, as she was industrious and persevering.

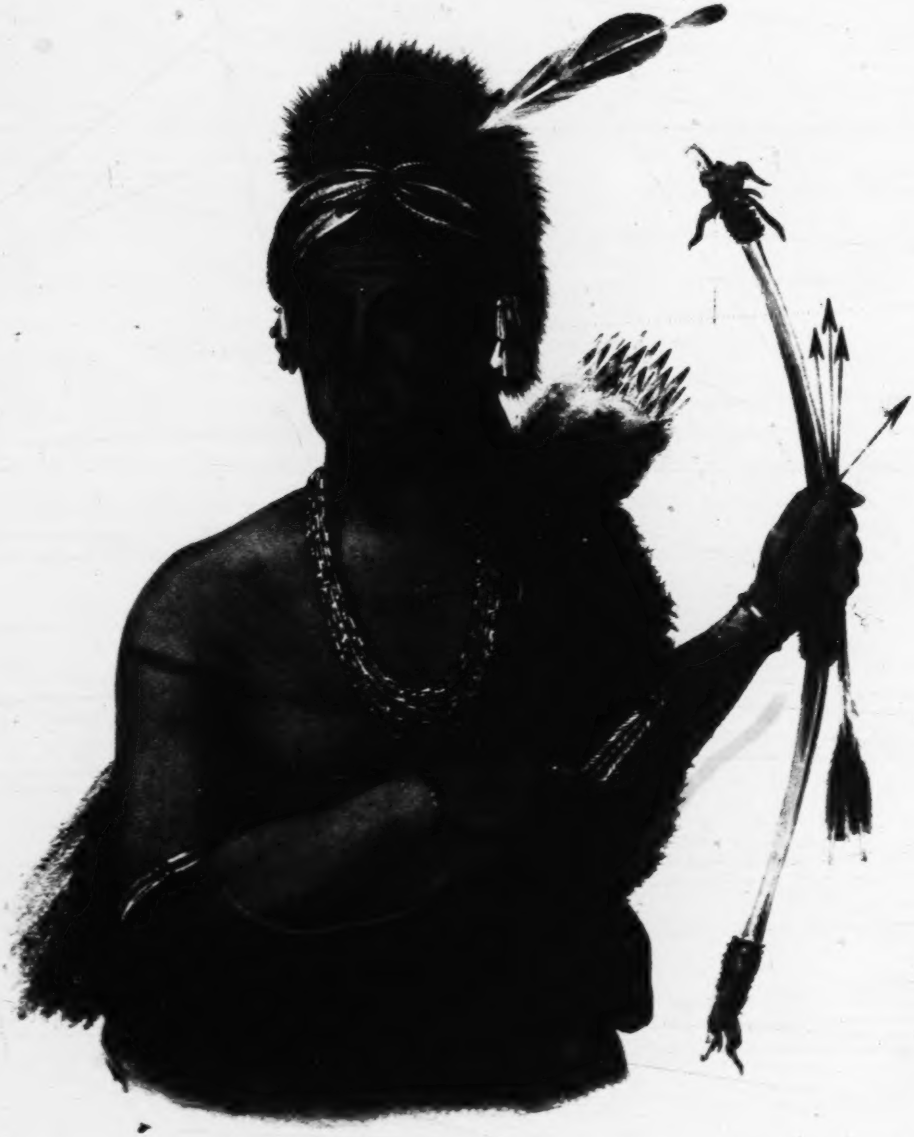
John Ridge was second of the five children of this sensible and worthy couple. The pains and expense bestowed upon his education show how thoroughly his parents were imbued with the principles of civilization, and how high an estimate they placed upon the possession of knowledge. He was put to school to the Rev Mr. and Mrs. Gambold, Moravian Missionaries at Spring Place, who taught him the alphabet, spelling, reading, English grammar, and some arithmetic. He was first sent to Brainerd, a Missionary station, established by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; then to a school at Knoxville, Tennessee; and afterwards to the Foreign Mission School at Cornwall in Connecticut, where he spent four years under the able instruction of the Rev. Herman Daggett. These opportunities seem to have been well improved, and Ridge acquired the essential parts of a good education; his attainments in literature were respectable, and, what was of more importance, his morals were correct and firmly established, his habits good, and his disposition mild and amiable.

While a student in Connecticut, he fell in love with a beautiful and excellent young lady, Miss Northrop, who reciprocated his affection, and after an engagement of two years, they were married. It must have required great strength of affection in this young lady, to enable her to overcome the aversion which is usually entertained against alliances with a race so different from ourselves, in many important particulars, as well as to nerve her for a life in which she could foresee little else than trouble. A contest had already commenced between the United States and the Cherokees, which promised to be fruitful in discord, and which could only end in the discomfiture of the latter—and then a new home, new neighbors, fresh troubles, and unknown difficulties awaited them in the wilderness. All this, however, she was willing to brave. She loved the young Indian, who, abandoning the bow and the tomahawk, had successfully cultivated the arts of peace, and the literature of the white man, and had exhibited a mildness and benevolence of character, peculiarly interesting in the descendant of a wild and ferocious race. She possessed, too, a missionary spirit, a deeply seated and fervent piety, which impressed her with the belief, that it was her duty to embrace the opportunity offered her, of becoming a messenger of peace to the savage; and she followed her Indian husband to the western forests, full of enthusiastic hope, pious aspirations, and plans for the civilization and conversion of the heathen.

We are happy to say that the noble courage of this truly excellent lady was not exhibited in vain, nor were her hopes of usefulness disappointed. It is true that the plan of a separate government formed by some leading men of the Cherokees failed, and with it were crushed some benevolent schemes and some infant institutions which promised well; for they carried with them the elements of premature decay, in the erroneous political views with which they were connected. But the pious labors of the devoted woman bud and blossom like the violet, untouched by the storm that rages in the political atmosphere. Her assiduity was unabated through all the vicissitudes which attended the Cherokees, and there is reason to believe that her example and her counsels were eminently useful to her adopted countrymen. And the full extent of her influence is yet to be developed and expanded, by the character of her children, who are numerous, and are receiving the best education the United States can afford.

John Ridge was a conspicuous man among the Cherokees. He returned from college and commenced his active career as a public man, at the period when his people were attempting to erect themselves into an independent nation—when the invention of the alphabet by George Guess gave them a written language—and when the establishment of schools, missions, and a newspaper, afforded them the facilities for instruction. Ridge was fitted for the crisis in which he was an actor. He had youth, education, talents, piety, enthusiasm, and was the son of a race out of which it was proposed to rear a new nation. He was the son of a distinguished and popular chief, and had all the advantage of family influence. His fault and that of those with whom he acted, was in cherishing a zeal without knowledge—a zeal which, confiding in pure intentions, and in the goodness of the end in view, overlooked the impracticability of the scheme by which it was attempted to accomplish the object. Ridge was an active man in all these scenes. He accompanied several of the delegations to Washington, and, though not a chief, was usually an interpreter, a secretary, or an agent, and exerted great influence in the negotiations. He was a writer for the Cherokee newspaper, and a civil functionary under the Cherokee government during its brief existence.

We know little of the life of John Ridge, after the removal of his people to their lands west of the Mississippi. He continued to be a conspicuous man until a few years ago, when, in consequence of a violent quarrel, growing out of political differences, he was cruelly and basely murdered by a party of the opposing faction of his own countrymen. We forbear a detail of the circumstances of this outrage, and any comment, because we are aware, that distant as we are from the scene, and limited as our knowledge of the parties and the facts must necessarily be, we could scarcely touch on such an event without the risk of injustice to some of the actors or sufferers.



POW-A-SHEEK,

A FOX CHIEF

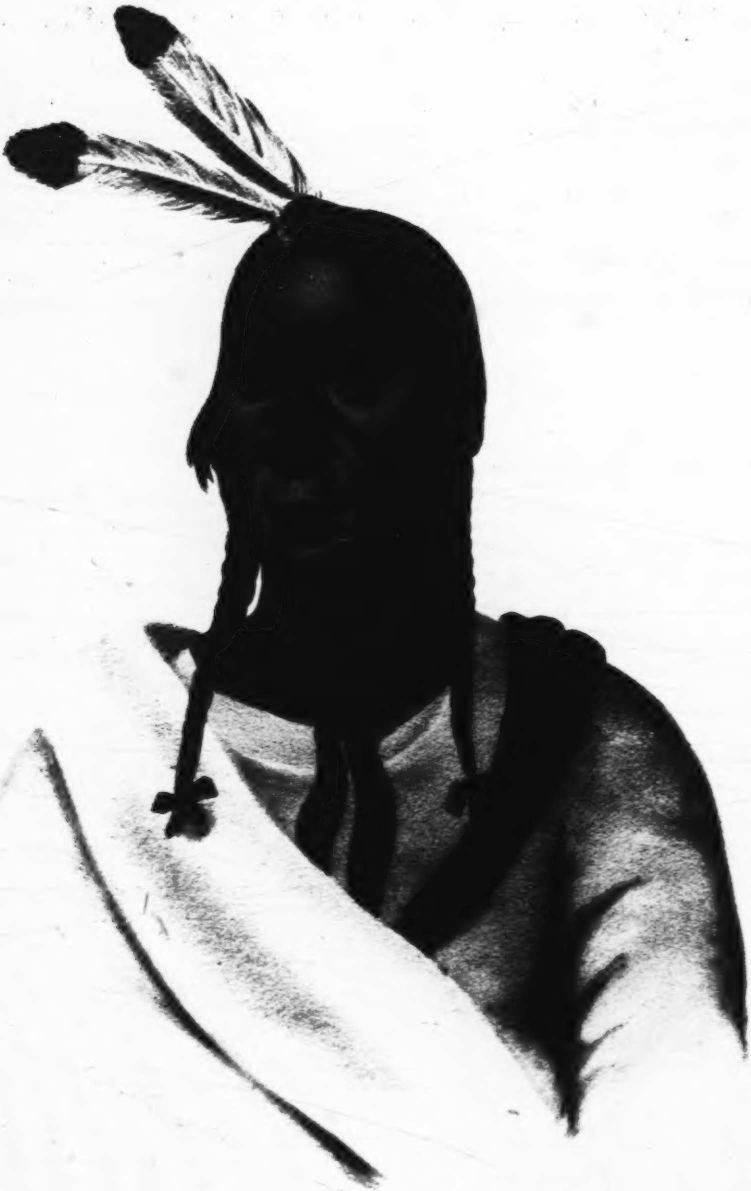
Nº 56

RICE RUTTER & CO. Publishers

POWASHEEK.

The word Powasheek, in the Musquakee language, signifies "*To dash the water off.*" The individual who bears this name is a celebrated brave of the Musquakee or Fox nation, and is numbered among their chiefs or leading men. A few years ago he was better known to the whites than any other person of his nation, and was probably at that time the most influential man among them. The superior talents of Keokuk have, however, thrown into the shade all the leaders who once stood high in the combined Saukie and Musquakee nation, and Wapella, the Fox leader, being a chief of great address, and a friend of Keokuk, Powasheek has been little heard of, during late years, in public life. He was a daring warrior, and held a respectable standing in council, as a man of prudence and capacity. The likeness is a good one, and gives a correct idea of his character.

Powasheek is one of those men who, though highly respected, and holding a rank among the first men of their nation, are not distinguished by brilliant talents. Nothing very striking in his history has reached us.



ESH-TAH-HUM-LEAH,

A SIOUX CHIEF.

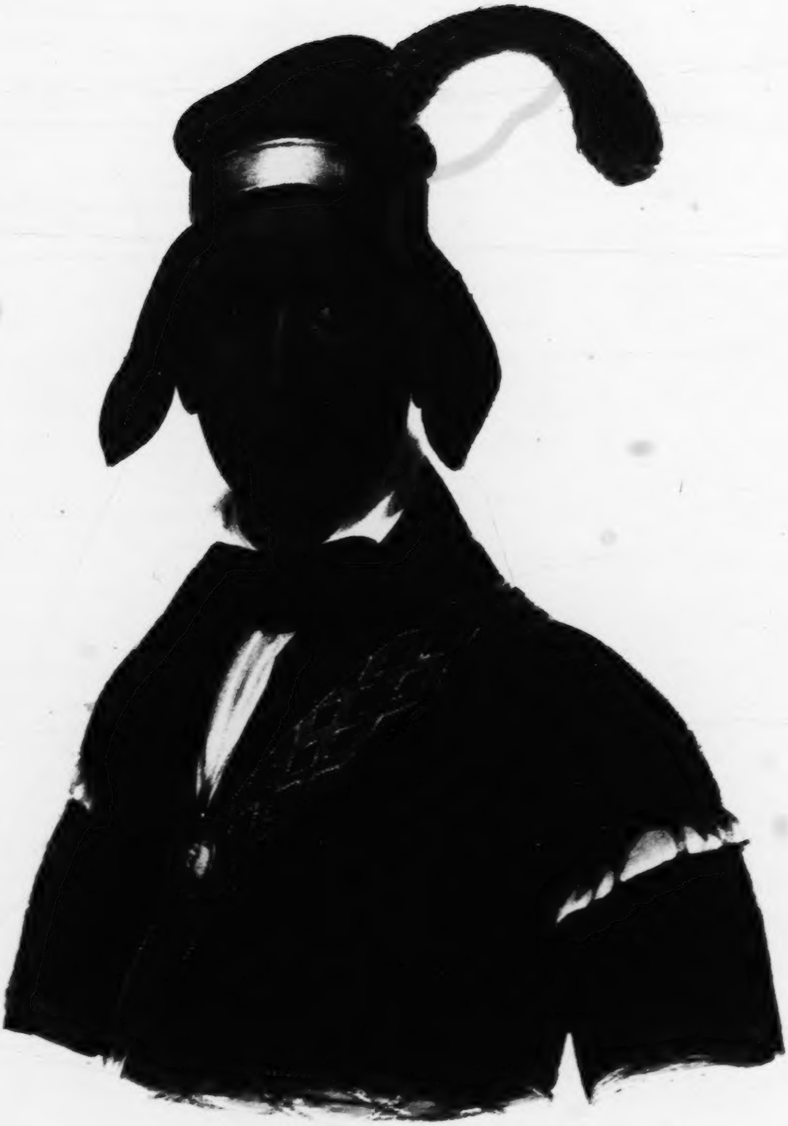
Nº 57

RICE RUTTER & CO. Publishers

ESHTAHUMLEAH.

We have but little to say of this individual, whose name, when translated, signifies *Sleepy eyes*, and is expressive of the character of his countenance. He is one of the hereditary chiefs of the Teton tribe, of the Dacotah nation. In person, he is large, and well proportioned, and has rather a dignified appearance. He is a good-natured, plausible person, but has never been distinguished either in war or as a hunter.

The word Teton means *boaster*, and has been given to this tribe in consequence of the habit of bragging, which is said to prevail among them. They dwell in skin lodges, which are easily removed, and are constantly roving over the vast plains between the St. Peter and the Missouri. They trade on both rivers, and are very hostile to white men, whom they insult and rob, when they find them on the prairies, where such acts may be safely perpetrated. But all the tribes who live in contact with our frontier, have become so conscious of the power of the American government, as to be cautious in their depredations upon our citizens; and acts of violence are growing every day less numerous upon our borders. The Tetons are fierce, rapacious, and untameable; but are not considered braver than the other Sioux tribes.



YAHA-HAJO,

A SEMINOLE WAR CHIEF.

Nº 58

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

YAHA HAJO,

A SEMINOLE WAR-CHIEF.

On the 29th of March, 1836, as the main body of the American troops in Florida was about to encamp on the banks of the Ocklewahah, two fires were discovered, newly lighted, on the opposite side of one of those lakes which abound in this country. Supposing them to be signal-fires, lighted by the Indians to communicate intelligence from one party to another, Colonel Butler's command was detached in search of the enemy. The troops had proceeded three or four miles, when four Indians were discovered and pursued by the advanced guard. General Joseph Shelton, of South Carolina, a gallant gentleman, who accompanied the army as one of a band of volunteers from that patriotic state, dashed forward and charged upon one of the Indians, who, finding he could not elude the attack, halted and faced his opponent. When but a few steps apart, both parties levelled their guns at each other; the General fired first, wounded his adversary in the neck, and, dropping the gun, drew a pistol. Advancing on the Indian, he placed the pistol at his breast, and drew the trigger, but the weapon missed fire. The Indian brought his rifle to his shoulder and shot the General in the hip; at the same moment the brave savage received a fatal wound from another hand, fell on his knees, attempted to load his rifle in that position, and died, resisting to the last gasp with the obstinacy which always marks the death of the Indian warrior.

Near the scene of this rencontre were several lodges, forming a temporary hamlet, whose inmates had been hastily scattered by the approach of the troops. Here, among the few articles abandoned by the inhabitants in their flight, were found forty or fifty human scalps, the sad memorials of the vindictiveness of savage warfare. They were attached to small pine sticks, in the form of flags, so as to be used at the dances and feasts of the warriors, when these trophies are exultingly displayed. The locks of hair attached to some of them were long and fine, and were evidently those of women, perhaps of young and beautiful women, who had fallen under the edge of the tomahawk; some were the scalps of children and gray-haired men; and all were preserved with equal care, as if the warrior regarded with the same pride the slaughter of the helpless and the defeat of an able adversary.

The warrior who was slain in the manner just described, was Yaha Hajo, or the Mad Wolf, a Creek chief, who visited Washington City in 1826 as one of the delegates from that nation, but afterwards emigrated to Florida, where he held the same rank. His name is not expressive of his character, which was comparatively mild and benevolent. He was especially noted as a successful hunter, and was considered one of the best in Florida. For this exercise he seemed admirably fitted by his finely moulded form, which evinced both strength and agility, and exhibited a fine specimen of savage beauty. He was erect and slender. His chest was broad and high, his limbs round, and elegantly turned, and his muscles greatly developed by constant exercise. The hands of the Indians, never being employed in labor, are usually small, bearing that evidence of gentility which Sir Walter Scott lays down as an indubitable sign of aristocratic birth. Those of Yaha Hajo were remarkably small and delicately formed; while his feet had the hollow sole and high instep common to his race, and might have served as models for the sculptor, except that they were too small for just proportion. His nose was Roman, and all his features fine and prominent.

The Mad Wolf was the second principal war-chief of the Seminoles, and was one of the deputation of seven chiefs appointed to examine the country west of the Mississippi, assigned to the Florida Indians by the treaty of Payne's Landing, and who reported favorably; and also one of the sixteen who signed the treaty at Fort Gibson, ratifying that of Payne's Landing. But although thus far committed on the subject, and favorably disposed towards emigration, he united with the majority of the people in their opposition to it, and became an active leader in the war. The truth is, that the measures adopted to bring about this result, were neither conciliatory nor efficient; the wishes and interests of the Indians, in several particulars, were not consulted as they should have been, nor were the means for effecting the removal forcibly, either adequate or promptly applied.

We find in Mr. Cohen's book a report of a phrenological examination of the head of this chief, which we shall copy, because it will be interesting to those who have confidence in phrenology, not because we have any faith in it ourselves.

"Exceedingly circumspect in all his actions, he must have been remarkable for persevering in every undertaking on which he had determined, how cruel soever the means. His cunning and courage ably fitted him for the station he is supposed to have held among his countrymen; acquisitiveness, although very large, would not, from its relative size, have formed a prominent feature in his character. His eloquence must have been of the persuasive kind, and his images not wanting in boldness—his attachments must have been firm. The recollection of events and places is strongly marked on his skull, but the reflective organs are small. Grave in his demeanor, moderate mirthfulness, large love of approbation."

Phrenological Examination of the Skull of Yaha Hajo.

Affective Faculties.	*Very Large.*	*Large.*	*Moderate.*	*Small.*
Propensities.	Destructiveness. Combativeness. Acquisitiveness. Secretiveness.	Adhesiveness.	Philoprogenitiveness. Amativeness. Inhabitiveness. Constructiveness.	Desire to live. Alimentiveness.
Sentiments	Cautiousness. Firmness.	Approbativeness. Self-esteem. Imitation. Ideality. Hope.	Mirthfulness. Conscientiousness. Marvellousness. Reverence. Benevolence.	
Intellectual Faculties.				Color. Order. Calculation.
Perceptive Faculties.	Eventuality. Locality.	Individuality.	Size. Configuration.	Tune. Time.
Reflective Faculties.			Comparison. Causality.	

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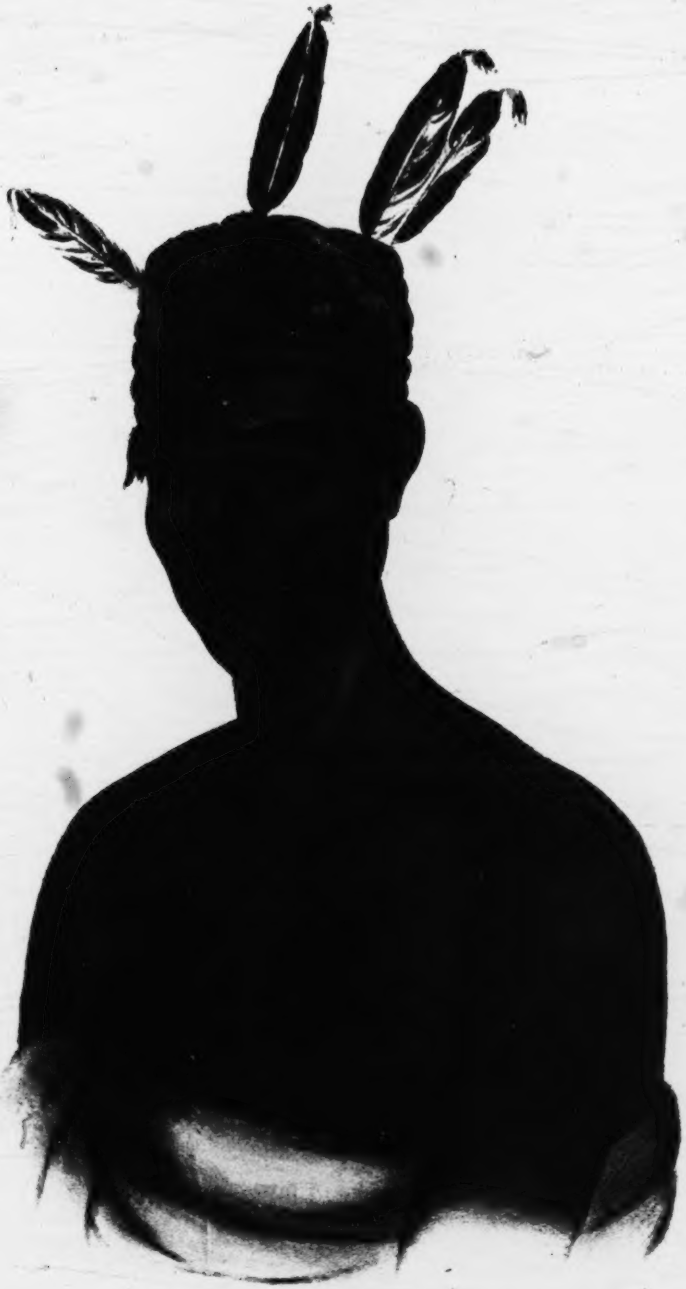

WA-KAUN-HA-KA,

A WINNEBAGO CHIEF.

Nº 59.

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

WAKAUN HAKA.

This individual is of mixed blood; his father was a Frenchman, and his mother a woman of the Winnebago nation. He is one of the finest looking men among that people, and has for many years been one of their principal speakers on all public occasions. The qualifications for this office are not very extensive, and in general comprise little else than fluency, a graceful manner, and a familiar acquaintance with the current transactions of the day. Wakaun Haka, or the *Snake-Skin*, possesses these qualities in a high degree; his stature is about six feet three inches, his person erect and commanding, and his delivery easy. He is between fifty and sixty years of age, and is one of the war-chiefs of the Winnebagoes.

In the early years of the *Snake-Skin*, he was a successful hunter, a warrior of fair standing, and a person of decided influence among his people. But the sin that most easily besets the Indian has destroyed his usefulness; habits of dissipation, with the premature decrepitude incident to the savage life, have made him an old man, at the age at which the statesmen of civilized nations are in the enjoyment of the highest degree of intellectual vigor. His influence has declined, and many of his band have left him, and joined the standards of other chiefs.

This personage has been the husband of no less than eleven wives, and the father of a numerous progeny. With all the savage love of trinkets and finery, he had his full share of the personal vanity which nourishes that reigning propensity, and of which the following anecdote affords a striking illustration. In one of the drunken broils, which have not been unfrequent in the latter part of his life, a fight occurred between himself and another person, in which the nose of the chief was severely bitten. The Reverend Mr. Lowry, superintendent of the school, on hearing of the accident, paid the chief a visit of condolence, hoping that an opportunity might offer, which might enable him to give salutary advice to the sufferer. He was lying with his head covered, refusing to be seen. His wife, deeply affected by the misfortune, and terrified by the excited state of her husband's mind, sat near him, weeping bitterly. When she announced the name of his visitor, the chief, still concealing his mutilated features, exclaimed that he was a ruined man, and desired only to die. He continued to bewail his misfortune as one which it would be unworthy in a man and a warrior to survive, and as altogether intolerable. His only consolation was found in the declaration that his young men should kill the author of his disgrace; and accordingly the latter was soon after murdered, though it is not known by whom. Had not this injury been of a kind by which the vanity of Wakaun Haka was affected, and his self-love mortified, it might have been forgotten or passed over; we do not say *forgiven*, as this word, in our acceptance of it, expresses an idea to which the savage is a stranger. Regarding an unrevenged insult as a trader views an outstanding debt, which he may demand whenever he can find the delinquent party in a condition to pay it, he is satisfied by a suitable compensation, if the injury be of a character to admit of compromise. Had his wife, for instance, eloped with a lover, or his brother been slain, the offender might have purchased peace at the expense of a few horses; but what price could indemnify a great chief for the loss of his nose? Happily, the wound proved but slight, and Wakaun Haka lost neither his nose nor his reputation.

We do not intend, however, by the last remark, to do injustice to this chief, who, on another occasion, nursed his resentment, under the influence of highly creditable feelings. We have had occasion to mention elsewhere, a striking incident of border warfare, which occurred in 1834, when a war-party of Saukies and Foxes surprised a small encampment of the Winnebagoes, and massacred all the persons within it, except one gallant boy, about twelve years of age, who, after discharging a gun, and killing a Saukie brave, made his escape by swimming the Mississippi, and brought the news of the slaughter to Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien. That boy was the son of Wakaun Haka, and among the slain was one of the wives and several of the children of this chief. The exploit was considered as conferring great honor on the lad, as well as upon his family, and the father evinced the pride which he felt in his son, while he lamented over the slain members of his family with a lively sensibility. An exterminating war was expected to follow this bloody deed; but by the prompt interposition of the agent of the United States, and the military officers, a treaty was held, and a peace brought about, chiefly through the politic and conciliatory conduct of Keokuk, the head man of the offending nation. Forty horses were presented to the Winnebagoes, as a full compensation for the loss of about half that number of their people, who had been massacred in cold blood; the indemnity was accepted, the peace pipe was smoked, and the hands of the murderers, cleansed of the foul stains of midnight assassination, were clasped in the embrace of amity by the relatives of the slain. Wakaun Haka, with a disdain for so unworthy a compromise, which did honor to his feelings as a husband and father, stood aloof, and refused either to participate in the present, or to give his hand to the Saukies and Foxes.

The Snake-Skin, like many other influential men among the Indians, has always been obstinately opposed to all changes in the condition of his people, and has declined taking any part in the benevolent plans of the American Government, or of individuals, for the civilization of his race. On one occasion, when the superintendent of the school called his attention to the subject, and urged the advantages which the Winnebagoes might derive from those benevolent measures, his reply was, that "the Great Spirit had made the skin of the Indian red, and that soap and water could not make it white." At another time, when urged to use his influence to procure the attendance of the Indian youth at the government school, he replied that "their children were all asleep, and could not be waked up." These answers were figurative, and contain the substance of the objection invariably urged by the savages on this subject: "The Great Spirit has made us what we are—it is not his will that we should be changed; if it was his will, he would let us know; if it is not his will, it would be wrong for us to attempt it, nor could we by any art change our nature."

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KISH-KE-KOSH,

A FOX BRAVE

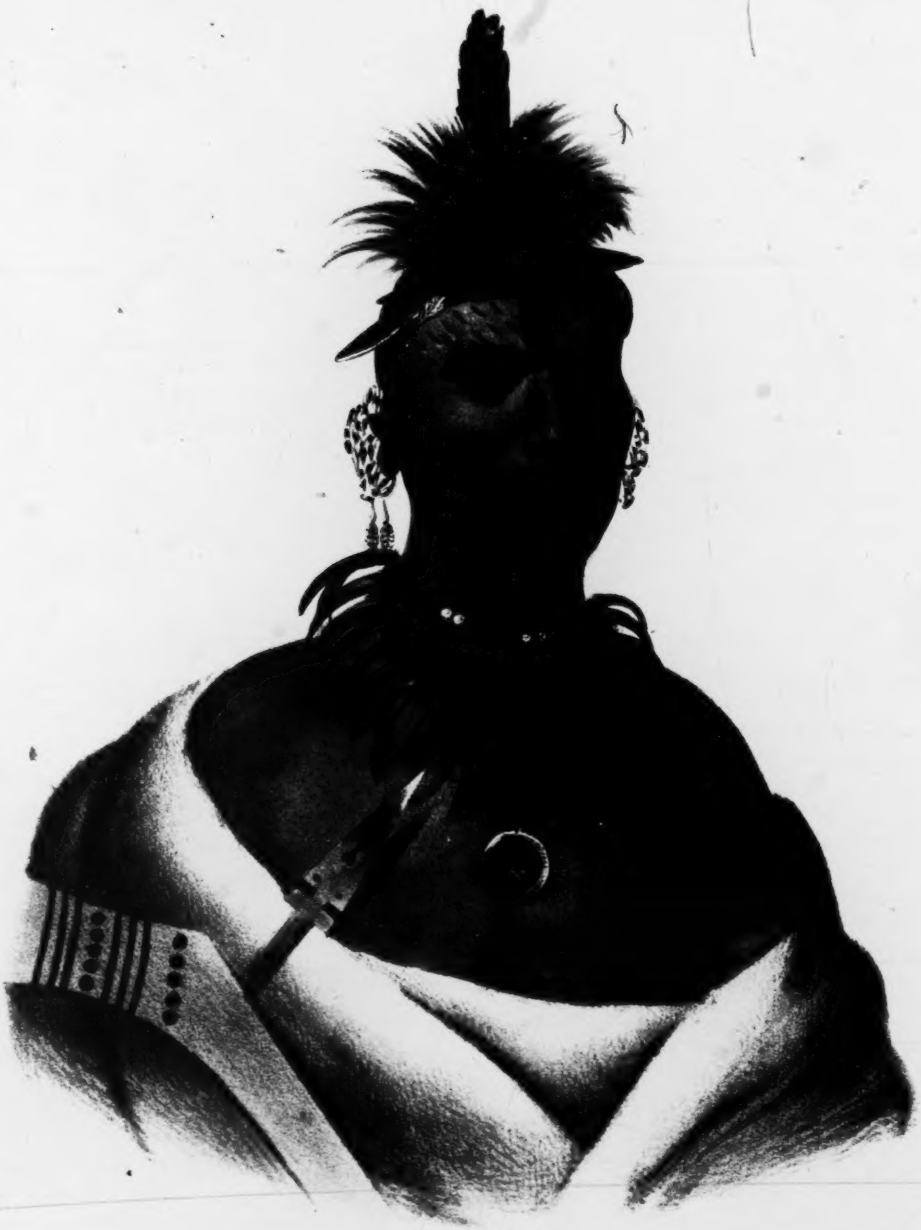
N° 60

RICE RUTTER & CO. Publishers

KISHKEKOSH.

Among the Fox braves who appeared at Washington in 1837, on the occasion to which we have already alluded, was Kishkekosh, or *The man with one leg*, whose name, however, is not descriptive of his person; for we discovered no deficiency in the limbs of this individual. At the council which we described in the life of Keokuk, where the Sauks and Foxes were confronted with the Sioux, Kishkekosh appeared in the same hideous headdress which is exhibited in the picture, and the attention of the spectators was strongly attracted by this novel costume. The buffalo horns and skull upon the man's head would have rendered him conspicuous in a grave assembly collected for a serious purpose, in the presence of a numerous and polished audience; but this was not sufficient for Kishkekosh, who, when his party were all seated, stood up on a bench behind them, so as to display his full stature, and attract the special notice of all eyes. It was seen that this exhibition was not lost upon the Sioux, who whispered, exchanged glances, and were evidently disturbed. Those who were merely spectators, and who knew nothing of the personal history of the strange beings before them, were amused at what they supposed to be a piece of savage buffoonery, and could not help smiling at the ludicrous contrast between the uncouth figure perched up against the wall, and the silent, motionless group of grave warriors who sat before him arrayed in all the dignity of barbarian pomp.

We learned afterwards that the intrusion of the buffalo head was not without its meaning. It seems that, on a certain occasion, when some skirmishing was going on between these hostile tribes, Kishkekosh, with a single companion, charged suddenly upon the Sioux, rushed into their ranks, killed several of their warriors, and retreated in safety, bringing off, as a trophy, this buffalo head, which Kishkekosh tore from the person of one of the slain. Such exploits, which are not uncommon among the Indians, resemble some of the deeds of antiquity, or those of the knights-errant of a later age. Acts of desperate valor, leading to no practical advantage, but undertaken in mere bravado, must often occur among a people who follow war as their main employment, and who place a high value on military glory. Among savages especially, or any rude nation whose warfare is predatory, and made up chiefly of the exploits of individuals or small parties, such deeds are estimated extravagantly, not only on account of the courage and conduct shown in them, but because they afford themes for biting sarcasm and triumphant boasting over their enemies. Such, doubtless, was the light in which this deed of Kishkekosh was viewed by his tribe; and when they were to meet their enemies in a public council, at which a large number of persons were present besides the hostile parties, they tauntingly displayed this trophy with the deliberate purpose of feeding their own hatred and insulting their foemen.



CHOU-CA-PE,

AN OTTO SECOND CHIEF

Nº 61

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

CHONCAPE.

Choncape, although of the Otos tribe, (Ottoe, as it is commonly spelled, and *always* pronounced,) of which he is second chief, is called the *Big Kansas*, a name borrowed from another tribe. We know but little of the history of this chief. The Otos, or Ottoes, own and occupy a country on the Missouri, east and south of the boundary line dividing the Sauks and Foxes, and Ioways, from the Sioux. They were troublesome during the war of 1812 with Great Britain, and frequently harassed and interrupted the trade between Missouri and New Mexico

The first treaty between the United States and the Otos tribe was made in 1817. It is entitled, "A Treaty of Peace and Friendship." The preamble restores the parties to the same relations which they occupied towards each other previous to the war with Great Britain. The first article declared, that all injuries or acts of hostility shall be mutually forgiven and forgotten. The second establishes perpetual peace, and provides, that all the friendly relations that existed bewteen the parties before the war, shall be restored. In the third and last, the chiefs and warriors acknowledge themselves and their tribe to be under the protection of the United States of America, and of no other nation, power, or sovereign whatever.

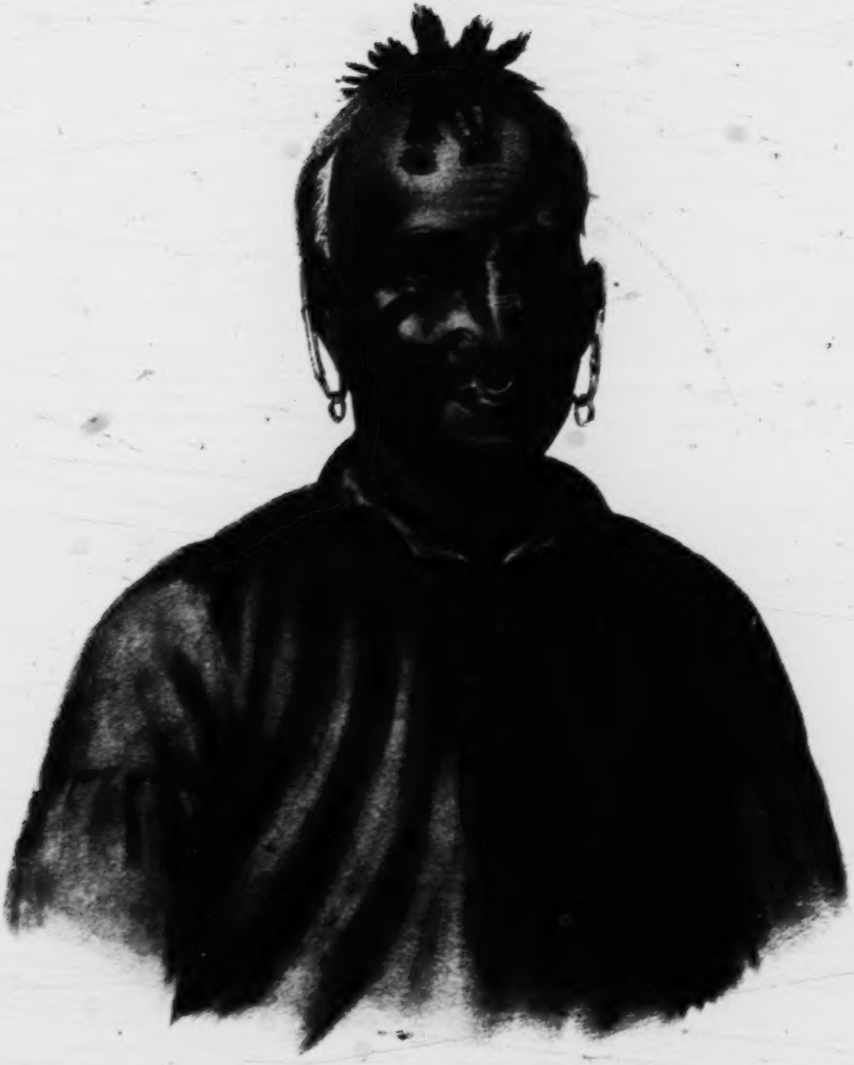
A second treaty was concluded between the United States and the Otos and Missouries, at the Council Bluffs, in 1825. In this treaty those tribes admit that they reside within the territorial limits of the United States; acknowledge the supremacy of the United

States, and claim their protection; they also admit the right of the United States to regulate all trade and intercourse with them. Other conditions are included in this treaty; among these, the mode of proceeding, in case injury is done to either party, is settled, as is a condition in relation to stolen property; and, especially, it is agreed, that the Otos will not supply by sale, exchange, or presents, any nation or tribe, or band of Indians, not in amity with the United States, with guns, ammunition, or other implements of war.

Among the names of the eighteen signers to this treaty, we find *Shunk-co-pee*. This is our Choncape. The scribe who wrote his name Shunk-co-pee, wrote it as it sounded to his ears. *Chon* sounded to him as *Shunk*—and this may be regarded as one of the thousand instances serving to illustrate the difficulty of handing down the name of an Indian. The ear of the writer of it governs, and the pen obeys. Another scribe, of some other country, would, probably, in following the sound of this Indian's name, have written it *Tshon-ko-pee;* and thus we might have had three Indians manufactured out of one.

The rapidly increasing trade between Missouri and the Mexican dominions, and the frequent interruptions which it had experienced from the Otos, and other Indian tribes, the grounds of whose more distant excursions lay in the route of its prosecution, suggested the importance of this treaty. But the conditions of a treaty with distant and roving bands of Indians, who are as wild and untamed as their buffalo, were not relied upon as of sufficient strength out of which to erect barriers for the protection of the trade which the treaty of 1825 was mainly intended to secure. There was one other resort on which greater reliance was placed; and that was, to select and bring to Washington, and through our populous cities, some of the leading chiefs of those bands whose pacific dispositions it had become of such moment to secure. Among those who were selected for this object, was Choncape. We are to infer from this that he was a man of influence at home, and that he had the confidence of his tribe. It is to the reports of such a one alone that the Indians will listen; and it was the design that he and his comrades should not only witness our numbers and our power, but that the reports that should be made of both, on their return, should operate upon the fears of their tribes, and thus render more secure our trade with the Mexican frontier.

That Choncape had won trophies in war is no more to be doubted than that he had been in contact with the grizzly bear, whose claws he wore as an ornament around his neck, in token of his victory over that animal. But, while he was at Washington, he was peaceful in his looks, and orderly in his conduct. Nothing occurred while on his visit to that city to mark him as a chief of any extraordinary talents. The impression he left on our mind was, that he was entitled to the distinction which his tribe had conferred upon him, in making him a chief, and to be chosen as one of a party to come among us, behold our strength, and report upon it to his people. He said nothing, which we heard, that is worth recording, and did nothing of which he or his tribe should be ashamed.



KISH-KAL-WA,

A SHAWANOE CHIEF

No 62

RICE, RUTTER & Co. Publishers

KISHKALWA.

Kishkalwa is nominally and legally the head chief of the Shawanoe nation, but is too far advanced in life to take any active part in its affairs. He is believed to be between eighty-six and ninety years of age, and is living with a daughter upon the Kansas river, although his band have settled in the neighborhood of the Sabine The family of this chief is numerous and very distinguished; he is one of seven brothers, all renowned warriors, one of whom was the celebrated Black Hoof, who died in 1831, at the advanced age of from ninety-five to one hundred years.

This chief was about seventeen years of age when he engaged, for the first time, in a war-party; and on that occasion he made himself conspicuous for his bravery. The expedition was of a character which strikingly illustrates the history of savage life. The Shawanoes were a warlike tribe, that roved through the whole of the territory north-west of the Ohio, and were continually engaged in hostilities, at first with the English, and subsequently with their descendants, while they maintained friendly relations with the French. The latter occupied Fort Massac, a military station, on the northern shore of the Ohio, not far above its junction with the Mississippi; and were at variance with the Chickasaws, who lost no opportunity to do them an injury. Among other stratagems which were practised by these Indians, was one that was frequently adopted by all the tribes, and in which the savages were very successful. A party of warriors, disguised in the skins of deer, or of bears, would appear creeping upon the shore of the river opposite the fort. The width of the stream was so great as to render it quite possible to practise the deception with good effect, even if the imitation of the animals had been less perfect than it really was. But the Indians, accustomed to notice the habits of the brute creation, and versed in all the strategy of sylvan sport, and border war, played their parts with admirable fidelity to nature. Sometimes the French saw a number of bears issuing from the forest which clothed the bank, and walking sluggishly over the narrow margin of sand that fringed the river; and sometimes a herd of deer was seen, half disclosed among the bushes, as if reclining in the shade, and gazing upon the placid stream. The ardent Frenchmen, unsuspicious of danger, would cross the river hastily in pursuit of the supposed game, and fall into an ambuscade prepared by the Chickasaws. The Shawanoes heard of several-massacres which occurred in this manner, and determined to avenge their friends. A war-party proceeded secretly to the neighborhood of the fort, and waited for the appearance of the counterfeit game, which they knew could not impose upon them, however it had deceived the Europeans. It was not long before the trick, which had often proved successful, was again attempted, the mimic animals appeared upon the shore; the French soldiers, apprised of the plan of their allies, busied themselves in preparing a boat as if to cross the river, while the Shawanoes, having made a circuit through the woods, and passed the river at a distant point, threw themselves into the rear of the enemy. The Chickasaws were surprised and defeated with great loss. On such expeditions, the *medicine bag*, supposed to possess supernatural virtues, is carried, during the march from home, by the leader of the enterprise, whose station is in the van of the party; but on the return, this mysterious bag is borne by the warrior who has acquired the greatest distinction during that expedition, or, in some cases, by him who killed the first enemy, and the person thus honored marches foremost. The young Kishkalwa, on this occasion, returned in the proud station of bearer of the medicine bag.

Another adventure occurred a year or two afterwards, the recital of which will serve to throw some light, as well on the character of Kishkalwa as on the peculiarities of the Indian. The beautiful and fertile country, which now forms the State of Kentucky, was not, previous to its occupation by the whites, inhabited by any tribe of Indians, but was a common hunting-ground and battle-field for the various surrounding tribes, whose fierce conflicts gave to this lovely region the name of "the dark and bloody ground." The Indian who ventured among those forests, was prepared alike for the chase and for war. The daring spirit of the young Kishkalwa led him into Kentucky, to hunt the buffalo, then abundant on the southern shore of the Ohio; but before he had succeeded in getting any game, he was discovered and pursued by a party of hostile Indians. Being alone, resistance would have been unavailing, and his only hope of escape was in flight. While running with great speed through the woods, a vestment, which constituted his only article of clothing, became entangled in the bushes, and was torn off: but as the pursuit was very hot, he had not time to recover it. Having reached the river opposite Fort Massac, he tied his gun to his head with his long hair and swam across. Among the Shawanoes it is highly disreputable in a warrior to throw away his arms or clothing, when in flight from an enemy, as the act indicates cowardice, and supplies a trophy to the pursuer. "None," they say, "but an Osage, will thus disencumber himself, that he may run the faster from his foes." When Kishkalwa, therefore, arrived in safety among his friends, who had seen his pursuers following him to the water's edge, they no sooner noticed the absence of the garment, than a number of jokes were passed at his expense. He explained the manner of the loss, and the urgency of the case, but his companions, perceiving that he was annoyed, affected not to be satisfied, and deplored with mock gravity, that so fine a young man should be so destitute of activity as to be obliged to throw away his clothes in order to outrun his enemies.

As the accusation implied a want of courage, Kishkalwa said that he would show that he was no coward. Accordingly he set off, a few days afterwards, *alone*, in search of some enemy on whom he could prove his prowess. In the forest of Kentucky, late in the night, he discovered a fire, by which slept two Indians, who were easily distinguished as belonging to a hostile tribe. He approached near to them with a stealthy tread, then, crouching like the panther, waited, according to the custom of the Indian, until the first indications of the approaching dawn of day, when, taking a deliberate aim, he shot one of his foemen, and rushing upon the other, despatched him instantly with the tomahawk. This exploit gained him great credit: although it would seem characterized only by the lowest species of cunning, and to be destitute of all the higher attributes of warfare, it was, according to the notions of the savage, not only in exceedingly good taste, but a fine specimen of courage and military talent; for the Indian awards the highest honor to the success which is gained at the least expense, and considers every stratagem meritorious which leads to the desired result. Still his companions continued to jeer him upon the loss of a garment in the former adventure. Nettled by these jokes, and determined to retrieve his reputation, he secretly raised a party of four or five young men, whom he led on another expedition. They were successful, and returned with seventeen scalps.

Those who imagine that the apparent apathy of the Indian character indicates the entire absence of a propensity for mirth, will be surprised to learn that the remarkable success which attended the arms of Kishkalwa, failed to blunt the point of that unhappy jest, which had become a source of serious inconvenience to this great warrior. The pertinacity with which his companions continued to allude to this subject, evinces, on their part, a strong perception of the ludicrous, and a relish for coarse raillery, which balanced even their decided admiration of warlike qualities, while the extreme sensitiveness of Kishkalwa shows how highly the Indian prizes his honor. Successful as he had been, he conceived it necessary that the blood of his enemies should continue to flow, to blot out a stain affixed upon him in the mere wantonness of boisterous humor. He now took the field in a more imposing manner; and having raised a party of twenty-five warriors, went forth in pursuit of the enemies of his tribe, travelling only in the night, and lying in ambush during the day. They proceeded down the southern shore of the Ohio and Mississippi, until they reached the Iron Banks, near which they came upon an encampment of hostile Indians, consisting of one hundred and fifty men, women, and children. Kishkalwa halted his party, and having reconnoitered the enemy, directed the mode of attack. His men were so stationed as to surround the camp, and remained concealed until the dawn of day, when, at a signal given, the dreadful war-whoop was uttered by the whole in concert, and the assailants rushed in. The astonished enemy believing themselves hemmed in by superior numbers, fled in every direction; thirty-three men were killed, and seventeen women and children taken prisoners. Kishkalwa returned in triumph with his captives and the scalps of the slain. On his arrival, many of the tribe who had lost their relatives in battle, clamorously demanded vengeance upon the prisoners; but Kishkalwa declared that not a drop of their blood should be spilt. He consented to the adoption of the captives into the families of those who had been killed in battle, and successfully protected these unfortunates from injury. Among them was a beautiful young woman, whom Kishkalwa presented to the chief, to be his wife, on condition that orders should be given, prohibiting the repetition of the jest which had so long galled his pride. The proclamation was accordingly made, in the manner in which all public acts are announced in the Indian villages, by a crier, who passed about, declaring, in a loud voice, that Kishkalwa having proved that he could not have thrown away his clothes out of fear, no one was permitted thereafter to repeat or allude to that event. The reader will decide, whether this warrior's success, or his judicious present to the chief, contributed most to relieve him from so annoying a dilemma.

Whatever might have been the effect upon his private character, or social intercourse, these successful expeditions, in which not a single life had been lost, established the reputation of Kishkalwa as a brave, skilful, and fortunate warrior, and he was soon after raised to the dignity of principal brave, or war chief. It may be proper to remark here, that, in his old age, nothing so vexed the old chief as an allusion to the story which distressed him so much in his youth, and that, although more than half a century has passed since the occurrence, it would not be safe in any but an intimate friend to mention it in his presence.

This chief took part in the great battle at Point Pleasant, between the Virginians under General Lewis, and a large Indian force, consisting of Shawanoes, Delawares, Mingoes, and other tribes; but, unwilling to be again embroiled with the Americans, towards whom he was well disposed, or to take any part in the contest which was about to be commenced between Great Britain and her colonies, he removed with a part of the tribe, called the Sawekela band, to the south, in 1774, and settled among the Creeks. This band returned again to the shores of the Ohio, in 1790, but took no part in the war of 1794, nor in that of 1812, nor has this portion of the tribe ever been engaged against the Americans, since the decisive battle of Point Pleasant.

During the last war, a part of the Sauk and Fox nations, who had been in the habit of trading with the British, were removed from Illinois to the interior of Missouri, at their own request, that they might not be within the reach of British influence. But restless by nature, unable to remain neutral in time of war, and receiving no encouragement to join the Americans, who from principle declined employing the savages, they took up the hatchet against us, and after committing some depredations, fled to Canada. The alarm created by these hostilities, in which the Weas and Piankeshaws were believed to participate, induced the Governor of Missouri Territory to call out the militia, and to request the assistance of the Shawanoe and Delaware Indians. A party of sixty-six warriors was accordingly raised by Kishkalwa, and the other chiefs, and placed under the command of General Dodge.

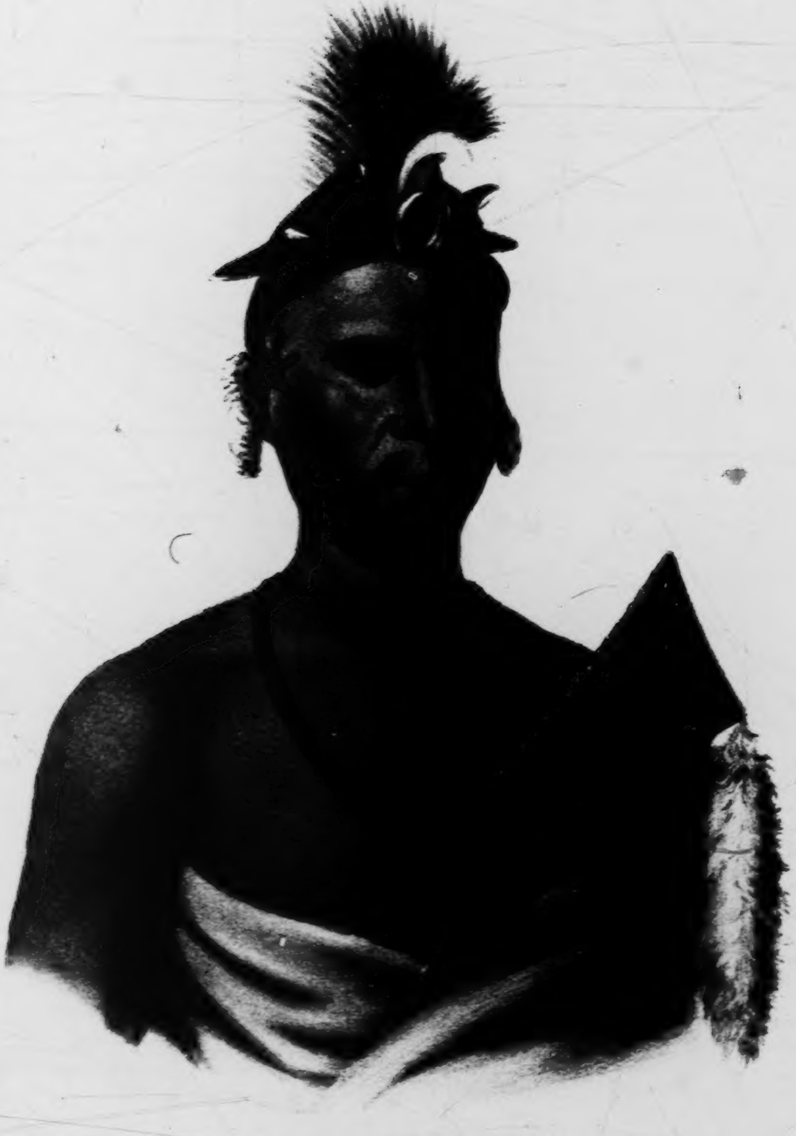
The Sauks and Foxes having fled before the arrival of the militia, a small fort was surrounded in which it was supposed that the Weas and Piankeshaws were concealed; but in the morning it was found that they too had retreated. They were pursued, overtaken, and made prisoners. The object of General Dodge, in their capture, was to protect and not to injure them. The inhabitants of the frontier are at all times quick to take umbrage at any supposed hostility on the part of the Indians, against whom they have long been accustomed to entertain a mingled feeling of fear and hatred; and believing that the party now in their power, had been equally as guilty as the Sauks and Foxes, the militia were excited to such a state of indignation, that they could with difficulty be restrained from the perpetration of what they supposed to be a just revenge. General Dodge, with a decision that did him honor as a man and a soldier, immediately placed the captives under the protection of a disciplined volunteer company from St. Louis, and of the Indians under Kishkalwa. This resolute conduct had the desired effect; and no further molestation was offered to the unfortunate prisoners, who were trembling with dread. We have the testimony of a gentleman who was himself a volunteer in this expedition, that a finer set of men was seldom seen than the band of Shawanoes and Delawares, to which this anecdote has reference, and that their whole conduct during this campaign was most orderly, decorous, and proper.

Disappointed in the desired objects of their vengeance, the militia set fire to the fort, which had been abandoned by the Weas and Piankeshaws, and gave vent to the wantonness of their excited feelings, by shooting a few dogs of the Indians, that lingered about the premises. One of these faithful creatures was caught by a soldier, who so far forgot himself in the fury of the moment, as to throw the animal into the fire, from which he escaped, howling with pain. Some of the bystanders laughed; but Kishkalwa, perceiving that an Indian boy joined in the merriment, instantly checked him, and explained in a few words the impropriety of making sport of the miseries of a helpless brute.

The last military adventure in which Kishkalwa engaged, was in a war undertaken by the Cherokees, Delawares, and Shawanoes, against the Osages, in 1818. In a battle which was fought, and which resulted in the defeat of the Osages, this chief is represented as having displayed his usual bravery and prudence, although he must then have been burdened by the weight of upwards of eighty years. In attacking their enemies, it is customary with the Osages to rush to the onset with great impetuosity, uttering the savage yell with deafening concert, and endeavoring to win the battle by the terrors attending the first blow; but failing in this object, they usually abandon the contest. All the Indian tribes, indeed, act upon this system, to a greater or less extent, seeking victory by cunning rather than force, and avoiding the hazard of a battle which must be contested upon equal terms. Kishkalwa, aware of this trait in the character of his race, and knowing that the Osages pursued this mode of warfare more invariably than his own followers, exhorted them to stand firmly, and resist the first attack: "Do not heed their shouts," said he; "they are but the yells of cowardly wolves, who, as soon as they come near enough to look you in the eye, will flee; while if you turn your backs on them, they will devour you." This counsel evinced the sagacity of one who had observed human nature, and could adapt his own measures to the circumstances in which he was placed. The result verified his prediction. The Osages, twice as numerous as the party of Kishkalwa, rushed to the attack with their usual impetuosity, and with loud shouts; but failing in making an impression in the first onset, recoiled before the steady firmness of their opponents, and fled in confusion, suffering great loss in killed and prisoners.

Kishkalwa visited Washington in 1825, as one of a delegation of chiefs, accompanied by Colonel Menard, a highly respectable agent of the Indian Department, to whom we are indebted for the details included in the foregoing biographical sketch.

We have said that this chief was the brother of Black Hoof; but we are not certain that they might not have been cousins-german, as the term *brother* is applied among the Indians to this degree of relationship.



KEE-SHES-WA,

A FOX CHIEF

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

KEESHESWA.

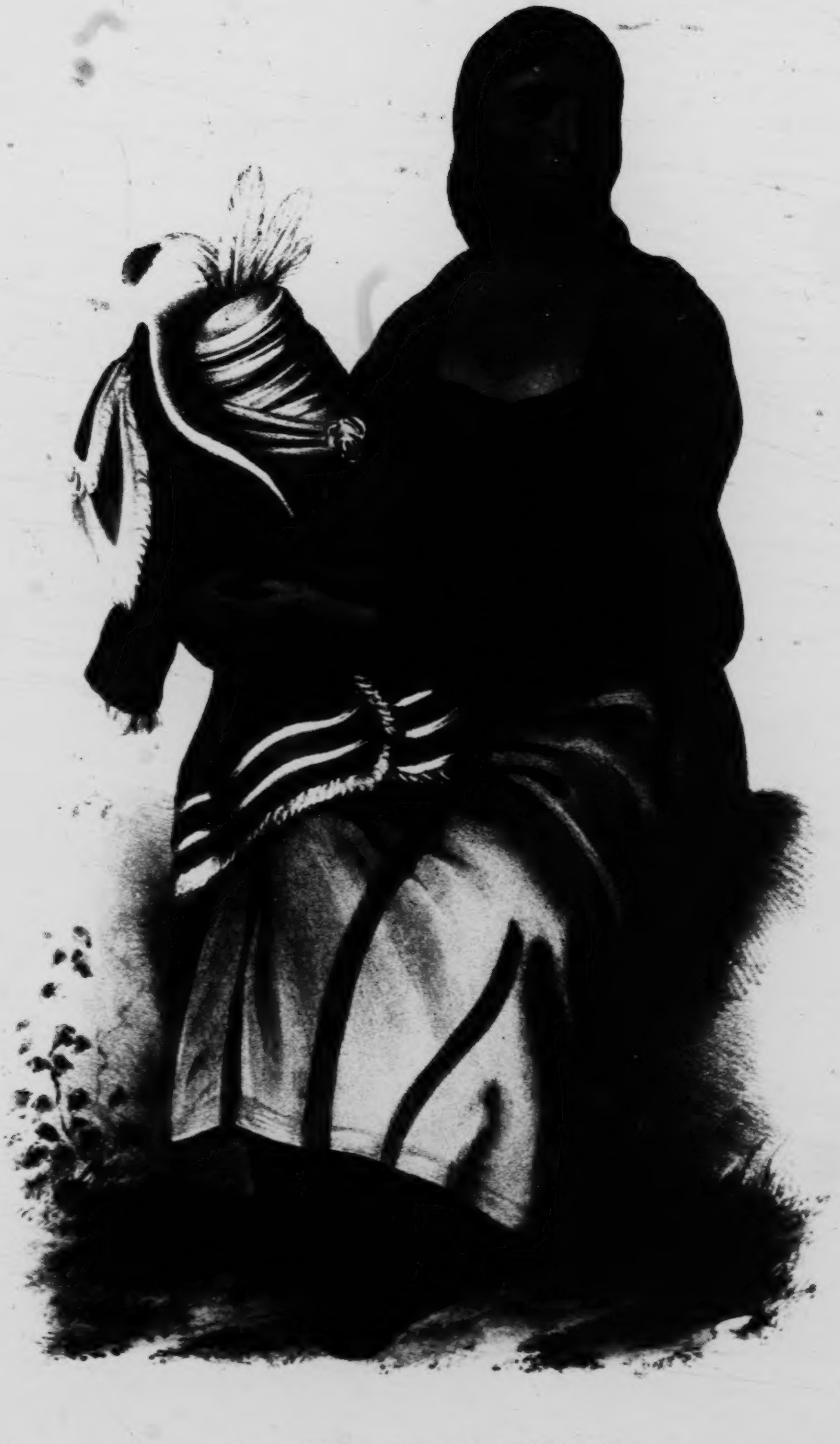
The medicine men were formerly held in high repute among the Indians; but in some of the tribes the faith in them has lately been much shaken. Imposture, however ingenious, exercises over the human mind a precarious sway, which is constantly liable to detection; and the influence of the medicine men is based on a combination of imposture and superstition. They who practise the art are alike deceivers and deceived. To a certain extent they believe in the efficacy of their own spells; but as the fallacy of these practices becomes obvious to themselves, they are driven to ingenious contrivances to keep up the delusion, and sink into insignificance, or become artful impostors, just as they may happen to be cunning and successful, or the reverse.

There are medicine men among all the tribes. Their ordinary business is to cure diseases, and their remedies are chiefly spells, although most of them resort also, in plain cases, to their knowledge of the qualities of medicinal plants. But the latter branch of their practice is limited by the acquaintance which the Indians generally possess of simple remedies, and by their habit of using them when occasion requires. The medicine men are also dreamers, and interpreters of dreams, employing, in this part of their profession, much the same degree of intellect and cunning which are practised by the fortune-tellers who practise upon the credulity of the vulgar in more civilized communities. Sometimes they rise to a higher proficiency in their art, and assume the name of prophets, mingling in the political affairs of their tribes, and assuming rank in the councils, in virtue of their supposed favor with the gods, and prescience of events.

Keesheswa, *The Sun*, is a medicine man of note in the Musquakee tribe, and, so far as we can judge from appearances, is a devout believer in his science. Although in good health, and apparently a sound sleeper, he dreams very often, and very much to the purpose. He adheres firmly to all the ancient superstitions of his people, and is a stickler for the usages of his forefathers. He is especially discreet and observant of form in his smoking, and never puts the pipe into his mouth without due solemnity, nor omits any of the little proprieties which should accompany this ceremony. While he enjoys his pipe with the complacency of a true lover of the weed, no one who has witnessed the initiatory forms with which he lights it, would suspect him of smoking for mere employment. He goes through it with a seriousness which shows that he considers it a matter of no small moment; and that, however agreeable may be the sedative effect of the tobacco, the act of inhaling the smoke is closely connected with his religious opinions. He is a sincere and honest smoker.

The reputation of Keesheswa, as a medicine man, is not so great as it was a few years ago. The more intelligent of the Sauks and Musquakees, in consequence probably of their intercourse with the whites, have become skeptical in regard to the efficacy of spells; and, except when under strong excitement, treat their medicine men with an indifference amounting almost to levity. When threatened by danger, or blinded by passion, superstition regains its sway; but as a general fact, the juggler is less esteemed than formerly.

Keesheswa is much respected as an individual. His deportment is inoffensive, and he is believed to be sincere in his own belief of the efficacy of his spells—which we suppose to be true of but few of his class. At all events, it is a pleasure to see him smoke his pipe, and quite impossible to treat with levity an occupation in which he engages with a truly devout and edifying gravity of demeanor.



N°64 A CHIPPEWAY WIDOW. RICE, RUTTER & Co Publishers

THE CHIPPEWAY WIDOW.

THIS picture, which we copy from Colonel McKenney's Tour through the North-Western Lakes, is not the portrait of any individual, but is intended to represent a singular custom which prevails among the Chippeway Indians, and we insert it to give variety to our pages.

A Chippeway widow, on the death of her husband, selects from his scanty wardrobe, a complete suit of his best clothes, which she makes up into a bundle. This is placed near her while at work, and is carried wherever she goes. She calls it her husband, treats it with the respect which would be due to a living lord and master, and would be considered as disgracing herself and treating his memory with disrespect, if she was to part with it even for a moment.

The custom is a beautiful and affecting one, which, had it prevailed in the days of the Greeks or Romans, would have been immortalized by the poet and historian, and been often quoted and referred to as a graceful instance of the classic taste of the ancients. It is the more remarkable as occurring in the most inhospitable region of our country, where the inclemency of the climate and the sterile nature of the soil impose upon the inhabitants the necessity of constant exertion to procure a scanty subsistence. This state of penury falls especially hard upon the women, who are doomed to continual labor. From a class so wretchedly poor, and so severely tasked, we should scarcely expect the exhibition of so refined a sentiment as is indicated by the custom we have described; nor is it less remarkable, that the wretched inhabitants of a frozen region should encumber their toils by an addition which must often be burdensome and inconvenient. But what will not woman do—what does she not do, in every clime, in compliance with the laws of fashion, or in obedience to the dictates of the heart?

The Chippeway widow carries her "husband" during the season of mourning, which is one year, and during that time cannot marry without gross impropriety. If she does not marry at the close of the year, she usually continues to carry the badge of her widowhood until she is relieved of it by the nearest relatives of her deceased husband, who may at any time, when they conceive she has mourned long enough, call upon her, and take away the bundle, after which she is at liberty to contract a second marriage.

ROYAL
GEOGRAPHICAL
SOCIETY

MAR-KO-ME-TE,

A MENOMINIE BRAVE

Nº 65

RICE, RUTTER & CO Publishers

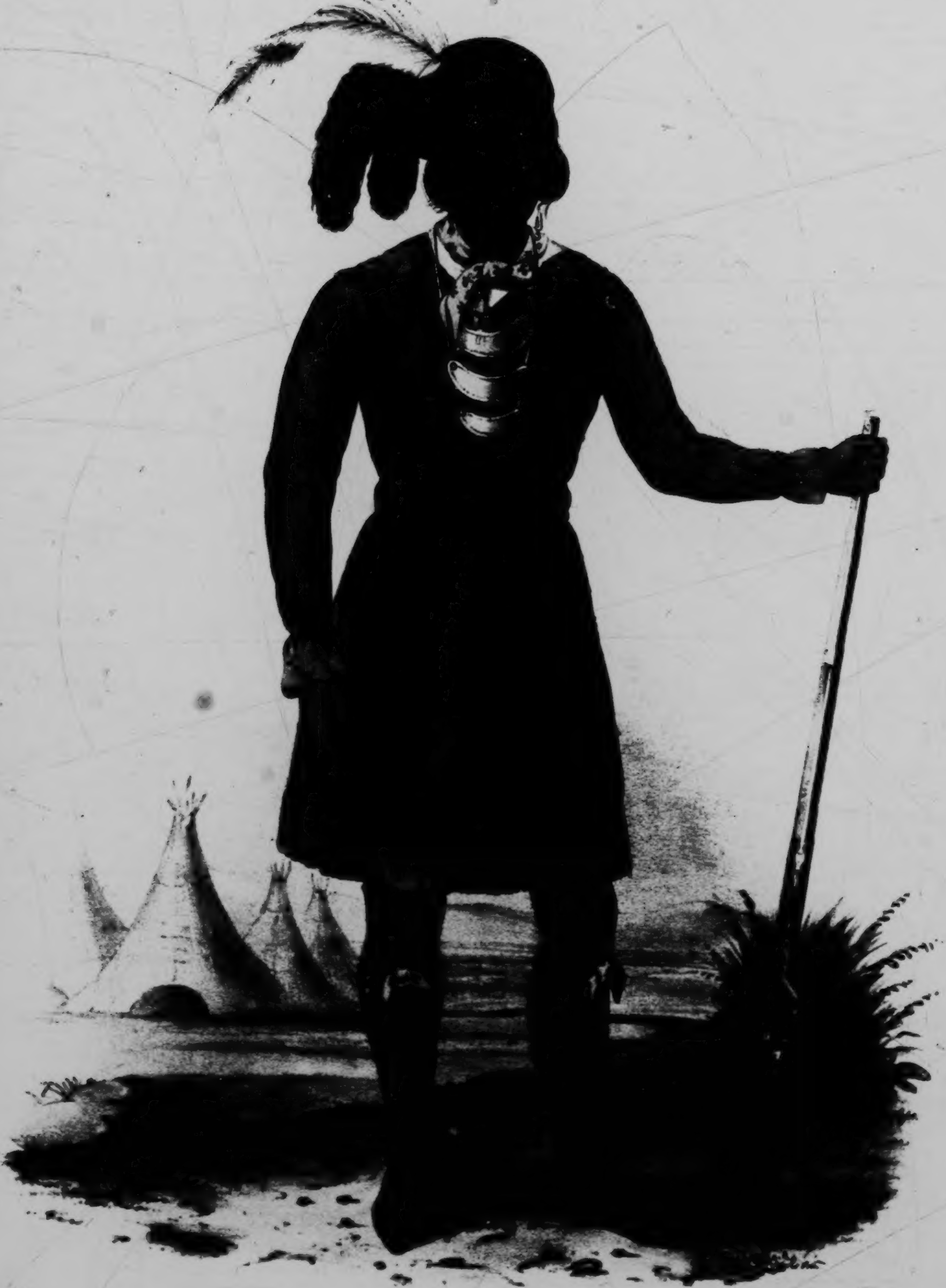
MARKOMETE.

This is the first specimen we have presented of a small though very interesting tribe. The Menominies, or Folles Avoines, inhabit the country between the lakes and the Mississippi river, their principal residence being west of Lake Michigan, whence they stray into the country of the Winnebagoes, who are their friends. Their language is peculiar and difficult to be learned by white men. Charlevoix says they were not numerous in his time, and they are now reduced to a few thousand souls. The early writers all speak of them in favorable terms, not only as "very fine men, the best shaped of all Canada," but as possessing an agreeable personal appearance, indicative of more neatness, and of a greater taste for ornament than that of any other of our north-western Indians. But they are now greatly degenerated, as we have remarked in our historical introduction, in consequence of their intercourse with the whites, and their fatal propensity for ardent spirits.

They are of a lighter complexion than the Indians around them, from whom also they differ in being less fierce and warlike. Though brave, they are peaceable, subsisting chiefly on the wild rice or *false oats*, from which they derive their French designation, and avoiding, either from indolence or a dislike of war, the quarrels in which their neighbors are continually engaged. The women are patient, obedient, and laborious, and when introduced into the families of the traders residing in the wilderness, are preferred as domestics to those of the other Indian tribes.

We know little of the history of this people. The whites as well as the Indians respect them for their inoffensive habits, but all admit that, when engaged in war, they have always borne themselves with exemplary courage. However their pride may be subdued by circumstances, it is not less than that of the kindred tribes of their race; and evinces itself in the same contempt of danger which marks the conduct of all the aborigines. It is the singular boast of this tribe, that no other nation holds a Menominie as a slave or prisoner. Their invariable rule has been to prefer death to captivity. and when accidentally taken alive, to provoke their captors by the grossest insults to despatch them on the spot.

Markomete, if still alive, is upwards of seventy years of age. His name, which signifies "Bear's Oil," may not seem, to our ears, to be appropriate or in good taste; but as the fat of the bear is esteemed a great delicacy among the Indians, when used as food, besides being valuable for other purposes, the designation may be as honorable in their estimation as to us are those of Cæsar or Napoleon. He has been well known as a warrior of excellent repute, a successful hunter, and a man of fair character. He was one of a deputation of his people who visited Washington a few years ago, and though not a chief, was a person of influence.



ASSEOLA,

A SEMINOLE LEADER

N° 66

RICE RUTTER & CO [illegible]

ASSEOLA,

A SEMINOLE LEADER.

We have already, in our notices of Micanopy, and other Seminoles, touched in a cursory manner upon the history of that people, and the causes of the war between them and the United States. We have shown that the Seminoles were chiefly renegades from the Creek and other nations within the United States, who, taking refuge in the wilds of Florida, while that province was a dependency of Spain, united in bands, and carried on a predatory war against the frontiers of the United States. During the war between this country and Great Britain, they joined our enemies, and afterwards, in 1816, made war upon us. They not only, therefore, had no title to the lands of Florida, but their claims upon the generosity of our government were equally slender. In 1821, General Jackson, then Governor of Florida, urged upon the government at Washington the propriety of sending back to the Creek country all the refugees from that nation, as he foresaw the most disastrous consequences from their continuance in the territory. Colonel White, a representative in Congress from that territory, in a letter to the Secretary of War, written in 1822, pressed the same considerations upon the administration, and urged the removal of those intruders as the only efficient means of giving quiet to the country. Had those suggestions been adopted, the restless spirits who have since given animation to these ferocious bands would have been removed, and we should have been spared the pain and expense of a protracted war. A contrary policy was unfortunately pursued; humanity dictated a temporizing course, which has proved eminently disastrous; the Seminoles were recognized as a separate people, and treaties were held with their chief men for the purchase of the wilds through which they roamed, and the removal of their people. By the treaty of Camp Moultrie, held on the 18th September, 1823, they were permitted to remain in the territory for twenty years, and were thus established in the country, and their claims acknowledged to lands to which they had not the shadow of a title.

The forbearance of the American government towards the Seminoles was in accordance with the humane policy which has marked all its measures in regard to the aborigines. In no instance have the Indians been treated with cruelty or injustice by the deliberate action of the national Executive or legislature, whose whole course towards them has been beneficent and forbearing. When it has been found necessary to remove them from their hunting-grounds, the most ample remuneration has always been provided, and other lands assigned them, better suited to their condition. Their lands have never been taken from them, except by purchase; and so careful has the government been to avoid even the appearance of injustice, that, where several tribes have claimed the same lands, they have paid the full equivalent to each; and in cases where the tribes have refused to comply with the treaties made by their chiefs, the same lands have been purchased over and over from the same people, and as repeatedly paid for.

But while the government and people of the United States have been actuated by the most benevolent intentions, their views have been signally frustrated by the inefficiency of the system by which their intercourse with Indians has been attempted to be regulated, by the weakness or misconduct of their own agents, and by a variety of causes inseparable from transactions conducted in a wilderness far distant from the seat of government. The wrongs perpetrated against the Indians have been numerous and flagrant. The wide scheme of peculation and pillage practised by bands of expert knaves who infest the frontiers, has been shaped into a system, which has now become so complicated and enormous as almost to defy the hand of reform. The Indian Department is one of the most expensive branches of our government, consuming annually vast sums, liberally appropriated for the good of the red man, of which but a small portion ever reaches its destination; and they are constantly subject to abuse and insult of the most ignominious character. The desperate and dissolute men who fly to the frontier as a place of refuge, or seek it as a theatre for intrigue or violence, find easy victims in the ignorant savage, who claims no protection from the law, and whose demand for protection or revenge cannot reach the ear of a distant government.

In no part of our country were the Indians worse used than in Florida, where the most scandalous outrages were perpetrated upon their persons and property, provoked often by their own ferocity and bad faith, but, nevertheless, wholly inexcusable. Under the pretence of reclaiming property, alleged to have been stolen by the Indians, their country was entered by lawless persons, whose sole object was plunder, their houses pillaged, their cattle driven away, and themselves cruelly maltreated. Frauds in pecuniary transactions, of gross criminality and enormous amount, were practised both upon the government and the Indians. Complaints of these abuses, and evidence of their existence have reached the ears of the Executive, and of Congress, but no sustained effort has ever been made to investigate or correct them; no patriot has been found who would devote himself to a cause so worthy of the highest efforts of the Christian and the statesman; and thus has the political paradox been presented, of a people practically oppressed by a magnanimous nation, entertaining towards them the kindest sympathies, and annually expending millions for their defence, support, and welfare.

The celebrated individual of whom we are about to give a brief account, is known to the public under the various appellations of Powell, Osceola, Oceola, Asseola, Osiniola, and Assini Yahola; but his true name is that which we have placed at the head of this article. Powell is the surname of a white man who married the mother of Asseola, after the death of his father, and whose name was very naturally given to the youth who had thus become one of his family. Osceola signifies the "Rising Sun," and has been erroneously adopted by many, as well on account of its similarity of sound to the true name, as from its supposed adaptation to the character and position of this daring leader. The true name is derived from *Asse*, "the black drink," and *Ola*, "a waterfall." We have, in another place, mentioned a peculiar custom of the Creeks, who, previous to entering into council, assemble in groups, and drink freely of the decoction of a certain herb of their country, which operates as an emetic, and whose effect, they imagine, is to purify and invigorate both the mind and body, so as to prepare them for the business of thought and debate. This beverage, which is taken warm, and in large quantities, is called the "Black drink," from its color, and among the several names applied to it, to express its quality or effects, are those of *asse*, *assiniola*, and *assini yahola*. The name Asseola, when freely translated, signifies the plentiful drinker of the black drink, or, one who imbibes this fluid in torrents; and it may, or may not, be descriptive of a peculiarity of this individual, as Indian names are given in childhood, as with us, for the mere purpose of convenience, while they are afterwards often superseded by others, descriptive of a prominent feature in the character of the person, or of some of his exploits. We have not been able to ascertain whether Asseola bore this name in infancy, or acquired it by his devotion to the nauseating draught, by which the Creek statesman makes a clean breast, preparatory to the solemn duties of the council.

The paternal grandfather of Asseola was a Scotsman, who married a Creek woman; his father, therefore, was a half-breed, but his mother was a Creek of the pure blood. He was born on the Tallapoosa river, in the Creek nation, somewhere between the years 1800 and 1806, and must have been between thirty and thirty-five years of age at the time of his death. His European descent is said to have been distinctly indicated in his complexion and eyes, which were lighter than those of his people, as well as in the features and expression of his countenance. The following spirited description of him is from a work entitled "Notices of Florida and the Campaigns," by M. M. Cohen.

"When conversing on topics agreeable to him, his countenance manifests more the disposition of the white than of the red man. There is great vivacity in the play of his features, and when excited, his face is lighted up as by a thousand fires of passion, animation, and energy. His nose is Grecian at the base, and would be perfectly Phidean, but that it becomes slightly arched. There are indomitable firmness and withering scorn in the expression of his mouth—though the lips are tremulous from intense emotions, which seem ever boiling up within him. About his brow, care, and thought, and toil have traced their channels, anticipating on a youthful face the work of time.

"To those who have known Oceola long, his fame does not appear like a sun-burst, but as the ripening fruit of early promised blossoms. For years past he has enjoyed the reputation of being the best ball-player and hunter, and the most expert at running, wrestling, and all active exercises. At such times his figure, whence all the superfluous flesh is worn down, exhibits the most beautiful development of muscle and power. He is said to be inexhaustible from the ball play, an exercise so violent, that the struggle for mastery has been known to cause the death of one of the combatants. When this occurs in a fair contest, the survivor is not punished for murder, as in all other cases of taking life. On one occasion Oceola acted as guide to a party of horsemen, and finding, at starting, that they proceeded slowly, inquired the cause. On being told that it was on his account, with one of those smiles he alone can give, he bade them proceed more rapidly. They put spurs to their steeds, and he, afoot, kept up with them during the entire route, nor did he exhibit the slightest symptoms of fatigue at the close of day, but arrived at the point proposed as early as the mounted body."

Another writer, the author of the "War in Florida," a late staff officer, speaks of this individual in the following terms:

"It will be seen that the standing of Asseola, prior to the war, was much inferior to that of a number of the other chiefs, and although his influence was seemingly great, it was still less than that of Micanopy, Jumper, Holata Mico, Coa Hajo, Arpiucki, Abraham, and several others; but he was with the mass of the warriors who were the anti-removal party, and themselves possessing as much influence as their chiefs; so that the marvellous reports of him, and the influence which, it is supposed, he exerts over the Indians, are very exaggerated, and have their origin only in the bold, desperate, and reckless murders which have been perpetrated by the band of Micosukees, of which he is sub-chief. Holata Mico is the chief leader of that band, and decidedly superior to Asseola in every point of view. The latter is a *Redstick*, not a Micosukee, by descent, and prior to the breaking out of hostilities, was leader of but seven warriors. His talents are not above mediocrity, and he was never known, by those who were most intimate with him, to possess any of the nobler qualities which adorn the Indian character; all his dealings have been characterized by a low, sordid, and contracted spirit, which often produced difficulties with those with whom he had intercourse. Perverse and obstinate in his disposition, he would frequently oppose measures which it was the interest of his people that he should advocate. The principal chiefs were favorable to the project of emigration, but the mass of warriors were opposed to it; and as Holata Mico and his band, with Asseola, were the first to be removed by the provisions of the treaty, and these warriors having been averse to the treaty from the first, they sowed discord among the others by threatening to murder all who should advocate the measure; and it was doubtless through fear that Asseola joined the hostile party, after the pledge he had made to leave the country. This description of Asseola may, perhaps, serve to disabuse the public mind as to the 'noble character,' 'lofty bearing,' 'high soul,' 'amazing powers,' and 'magnanimity' of the 'Micosukee chief.'"

It will be seen that there is some discrepancy in the views of the character of Asseola given by these writers, both of whom were witnesses of his conduct; we apprehend that both are correct in the main, differing chiefly in the coloring given to their pictures. Referring occasionally to these and some other authorities, we shall, in the remainder of this sketch, depend principally upon a manuscript statement in our possession, prepared with much care by an intelligent officer of the United States army, serving in the Indian Department throughout the whole of the Florida war.

The death of his father probably threw Asseola, at a very early age, upon his own guidance, and some of the strong points of his character, especially its vices, may be referred to this cause, the fruitful source of evil in the formation of ardent minds. While yet a boy, of not more than from twelve to fifteen years of age, he joined the Redsticks, or hostile Creeks, and fought against the Tennessee troops, commanded by Generals Jackson and Floyd. When peace was established, he was one of the many unruly spirits who emigrated to Florida, where the Redsticks became known as a party hostile to the United States. In 1817, when the repeated depredations of the Florida Indians caused the invasion of that country by General Jackson, he was in arms, and being driven across the Suwanee, retreated with a small party of his companions down into the peninsula, and settled upon Peas' creek. Here he remained unknown to fame, and probably engaged in no other pursuit than hunting, and occasionally participating in those athletic games in which he was so expert, until a few years ago, when he removed to the Big Swamp, in the neighborhood of Fort King, and united himself with the Micosukees, with whom he has since lived.

It was at that time, probably about 1832, that Asseola, who was then somewhat more than twenty-five years of age, became known to the American officers. He had neither rank nor property, nor any followers, except two Indians, who had accompanied him from his late residence; but his deportment and appearance were such as to point him out as a person likely to become important. He was of light frame, a little above the common stature, and finely formed, his complexion light, and the expression of his countenance cheerful and agreeable. His habits were active and enterprising, evincing an entire freedom from that indolence of mind which degrades the great mass of this race into merely sensual beings, who are only roused into action to indulge the appetites of hunger or revenge, and sink into apathy when those passions have been satiated. The mind of Asseola was active rather than strong, and his conduct that of a cunning and ambitious man, who was determined to rise by his own exertions.

The frontier was at that time in a state of great excitement, and our intercourse with the Seminoles becoming daily more complicated and uncertain. There was no war existing nor expected, but there was neither peace nor safety. The Indians had been advised of the determination of the government to remove them from Florida, and were holding a temporizing course with our agents, while divided among themselves as to the policy to be pursued. The most intelligent of their chiefs, and a minority of the braves, respectable in number and character, were decidedly in favor of emigration, not merely as an unavoidable alternative, but as a measure positively advantageous in itself. Experience had demonstrated the impossibility of living in contact with the whites. The superiority of the civilized over the savage man, however reluctantly admitted, was practically felt and acknowledged. The pressure of the white population was recognized as a continual and accumulating force, operating to the destruction of the Indian race, almost imperceptibly, yet with the swiftness and certainty of the laws of nature. They saw that the decree had gone out which compelled the weak to give place, and allowed the strong to possess. Those who had marked the signs of the times, and had reflected calmly upon the traditions of their ancestors, discerned but too clearly the gigantic growth of the white man's power, and saw its shadow extending over the land of the Indian, with a progress as irresistible as that of the shades of night. Wherever that shadow fell, the Indian felt its chilling influence, which thickened around him until he sunk under its blighting effect. They saw all this, and determined to seek safety in flight. Nor was this all: they were offered, not merely safety from present danger, but decided advantages—a better climate, a more abundant country, a wider range of hunting-ground, and a permanent separation from the white man—peace, and the protection of a powerful nation, instead of inevitable and hopeless war. In addition to these advantages, they were to be paid for the improvements they abandoned, to be supported for one year after their arrival in the new country, to receive an annuity of three thousand dollars for fifteen years, and their cattle and other property were to be sold for their benefit by the United States.

The mass of the Seminoles, however, were opposed to emigration. To many, the prospect of war was, in itself, a sufficient inducement to remain. The savage is habitually improvident, and seldom looks beyond the present. War gives him employment, excitement, and above all, plunder—that fatal lure is not without its attraction, even among the armies and councils of the most refined nations, but to the savage mind, it is the first, the best, and the most irresistible of arguments. The love of war, the ardent lust for carnage, were not the least of the incitements operating on a people swift to shed blood. The passion of revenge, too, had its influence; not only the national and general hatred against the whites, but the personal resentment rankling in the bosoms of individuals, for actual wrongs, for which they were eager to seek redress. Then there was ambition, the small ambition of the sub-chiefs, the captains of ten, and captains of twenty, who desired to increase their own importance, and to swell the numbers of their followers. Besides all which, the country they occupied suited them; its peninsular conformation, its wild and tangled forests interspersed with swamps and hammocks impenetrable to the foot of the white man, and which to seemed bid eternal defiance to the approach of civilization, rendered this region the fit and favorite abode of savage men.

There was also an objection to the removal, which was felt by all the Seminoles, and gave so much plausibility to the arguments of those opposed to emigration, that it is surprising the government should not have promptly removed it. By the treaty of Payne's Landing, it was provided that the Seminoles should remove west of the Mississippi, and there become a constituent portion of the Creek nation. They were to settle near the Creeks, and be placed under the charge of the same agent. To this arrangement they expressed a decided repugnance. A large number of those who had separated from the Creeks had private reasons for not desiring a reunion; some were debtors, and some held property of which the ownership might be brought in question. They were refugees, who had outstanding accounts and quarrels with those from whom they had fled. They asked, therefore, to have a separate territory, and especially, an agent of their own. Holata Amathla, in one of the councils, said, "If our father, the President, will give us our own agent, our own blacksmith, and our ploughs, we will go to this new country; but if he does not, we shall be unwilling to remove: we should be among strangers; they may be friendly, or they may be hostile to us, and we want our own agent whom we know, who will be our friend, take care of us, do us justice, and see justice done us by others. We have been unfortunate in the agents sent us by our father. General Thompson our present agent, is the friend of the Seminoles. We thought at first that he would be like the others, but now we know better. He has but one talk, and what he tells us is the truth; we want him to go with us. He told us he could not go, but he at last agreed to do so, if our great father would permit him; we know our father loves his red children, and will not let them suffer for want of a good agent." General Clinch, the gallant and able commander of the troops then in Florida, in presenting this subject to the government, said, "It is a law of nature for the weak to be suspicious of the strong. They say the Creeks are much more numerous and powerful than they are; that there is a question of property, involving the right to a great many negroes, to be settled between them and the Creeks, and they are afraid that justice will not be done them, unless they have a separate agent to watch over and protect their interests. The manly and straightforward course pursued towards them by General Thompson appears to have gained their confidence, and they have again petitioned the President to make him their agent, and have requested me to forward their petition, with such remarks as my long acquaintance with their views and interests would authorize me to make. The experiment they are about to make is one of deep interest to them. They are leaving the birthplace of their wives and children, and many of them the graves of those they hold most dear; and is it not natural they should feel, and feel deeply, on such a trying occasion, and wish to have some one that they have previously known, whom they could lean upon, and look up to for protection?" To this rational appeal the government replied by a cold negative; the preparations for the removal were going forward, the friendly chiefs were using their influence to urge on that desirable measure, while the disaffected stood aloof, or gave manifestations of their dissatisfaction in sudden and secret acts of violence, in pillaging by night, or murdering the solitary traveller in the wilderness.

Such was the state of things when Asseola began to take an active part as a Tustennugge, or sub-chief, of the Micosukees, of which tribe Holato Micco, or the Blue King, was chief. The term sub-chief, which we use, is not descriptive of any actual office or formal appointment, but merely designates those individuals, who, by their talents or popular qualities, obtain followers, and become leaders or persons of influence. Those who are expert in war or hunting, are followed by the young braves, who desire to learn under them, at first, perhaps, only by their own relatives who depend on them; but as their reputation increases, the train swells in number; and there are, therefore, leaders of every grade, from those who head a few men, up to him who controls his hundred warriors, vies with the chief in influence and authority, and at last supplants him, or supersedes him in every particular except in name. Thus we have seen Powell, a young man with two followers, beginning to mingle in public affairs. He had carefully noted the path to popular favor, and pursued it with sagacity and boldness. His first step was to gain the confidence of the American officers, and by making himself useful, to gain employment, which would render him important in the eyes of his own people. He visited the fort frequently, and his services were always at the command of the officers, to suppress the depredations of those lawless Indians who would clandestinely cross the frontier to plunder, and arrest the offenders, as well as to apprehend deserters from the army. On these occasions, he would call on the neighboring chiefs for men, and having formed a party, placed himself at their head, and recommended himself, as well to his employers as to his own people, by his diligence and efficiency. He soon pushed himself into notice, and was continually engaged in some active service: he became a favorite with the military officers, and in consequence of the estimation in which he was held by them, rose rapidly in the eyes of his adopted tribe. He now gained adherents; for the Indians are a fickle people, and there are always many among them who are ready to surround the banner of a rising leader; until at length, without apparently holding any positive rank, he became a leading man among the Micosukees. He continued for some time to cultivate with assiduity the good will of the whites, was quiet and unassuming in his deportment, submissive even to humility towards the officers, and pacific in his sentiments, while he insinuated himself into the affections of his own people, by his courtesy and his martial qualities.

But there was another source of popularity which he failed not to improve to the utmost, as it was that on which he chiefly depended for promotion. The chiefs and more intelligent of the braves, were, as we have said, in favor of emigration, while the majority of the people, comprising all the ignorant and lawless portions, were opposed to the removal. The conjuncture was one which offered a tempting opportunity to an aspiring demagogue. Asseola took the side of the majority, and while, at first, he did not venture openly to oppose the chiefs, he artfully fomented the discontents of the people, and encouraged them in their obstinate refusal to leave the country. He was always opposed to the treaty of Payne's Landing; but at first, his tone with regard to it was quiet and unobtrusive, and it might have been inferred, that while his feelings revolted against the proposed arrangements, he was ready to sacrifice his own wishes to preserve peace and secure the welfare of his countrymen. With consummate art he continued to pay court to the chiefs, and the American officers and agents, and to affect a sympathy for the people, until he found himself sufficiently strong in the affections of the latter, to throw aside the mask. He grew into favor with the factious multitude, who needed only an unscrupulous leader, who would play out the game of revolt, regardless of consequences; and when he felt that he was the leader and dictator of a party, he began to avow the principles he had long secretly cherished. His conduct now became as conspicuous for boldness and insolence, as it had been for the opposite qualities; he was loud, querulous, and bitter in his opposition; his language was coarse and inflammatory; and his whole course was that of one who had resolved to bring on a crisis, which should draw a broad line of separation between the respective parties, oblige the neutral to take sides, and force on an issue of the contest. In his interviews with General Thompson, the agent for the removal of the Seminoles, he now openly avowed his opposition, declared that he never would be carried from the country alive, that rather than submit to such injustice, the Indians would fight, that he could kill two or three white men himself before he could be slain; and finally, he denounced, in the most vehement manner, the friendly chiefs, declaring they should not go peaceably to another country, that the first who took a step towards emigration should be put to death, and that, if required, he would himself become the executioner.

There can be little doubt as to the decision which history will record as to the conduct of Asseola. The line of distinction is clear and definite between the patriot who calmly and firmly places himself in the breach between his country and her oppressors, exposing himself to procure safety, or even a temporary advantage for her, and the demagogue, who, seizing for his own aggrandizement an occasion of popular excitement, fans into a blaze the embers of discord, and affecting to administer that public will which he has secretly created, becomes the agitator and the soul of a bad cause. The one controls and gives a proper direction to the judgment of his people, while the other stimulates their worst passions, and leads them blindfold to their own destruction. The former course gives employment to talents and virtues of the highest grade, the latter may be successfully pursued by an instinct of no greater capacity than that of the fox or the wolf. There could scarcely be a difference of opinion as to the true interest of the Seminoles. Setting aside the question of the right of occupation, as between civilized and savage man, as having no direct bearing here, we must view the Seminoles as themselves intruders in a land previously occupied by the Europeans, from whom the American government derived title by purchase. They seized on this wilderness, while it was protected, as they supposed, by a foreign flag, as a strong-hold, from which they could with impunity annoy the American citizen. The United States having the right, as well as the power, to remove them, resistance could only lead to a war, wholly unjustifiable because hopeless. Under these circumstances it is scarcely probable that this aspiring leader was impelled by any higher motive than that of taking the side opposed to the chiefs, whom he desired to supplant, and favored by the multitude, through whom he hoped to rule—a course of which history affords but too many examples, and which the experience of every day shows to be the natural path of reckless ambition.

Throwing aside entirely the mask he had worn, Asseola became more and more insolent, until at last he ceased to observe the common forms of courtesy. He either absented himself from the councils which were now frequently held, or disturbed the deliberations by inflammatory speeches. He boldly threatened the chiefs with the vengeance of the people, and in his interviews with General Thompson, the agent, was so rude, and so undisguised in his threats of personal violence to that officer, that the latter was obliged, on one occasion, to order him to leave his presence, and his friends earnestly advised the arrest of the refractory partisan, as a measure due to his own safety. It is only to be regretted that this salutary step was not sooner adopted, and more effectually carried into execution. Asseola was not a chief, but a self-constituted leader, misdirecting the ignorant to their ruin, disturbing the peace, and defeating the benign intentions of the government. He was accordingly arrested, by the orders of Colonel Fanning, at the request of the agent, and placed in close confinement. As he was dragged to the guard-house, he was heard, by one who understood the Creek tongue, to exclaim, "The sun," pointing to its position, "is so high; I shall remember the hour! the agent has his day—I will have mine!"

The conduct of Powell while in confinement, threw a new light upon his character, evincing the coolness and deliberation of his designs, and showing how completely he was master of the arts of dissimulation. At first sullen, and apparently alarmed, he seemed to abandon all hope. A new light seemed gradually to gleam upon him; and then, as if convinced of his error, he requested to see the friendly chiefs, who were accordingly permitted to visit him. To them he figured a humility and contrition which completely deceived them. He spoke of his past conduct in terms of regret and pointed self-condemnation; depicted in glowing language the hopes he had entertained of uniting the several factions of the nation, so that by organizing a firm opposition, they might be permitted to occupy a little longer their present homes; and admitted the fallacy of these expectations. He spoke of himself as a martyr, whose vain efforts to unite the people for their common good, had brought upon him the vengeance of their oppressors, and bitterly deplored the weakness and ingratitude of those who, he said, had deserted him in his hour of trouble; but avowed a sincere determination to yield to what now appeared an unavoidable destiny, and remove peaceably to a new country. The chiefs, whom he had violently denounced and opposed, were so completely deceived by his ostensible conversion, that a full reconciliation took place; and Asseola, professing a conviction that his former course, though intended for the best, had been fatally erroneous, promised to become as active in promoting the cause of emigration, as he had been zealous in retarding it. Satisfied of the sincerity of the change which they supposed had taken place, the chiefs interceded for him, pledged themselves for his faith, and Powell was set at liberty. This act of mistaken humanity was the cause of much evil; for, had Asseola been kept a prisoner, the removal might have gone on, and the cruel war which succeeded, would never have taken place.

For a while Asseola seemed to act in full accordance with his promises. He not only signed the articles agreeing to emigrate himself, but brought over sixty or seventy Micosukees to do the same, assumed a conspicuous stand in the ranks of the party friendly to removal, was consulted on all measures leading to that object, and was always treated with the consideration due to an influential chief. Such was his position for some time; but, as the season for emigration approached, his visits to the agent became less frequent, and various plausible reasons were assigned for his absence, until the friendly chiefs began to suspect, and then to declare openly, that Powell "had one talk for the white man and another for the red," that many of the Indians were bent on war, and that the removal must be effected by force.

In the autumn of 1835, the negotiations with the Seminoles were brought to a crisis. The friendly party prepared to remove, and the hostile to resist, and the excitement on the border was increased. The following incident, recited in the "War in Florida, by a Staff Officer," will serve to illustrate the temper of the times.

"The Long Swamp and Big Swamp Indians, principally the Micosukee tribe, were, from the causes heretofore stated, again reduced to the greatest distress for the want of provisions, and their depredations upon the neighboring settlements became daily more extensive. On one of these occasions three of the Long Swamp Indians were surprised, and two of them secured by the owner of the land, who tied them by the hands and feet with a rope, and carried them to his barn, where they were confined without sustenance for three days, unable to extricate themselves, and obliged to remain in one position. Not returning to their homes, their friends became alarmed for their safety, and the chief of the town where they resided, went forward and demanded them. Being refused, he returned to his town, and taking several of his people with him, again demanded the release of the prisoners, and was again refused, with a threat by the white fellows, that if the chief dared to effect their release, complaint should be entered against him. Upon this the whole party rushed to the barn, whence they heard the moaning of their friends, and where they beheld a most pitiable sight. The rope with which these poor fellows were tied, had worn through into the flesh—they had temporarily lost the use of their limbs, being unable to stand or walk—they had bled profusely, and had received no food during their confinement—so it may be readily imagined that they presented a horrible picture of suffering. The owner of the barn in which they were confined, then fired upon the Indians, and slightly wounded one of the party, when their exasperation attained to such a height that, in retaliation for this brutal outrage, they set fire to the barn, and would not permit the owner to remove any thing therefrom, nor did they leave the spot until the whole was consumed."

"These outrages continued to increase with each succeeding week, and the Indians, discovering the hopelessness of their situation, at once concluded to oppose the efforts of the government, and call for a general assemblage of the nation. This course was rendered the more imperative, at this particular period, in consequence of a demand having been made upon the Seminoles for a surrender of their cattle, ponies, hogs, &c., which were to be collected at some convenient depot, appraised and sold by the agent, and the Indians reimbursed therefor, on their arrival in their new country. Six of the principal chiefs, viz: Charley Amathla, Holata Amathla, Foke Luste Hajo, Otulkee Amathla, Conhatkee Micco, and Fushutchee Micco, having returned their cattle, ponies, and hogs, the agent publicly announced that a sale would take place on the first of the ensuing month, December, 1835; but, in consequence of the interference of the anti-removal party, the delivery of the others was prevented, and the sale necessarily postponed to an indefinite period. In the mean time, the great meeting of the nation at the Big Swamp resolved on retaining possession of their country, and condemned all who should oppose their views to instant death. This, therefore, was the signal for an immediate abandonment of the friendly towns, and no time was lost by those who had gone too far to retract, in seeking the protection of the forts. Accordingly, Holata Amathla, Otulkee Amathla, Foke Luste Hajo, Conhatkee Micco, and Fushutchee Micco, with about four hundred and fifty of their people, fled to Fort Brooke on the 9th of November, and encamped on the opposite side of the river."

The war was commenced by a tragedy of deep and affecting interest. Charley Amathla, a noble, intelligent, and honest chief, was preparing to retreat to Fort Brooke, on the 26th of November, when his house was surrounded by four hundred warriors, led by Holata Micco, Abraham, and Asseola, who demanded of him a promise that he and his people would oppose the removal. He replied, that, having pledged his word to their great father, he would adhere to it even at the risk of his life. He said he had lived to see his people degraded, and on the verge of ruin, and their only hope of being saved from utter destruction depended on their removing to the West; he had made arrangements for his people to go, and had now no excuse for not complying with his engagements. He was told that he must join the opposition or suffer death, and that two hours would be allowed him to consult his people, and make his choice. He replied, that his mind was unalterable, and that his people could not make him break his word; but if he must die, he desired time to make some arrangements, which were required for the welfare of his people. At this moment, Asseola raised his rifle, pointed it at the bosom of the unresisting chief, and would have fired, had not Abraham arrested his arm, and called off the party to a council. They shortly after retired, having probably decided to defer, if not to retract, their murderous purpose; and the chief proceeded to the agency to complete his preparations. He appeared cheerful, but said to some of his friends, that perhaps they might never see him again, as persons had been appointed to kill him. He left the agency, accompanied by his two daughters, and preceded by a negro, on horseback, and had travelled homewards a few miles, when Asseola, with twelve other Indians, rose from an ambush, gave the war-whoop, and fired upon him. The noble chief, comprehending instantly his situation, rose in his stirrups, sent back a whoop of defiance, charged into the midst of his assassins, and fell like a hero, perforated by eleven bullets. Thus died the chief of the Witamky band, a gallant, high-minded leader, and a man of sterling integrity, by the hands of Asseola, whom he had delivered from prison but a few months before, and for whose good conduct he stood pledged. The ingratitude and bad faith of Asseola greatly aggravate the heinousness of his participation in this cold-blooded murder, and stamp his character with a viciousness wholly incompatible with a great mind.

This atrocious deed was succeeded by open hostilities, and on the 28th of December following, occurred the melancholy massacre of the detachment under Major Dade, which we have described in another place. On the same day, and while that melancholy scene of butchery was going forward in the hammock, General Thompson, the agent, was surprised and basely murdered. He had dined at the Agency Office, about one hundred yards from Fort King, and shortly afterwards was walking unguardedly near the woods, beyond the office, when a band of fifty or sixty Micosukees, led by Asseola, rushed upon him, and having slain himself, Lieutenant Smith, and several others, hastily retired. The body of General Thompson was perforated with fourteen bullets and a knife wound; all the killed were shockingly mangled, and the whole affair evinced the worst feelings on the part of the perpetrators. The functions of the agent were not military, but civil, and his relation to the Indians such as should have rendered his person sacred. He had been their friend and advocate; and, by their own evidence, had been kind and just in his dealings with them. Asseola especially, who had been employed by him, and whose intercourse with him had been intimate, was acquainted with the uprightness of his conduct, and was bound above all others to respect his character, and hold his person sacred from violence. But if such sentiments had ever made any impression on his vicious nature, that impression was eradicated by a single offence towards himself, which rankled in his bosom and instigated a brutal revenge.

The writer last quoted, thus continues the narrative of these events. "Marauding parties now commenced their operations almost simultaneously, in various sections of the country, pillaging and destroying every thing of value. Those who had inflicted injuries on the Indians were forthwith repaid, and many barely escaped with their lives. Conflagration succeeded conflagration, until the whole country from Fort Brooke to Fort King was laid waste; while those who lived in the interior, were compelled to abandon their crops, their stock, their implements of husbandry, and indeed every article of value, and seek protection within the forts, or concentrate themselves in the neighboring towns, around which pickets were erected for their better security." The war soon assumed the most appalling character; whole families were butchered, and wherever the war-whoop was heard, the most shocking cruelties were perpetrated.

We cannot pretend to follow the narrative of this war throughout its details; the events are too numerous for the space to which we are confined, and are too similar to each other to be either interesting or instructive. We have already, in this and other articles, given sufficient specimens of the horrors of Indian warfare. It is enough to say, that the war in Florida was one of unmitigated ferocity. The Seminoles were not numerous, but they were scattered over a wilderness almost impenetrable, and surrounded by an atmosphere fatal to the white man. In their fastnesses they were secure from pursuit, while our troops could scarcely move without imminent danger, from ambuscades, from climate, from the impracticable nature of the country, and from the difficulty of transporting supplies. The Seminoles kept up the war with unceasing activity and indomitable courage, acting continually on the offensive and with the determination of men who were resolved to succeed or perish. Their system of tactics was the only one which the savage can practise with effect, and that which is most harassing to a regular army opposed to them. Divided into small parties, widely scattered, and constantly scouring the country—striking by stealth, and chiefly at night—surprising small parties, and cutting off supplies—harassing the settlements—and giving no quarter to prisoners, they made the most of their own small force, and wearied the strength of their opponents. Our gallant army was continually on service, performing labors and exploits which, on a more conspicuous theatre, would have won for them unfading laurels. Many noble fellows perished miserably in this wretched service, and all who were engaged in it fought and suffered with a heroism which should entitle them to the lasting gratitude of their country.

Asseola engaged ardently in the war, of which he was one of the principal instigators, and was an influential and daring leader. How far his mind directed and controlled the movements of the Seminoles, is not fully known, but that he is entitled to a full share of whatever credit may be due to the leaders, there can be little doubt. He was present at most of the more important engagements, acting a conspicuous part, and was concerned in many of the outrages that were perpetrated by marauding parties. All who came in contact with this remarkable man, concede to him the possession of intellectual qualities superior to those of the people by whom he was surrounded; while the public voice, too prone to exaggeration, has gifted him with moral attributes of the highest order. We have some difficulty in reconciling the dignified and noble traits of character attributed to him, with the duplicity which unquestionably ran through the whole of his short but brilliant career. His martial qualities, his daring, his talent, and his commanding influence over the minds of his people, were as conspicuous as his double dealing towards both parties in producing hostilities, and his cruelty during their continuance.

After prosecuting the war with vigor and various fortune, until the summer of 1837, the Seminoles intimated a willingness to submit, and some negotiations took place, the result of which was, that a number of the chiefs declared their determination to emigrate, and requested a cessation of hostilities until they could collect and bring in their people. This was cheerfully granted; and Micanopy, with some others, were delivered up as hostages for the faithful performance of the stipulations. The prospect of peace proved delusive. The hostages remained but a few days, when they were forcibly rescued, and the war renewed with all its former virulence. In the autumn of the same year, a similar stratagem was attempted. General Hernandez, a citizen of Florida, serving at the head of a gallant band of volunteers, having captured an active partisan, called Philip, the occasion was seized by the Seminoles to open another negotiation, which resulted in the captivity of Micanopy, Asseola, and several other leaders.

General Jessup, the commanding general of the Florida army, in a letter dated Picolata, November 17, 1837, says:

"Powell, Coacochee, the two Hickses, and several other sub-chiefs, organized the abduction of Micanopy and other hostages in June last. Coacochee, John Cavallo, (the latter one of the hostages,) with several others, carried the hostages off, and with them their people. I then resolved to take all who were concerned in the measure, whenever the opportunity might be found. The capture of Philip by General Hernandez, opened the way to effect my object sooner than I had hoped. Coacochee carried off Micanopy by force, and if he had been a white man I would have executed him the moment he came into my hands. His father Philip, however, asked permission to send him out with messages to the chiefs and warriors. He returned with one of my hostages, John Cavallo, and with most of the sub-chiefs and warriors who were concerned in the abduction. I determined at once that they should be seized and held as hostages for the conduct of the chiefs and warriors out"

The persons that thus accompanied John Cavallo to the neighborhood of Fort Peyton, with a purpose avowedly friendly, could not be prevailed upon to enter the fort, but halting at some distance, sent a message to General Hernandez, desiring him to meet them at their camp, without an escort, with the assurance that he would be perfectly safe with them without troops. Knowing the perfidious character of these people, and of John Cavallo especially, General Jessup was satisfied that some treachery was intended, probably to seize a sufficient number of his officers to exchange for Philip and the Euchee chiefs, and directed General Hernandez to go to the meeting with a strong escort. He was also furnished with the heads of a conversation to be held with them, the result of which was to be communicated to the commanding general before the termination of the interview. The suspicions entertained were justified by the event. The answers of the Indians to all the questions put to them were evasive and unsatisfactory; they stood warily on the defensive, evincing no frankness nor confidence, and obviously on the watch to gain advantages; and it became sufficiently apparent that they had sought this interview for some sinister purpose. It became the duty of General Jessup to protect his own force, and disarm that of a perfidious enemy. He accordingly gave orders to have the place of meeting surrounded by a squadron of dragoons, under Major Ashby, who executed the measure with such skill and celerity, that although the Indians stood on the alert, with rifles loaded and primed, ready for action, they were all taken before a gun could be fired.

The political excitement existing in the country, during the whole of the Florida war, has caused many of its events to be misrepresented, and in some instances has produced great injustice towards the gallant officers engaged in that arduous service. With regard to the transaction just related, we should suppose there could be but one opinion; yet the capture of Asseola and his associates has been denounced as a flagrant breach of confidence, and a gross violation of the laws of war. A very slight examination of the facts will show the fallacy of such denunciations.

The Indians were in arms to resist an attempt on the part of the government to remove them from a country in which it was alleged they were intruders; and if it was lawful to remove them, there could be no moral wrong in taking them wherever they could be found. The military officer could not judge of the justice of the removal. He was to effect the object by lawful means; and the purpose was as well effected by taking them when they came to parley, as it would be by seizing them when in arms, or shooting them down in battle. To insist on the observance of all the etiquette of military law, in conducting such an operation, would be as absurd as to hold a police officer to a nice observance of the rules of politeness in his dealings with a fugitive from justice.

It is also to be recollected, that the Indians do not acknowledge any international law, or military usage, as existing during a state of war. They do not recognize the sanctity of a flag of truce—they steal upon the defenceless in the hour of sleep—waylay the unarmed—murder without respect to age or sex—and consider every stratagem fair by which an advantage is gained. With what propriety, then, can the protection of the laws of war be claimed for them? Those laws can only operate between parties who reciprocally acknowledge their obligation; and to claim the advantage of them for those who habitually set them at defiance, would be unreasonable.

But allowing that the Seminoles were entitled to the full benefit of the laws of war, as observed by civilized nations, there was no infraction of them on this occasion. The persons in question had violated those laws by rescuing hostages, and suffering themselves to be rescued when held as hostages. The parties to the laws of war have no common tribunal to which to appeal; if an infraction is alleged, there is but one mode of retribution; the offending party is placed out of the pale of the protection of these laws by the other party, who, from the necessity of the case, becomes judge and executioner. And after all, there was no trust violated by General Jessup. These Indians were not under the protection of a flag of truce; they were not in the fort, nor under its guns. They halted at a distance from the fort, and, standing warily upon the defensive, requested that an officer be *sent to them*, and that he be sent without an escort. The only trust placed in the American commander, was in apprising him of the spot at which they awaited his decision. He took them, partly by stratagem, and partly by force; and the use of the one was as justifiable as that of the other. The purpose was humane. By securing the most active of the agitators, the duration of the war was abridged, and its horrors decreased. The act was not only justifiable, but meritorious; the national honor was not stained, nor did General Jessup tarnish the laurels he had gallantly won on nobler fields.

The prisoners were immediately transferred to Charleston, South Carolina, where they were confined upon Sullivan's Island, until arrangements were made for their removal to their new homes. While a prisoner there, Asseola was an object of much curiosity. His fame was widely extended; he was not only considered as the hero of the war, but had been extravagantly praised in the newspapers for brilliant and noble qualities, which probably existed only in the imaginations of the writers. He was visited by many persons, and among others by several artists, who took likenesses of him, one of the finest of which is that taken for the War Department.

Asseola had two wives, both of whom were young and pretty, and one of them was particularly attractive in her personal appearance. They lived together in perfect harmony, having one table in common, to use our own phraseology, or, to speak more in accordance with the fact, sitting around the same kettle, but occupying separate lodges. They accompanied him in his confinement, and during his illness watched and nursed him with great solicitude and tenderness. He was attacked, in the spring of 1838, with an imflammation of the throat, which hurried him rapidly to the grave. He died with the dignity of a brave warrior, and his remains were respectfully interred by those against whom he had fought with a courage and skill worthy of a nobler field and a better fate.

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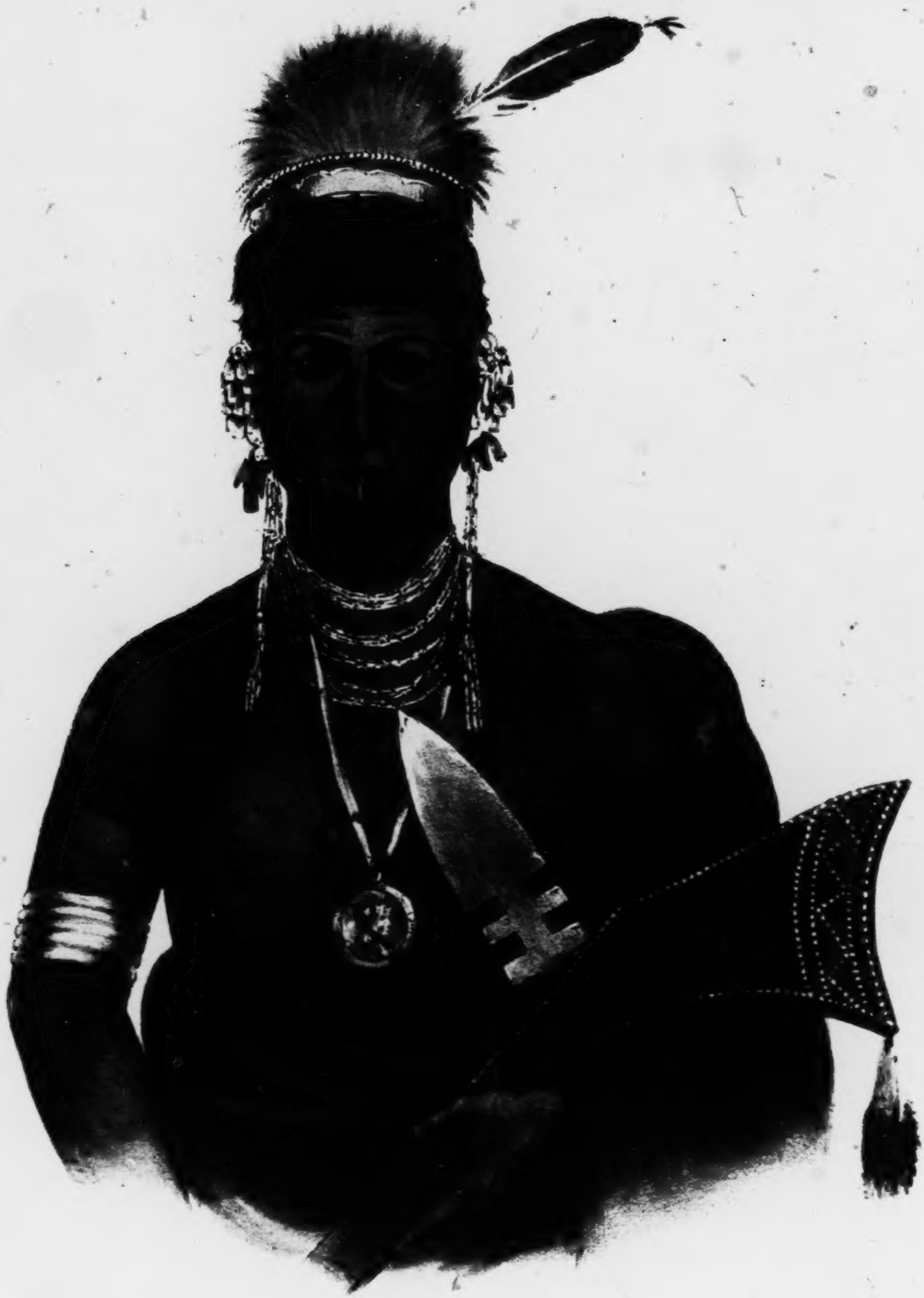

AP-PA-NOO-SE,

A SAUKIE CHIEF

N° 67

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APPANOOSE.

This individual is one of the peace chiefs, and presides over a village of the Sauks. His name signifies "*A chief when a child,*" and indicates that his station was inherited. He was one of the delegation sent to Washington, in 1837, and, when at Boston, was said to have made the most animated speech, both in manner and matter, that was delivered by the chiefs. He said,

"You have heard just now what my chief has to say. All our chiefs and warriors are very much gratified by our visit to this town. Last Saturday they were invited to a great house, (Fanueil Hall,) and now they are in the great council-house. They are very much pleased with so much attention. This we cannot reward you for now, but shall not forget it, and hope the Great Spirit will reward you for it. This is the place which our forefathers once inhabited. I have often heard my father and grandfather say they lived near the sea coast where the white man first came. I am glad to hear all this from you. I suppose it is put in a book, where you learn all these things. As far as I can understand the language of the white people, it appears to me that the Americans have attained a very high rank among the white people. It is the same with us, though I say it myself. Where we live, beyond the Mississippi, I am respected by all people, and they consider me the tallest among them. I am happy that two great men meet and shake hands with each other." As he concluded, Appanoose suited the action to the word, by extending his hand to Governor Everet, amid the shouts of applause from the audience, who were not a little amused at the self-complacency of the orator.

The newspaper account, from which we gather some of these facts, concludes with the following remark. "We have taken pains to give the speeches of the Indian chiefs with verbal accuracy, as a matter of high intellectual curiosity. History, romance, and poetry, have embodied the Indian character to our perceptions from childhood. It is pleasant, therefore, to see the original, and find how accurate the picture has been. The language, ideas, and style of these Indians are precisely such as have been ascribed to their race. There is much to admire in the simple and manly manner in which they convey their ideas. He must be but a churl who does not associate with their visit here, objects of philanthropy and protection to their race."

IOWA
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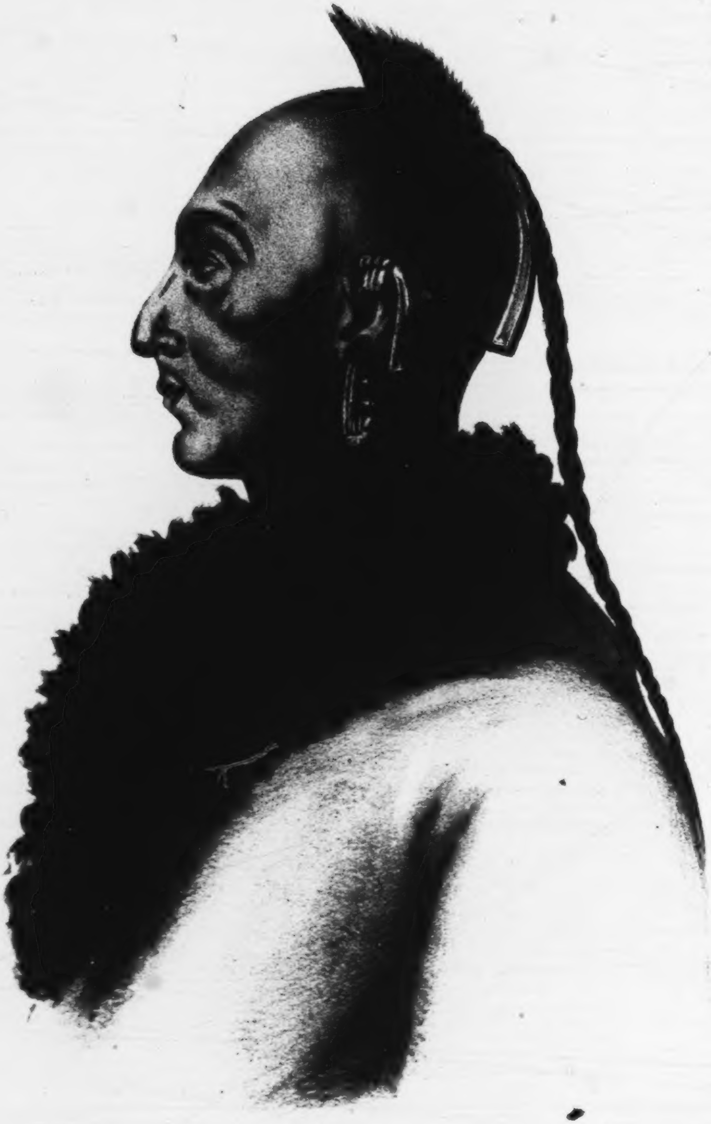

LE-SOLDAT-DU-CHENE,

AN OSAGE CHIEF

Nº 68 RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

LE SOLDAT DU CHENE.

THE name of this chief, as pronounced in the tongue of his own people, has not reached us; we know it only in the French translation, which introduces him to us as "*The Soldier of the Oak.*" The name refers, we understand, to a desperate fight, in which, having sheltered himself behind a large oak, he successfully defended himself against several enemies. His portrait was taken in Philadelphia, in 1805 or 1806, while he was on a visit to the President of the United States, under charge of Colonel Choteau, of St. Louis, and was presented to the American Philosophical Society, in whose valuable collection we found it.

He was an Osage chief of high reputation, and is mentioned by Pike in his travels. The Osages inhabit the prairies lying south of the Missouri river, and west of the states of Missouri and Arkansas. The buffalo is found in their country, and the wild horse roams over the plains immediately beyond them. They are horsemen, therefore, and not only manage the steed with dexterity, but bestow great pains upon the appearance and equipment of their horses. Living in a sunny climate, and roving over plains covered with rich verdure, and well stocked with game, they present a striking contrast to the unhappy Chippewa, to whom they are superior in stature, in cheerfulness, and in social qualities. The privations of the northern Indian subdue his spirit, while the Osage exhibits all the pride, and all the social elevation of which the savage is capable. The difference between them results solely out of the disparity in their respective physical comforts; but it is so great as to be obvious to the most casual observer, and goes far towards demonstrating how much of the savage character is the consequence of poverty, and the want of the common comforts of life.

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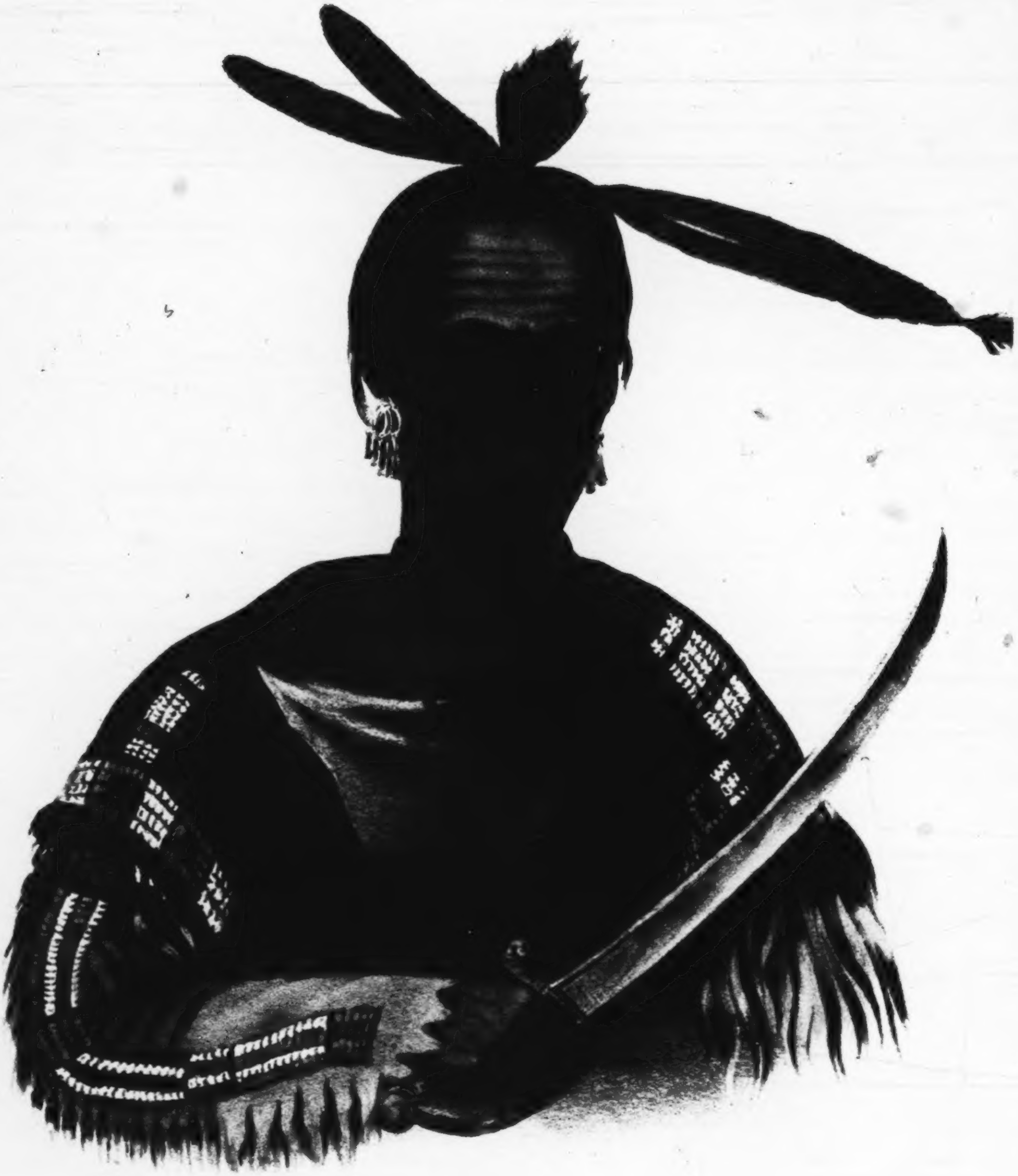


TO-KA-CON,

A SIOUX CHIEF.

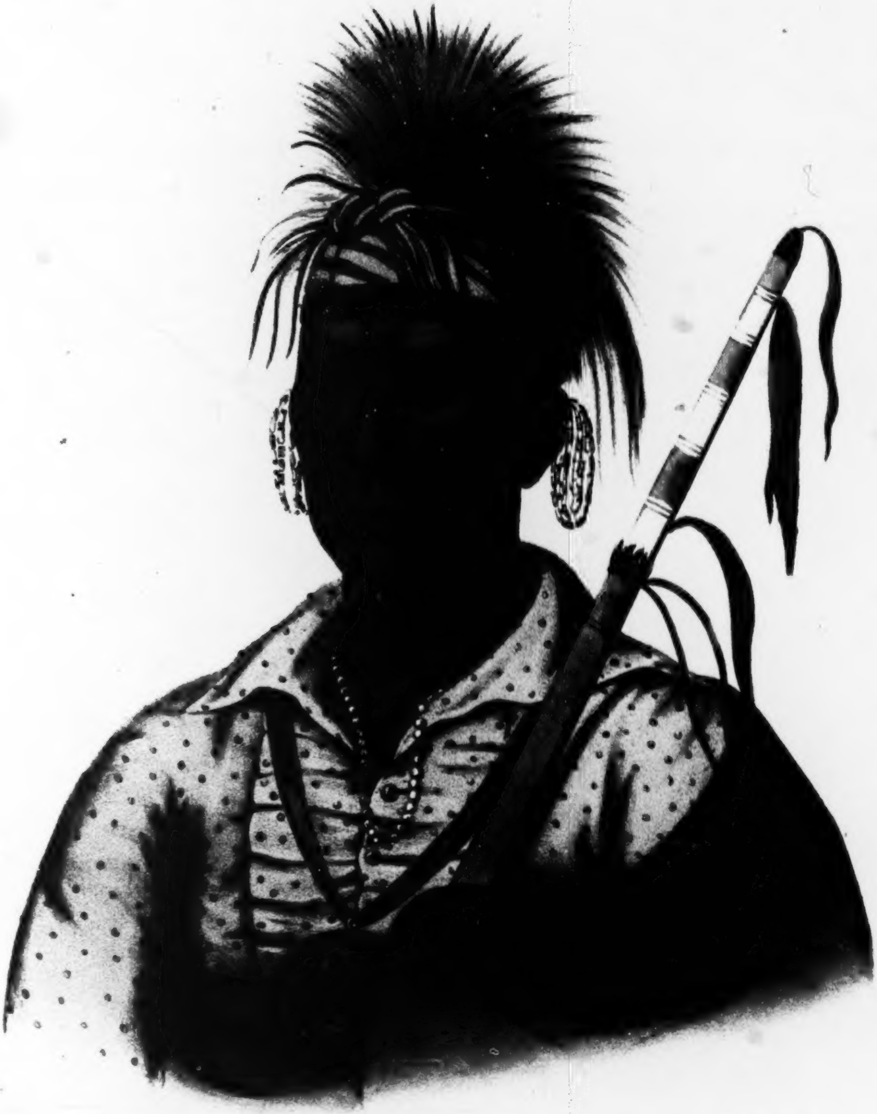
Nº69

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

TOKACON.

THE character of this brave is indicated by his name, which means, *He that inflicts the first wound*, and expresses the idea that he is foremost in battle. He is of the Yankton tribe, of the Sioux nation, and is one of two persons who officiate as a kind of conservators of order within the village or encampment of the band. This office is never executed except by warriors of high repute, who can command respect and obedience in consequence of their personal influence. Among savages, mere rank gives little authority unless it be sustained by weight of character. In each band of the Sioux several distinguished warriors are appointed, whose duty is to maintain order, and to notice every departure from the established discipline. These duties are not sufficiently well defined to enable us to describe them with any particularity; they are of a discretionary nature, and depend much upon the temper and character of the individuals who discharge them, and who, to some extent, make the rules which they enforce. As those over whom it is necessary to exert their authority are chiefly the unruly and the young, the ill trained, rapacious, and idle, who hang loosely upon the community, the women, the children, and the stranger, they usually execute summary justice upon the spot, according to their own notions of propriety, and inflict blows without scruple when they deem it necessary. In case of resistance, or refusal to obey, they do not hesitate to put the offender to death.

Tokacon and his colleague have long maintained the reputation of strict disciplinarians, and their authority is greatly respected by their people. This is especially observable on the arrival of a white man, or a party of whites, at their village. If these persons take the strangers under their protection, no one presumes to molest them: if the sword or the war club of one of them is seen at the door of the white man's lodge, the sign is well understood. and no Indian ventures to intrude.



TAH-RO-HON,

AN IOWAY WARRIOR

N°70.

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

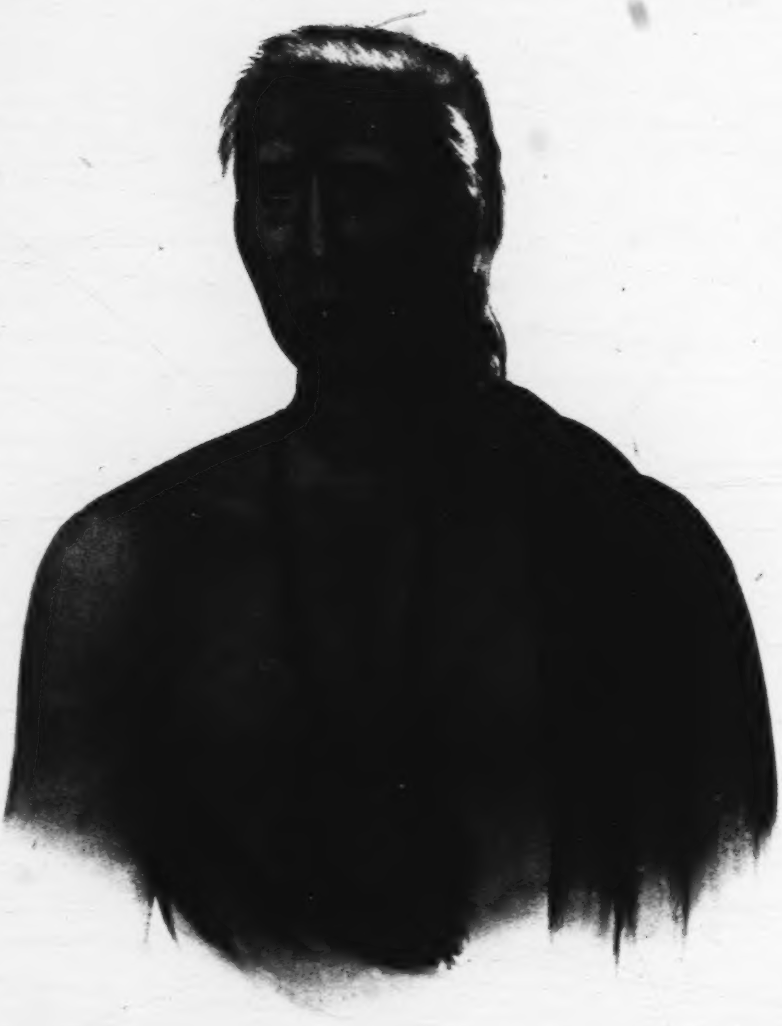
TAHROHON.

THIS is an Ioway warrior, who lives at the village on the Missouri, above Fort Leavenworth. One of his earliest adventures was in an expedition against the Osages. They arrived in the vicinity of an Osage village, situated on the bank of a river; but the latter ran between them and their enemies, and was filled with ice. They were hungry, and chilled with cold. They heard the Osage drum beat, and supposing a dance or a feast was going on, were the more anxious to partake of their good cheer. But the captain could not prevail on any of his men to go into the water, until he came to Tahrohon, the youngest of the party, who consented, without hesitation, and immediately stepped into the stream. A few others followed him, and, on reaching the opposite shore, he said, "Come, let us go to the man who sings so well, and is beating the drum," when a dog barked, and they feared they were discovered, but, after a short consultation, determined to get into the village and kill an enemy. The brother of Tahrohon checked his impetuosity, thinking it imprudent to risk an attack at that time; but breaking away from his companions, he rushed to the nearest lodge, and there found an Osage woman marked all over, indicating her birth, and distinguishing her as one of a family of note, whom he shot, and, suddenly retreating, recrossed the river. Satisfied with this achievement, the party returned home, where the announcement of their exploit filled the village with joy; for the Osages, having killed an uncle and two sisters of Tahrohon, it was considered that he had taken revenge in a very happy and appropriate manner, the more especially as the feat was consummated in the midst of the enemy's camp.

The leader of the band then proclaimed that, having been so lucky in one expedition, they ought to proceed immediately upon another, while their good fortune continued to attend them, and proposed to lead a party to steal horses from the Osages. Fourteen warriors, of whom Tahrohon was one, agreed to follow him. Arriving near the Osage village, they remained concealed until night, then hid their guns, and cautiously proceeded towards the scene of action, sending Tahrohon forward as a scout, to seek their prey. Not succeeding in finding horses, they began to cast round them in search of food, for they had eaten nothing for two days, and were almost famished with hunger. But they could find no corn, and returned dispirited to the spot where they had deposited their guns. Tahrohon then proposed to go again in quest of horses, believing he should find some near a creek not far distant. Groping his way in the dark, with that sagacity that renders daylight almost superfluous to the Indian, he discovered an Osage lodge, and regretted that he had left his gun. While hesitating what course to pursue, the tall grass rustled near him, and he sat down. Presently all was still. He cautiously approached the camp, and discovered a piece of buffalo meat hanging at the opening of a lodge, barely visible in the dim light thrown upon it by an expiring camp fire. He determined to steal it, but remained for some time wistfully gazing at the spoil, and endeavoring to measure the danger to be encountered against the chances of success. Approaching nearer by degrees, he was at length in the act of reaching up to seize the spoil, when he discovered something on the ground, which he supposed to be two sacks of corn, a prize too tempting to be resisted, and stooping down he grasped—not a bag of food—but the nether limbs of an old woman, which, being wrapped in large leggins, presented, in the deceptive light of the decaying embers, the appearance which deceived the hungry prowler. When his hand rested on a human being, he sprang back terrified, and was about to run off, when he reflected that if he turned his back he would probably be shot by the warriors occupying the camp; and, drawing his knife, he boldly stepped forward to meet the danger, and slay the first who should oppose him. It turned out that the encampment comprised but one lodge, the sole occupant of which was an old squaw.

As this party returned home they discovered a trail, such as is made by dragging over the grass the kind of sled on which the Indians carry off their wounded. As the track led towards their village, they followed it, and overtook a party of their own people, headed by Wahumppe, who had had a fight with the Osages and Kansas. Though surprised and surrounded by superior numbers, but one of the Ioways was killed. Hard Heart was wounded three times, and it was he who was drawn on the sled.

Ten days after, another war party went out to revenge the death just mentioned; for thus in savage life one deed of violence leads to another; and whether we pursue the annals of a tribe, or the biography of an individual, the tale is but a series of assaults and reprisals. But although the Osages were the offending party in this instance, it was determined to wreak their vengeance upon the Sioux, probably because the latter were most likely to be unprepared for such a visit. When they reached the Sioux country, spies were sent out. The leader made a talk to his warriors, and concluded by inviting them to tell their dreams, upon which two individuals said they had dreamed that they had gone through a great country, and had seen many people, but no one molested them. This was considered a good dream. Presently the spies came in, and reported that they had discovered fifteen lodges of the Sioux. This intelligence made them cautious, and they concealed themselves for twenty-four hours to consult and feel their way. Then the horses were hoppled, a guard put over them, and the main body marched to the attack. To avoid being discovered, as well as to prevent any one from straying off and being taken for an enemy, they moved in a close body, each man touching his fellow. The constraint imposed by this unusual movement displeased Tahrohon, who determined, by a trick, to anticipate his companions, and strike the first blow. Accordingly he stepped aside from the main body, and threw himself on the ground, pulling down with him an Indian, who was his relative, and who, like himself, had been displeased by some neglect. These two, determining to seek honor in their own way, remained still until the war party passed, and then rushed into the village of the enemy, by the point at which it was supposed the inhabitants, when alarmed, would attempt to retreat. But the spies, with the true Indian craft, after communicating the truth to the leader of the band, had spread a false report among his followers, and our adventurers entered a deserted place, while the enemy was flying in an opposite direction. Thus disappointed, and placed in an equivocal position, they determined to return home, and to frame some plausible excuse for their desertion. They had not travelled far when they came suddenly on a Sioux camp, composed of several skin lodges that were new and white, and upon which the moon was shining clearly. Here was a chance to do something. "Let us take a smoke," said one to the other; and sitting down among the tall grass, they lighted a pipe, and began to consider what act of mischief might be perpetrated upon the sleeping inmates by two desperate marauders, bent on distinguishing themselves at any hazard. After smoking and peeping awhile, they found a horse; and their spirits being raised by this success, they groped about actively and soon discovered four more, which they led to a grove in a bend of the river, where they hid them, for they were not satisfied with what they had done. But before they could return to the lodges, day dawned, and a prophet was heard singing, shaking his gourd, and praying for the relief of a sick person. A Sioux Indian came to the river for water, and our hero stepped forward to kill him, but just as he was about to fire, his companion exclaimed, "Look, there is our army!" The young men stood for a moment stupified with surprise and terror; for the danger now was that the Ioway band, rushing forward upon the Sioux lodges with loud yells, would not recognize these youths found thus in the enemy's camp; nor was it likely they could make themselves known in the noise and smoke of the onset. They sprang, therefore, down the bank of the river, and attracted the attention of the prophet, who called on his people, who had not yet discovered the advancing Ioways, to fire on them. But at that instant the Ioways raised the war-whoop, and rushed forward. The two young men, in danger from both sides, attempted to mingle in the fight, but found the missiles of both parties hurled at them. At length our hero, seeing the two Sioux surrounded by several Ioways, who were pushing each other aside in their eagerness to strike a foe, rushed through the circle and shot one of the Sioux. He then mingled in the fight, and felt like one relieved from the horrors of a disagreeable dream, when he found himself fairly reinstated among his friends. In this fight twelve Sioux were killed, and four were taken prisoners



LAP-PA-WIN-SOE,

A DELAWARE CHIEF

Nº 71

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

LAPPAWINSOE.

The preceding engraving, and the one which follows it, are taken from the original portraits, in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. They were presented to that body by Granville Penn, Esq., of Stoke Park, England, a worthy descendant of the illustrious founder of the state which bears his name. These portraits are highly interesting to the antiquarian, because they preserve to him the only likenesses which exist of the famed Lenni Lennapi tribe of Indians.

All that is known respecting their originals, is contained in the Report made by Mr. J. Francis Fisher and Mr. Job R. Tyson to the Historical Society, and published in a volume of the Society's Transactions.

The portraits were painted more than a century ago, (1737,) and even the name of the limner would now be a subject of curious but uncertain speculation. If a native, his work would show the skill employed and attention bestowed at that time, in British America, upon this department of the arts. Mr. Tyson and Mr. Fisher suggest that the portraits were probably painted either by one Swede, named Cecilius, who executed a likeness of James Logan, or a later artist, named R. Feke, whose name appears on a picture of the year 1746.

The fame of Lappawinsoe, whatever it was, has not been transmitted to us. James Logan speaks of him as an honest old Indian; and his name, "he is gone away gathering corn, nuts, or any thing eatable," according to Heckewelder's translation, implies the character of an honest old hunter. He was a chief, and is ranked, by the last named writer, among those of the Forks of the Delaware. The act by which Lappawinsoe is chiefly known, is signing, at Philadelphia, the celebrated Treaty of 1737, commonly called *The Walking Purchase.* The character and effect of this negotiation are adverted to in another article

IOWA
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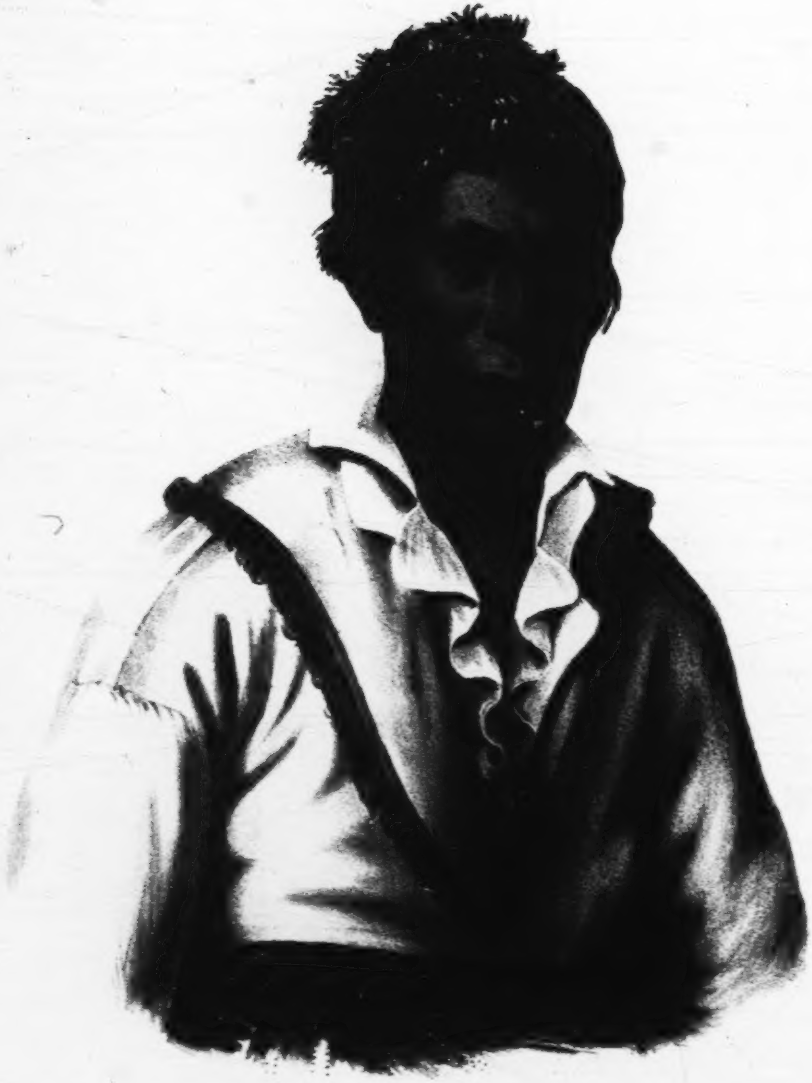

TOOAN-TUH,

A CHEROKEE CHIEF

Published by D Rice and A N Hart Philad^{a}
Lith Printed & Col^{d} by J T Bowen

TOOAN TUH, OR SPRING FROG.

This individual is a Cherokee of highly respectable character. He was born near the mouth of Chuckamogga Creek, in the vicinity of Lookout Mountain, about the year 1754, within the limits of the State of Tennessee. The place of his birth is no longer known as a wilderness tenanted by savage men, but is now a civilized country, inhabited by another race. The villages of his people, and the sepulchres of his fathers, have disappeared, the forests have been levelled, and the plough has effaced the scattered vestiges of their dwellings and places of assemblage.

In early youth, and throughout his life, until old age had impaired the elasticity and vigor of his muscles, Spring Frog was remarkable for his activity in the chase, his skill in trapping and killing game, and his success in the athletic sports of his people. With little of the ferocity of the Indian, yet excelling in all the arts of sylvan life, brave, but not addicted to war, he was a fine specimen of the savage man. He loved to roam the forest in pursuit of game; could sit patiently for hours by the sequestered stream, devising stratagems to entrap its tenants, or wander for whole days among the haunts of the deer, with no companions but his gun and dog. His mind, trained to these pursuits, was acute, and richly stored with observation on all subjects connected with his occupation. He watched the seasons, noted the changes of the weather, marked the hues of the water, and the appearances of the vegetation. Wherever he went, his keen eye rested, with a quiet but observant glance, on all the indications of the surrounding objects which might serve to forward the present purpose, or furnish information for future operations. He knew the habits of animals and their signals; the voices of birds were familiar to his ear; and he could sit for hours in the lone wilderness, an interested listener to sounds, in which one unused to the forest could detect nothing but the rustling of leaves, the rush of the winds, or the creaking of boughs. His practised eye detected the footmarks of animals upon the ground, and his quick ear distinguished, even in the night, the difference between the tramp of the deer and the stealthy tread of the wolf.

This is the poetry of savage life. If there be any real enjoyment apart from civilization, it is in this close communion with nature. The exposure, the perils, the extremes of hunger and satiety, which fill up the whole life of those who depend on the precarious supplies of the chase for subsistence, throw a forbidding gloom around this mode of existence; but there are rich and noble enjoyments combined with the toils of the hunter, in the freedom from all restraint, and in the opportunities it affords for contemplating the beauties and the mysteries of nature. Few, especially among savages, have the heart and the intellect to appreciate such luxuries. The general tendency of the savage life is monotonous and debasing. But there are some gifted minds—some of Izaak Walton's "fishermen and honest men"—to be found in every region, whether civilized or savage, over whom such pursuits exercise an elevating and soothing influence. To this class belonged the subject of this notice; uniting with the keen and hardy character of the sportsman, the humane and meditative cast of the philosopher. He was an artless and harmless, but a shrewd and thoughtful man.

Spring Frog was passionately fond of all the manly sports of his people, but was particularly remarkable for his love of ball playing, in which he greatly excelled. This game requires the greatest muscular strength, swiftness of foot, and clearness of vision. The ball, similar in materials and construction to that used by our own schoolboys, is played with two sticks, one in each hand. These sticks are bent at the end, with strings drawn across the bow, so as to form an implement resembling a battledoor. The ground on which the game is to be played is a plain, marked off by measuring a space of about three hundred feet in length, and placing two poles erect at each extremity, and one in the centre. The ball-players are divided, as nearly as possible, into two parties of equal skill, each of which has its leader, and its side of the play ground. The ball is thrown into the air, at the centre pole, and each party exerts itself to drive it through the poles on its own side. The party first carrying the ball twelve times through its poles, wins the game. To effect this, it is considered fair to employ strength, activity, and stratagem in every form, provided that the ball is always propelled by the use of the stick. The parties may strike, trip, or grapple each other, knock away each other's sticks, or take any advantage which strength or cunning may give them.

These games are intensely exciting. The number engaged is often great, comprising the principal men, the most distinguished warriors, and the most promising young men of the band; for this is the great theatre on which the ambitious and aspiring exhibit those personal qualities that are held in the highest repute by the savage warrior. The whole population of the village pours out to witness the inspiring spectacle, and like the spectators of a horse-race in Virginia, all take sides, and feel as if the honor of the country was staked upon the contest. The excitement is often increased by gambling to immense amounts—immense for these poor savages, who have little to lose, and who freely stake all upon the game. The women and children share in the interest, watch the progress with intense anxiety, and announce the result by loud shouts. The contest is active, and even fierce. The parties exercise great command over their tempers, and usually conduct their sports with good humor and great hilarity; but the excitement is always high, and sometimes the deeper passions are awakened. The struggle then becomes fearful. A number of muscular men, inured to toil and danger, savage, irascible, and revengeful by nature and habit, are seen, with their limbs and bodies naked, and oiled, to enable them the more readily to elude the grasp of an adversary—now rushing after the ball with uplifted sticks, now gathered round it, striking at it with rapid blows, darting upon each other, pulling, wrestling, and presenting a medley in which it seems hardly possible that heads and limbs must not be broken. Blows are received as if upon bodies of iron. Men are prostrated and trodden under foot. But none are killed; the wounded soon forget their bruises, and the beaten bear their discomfiture without murmur.

Though Spring Frog was an ardent and successful ball-player, and the most patient of anglers, he devoted much of his time to the more profitable, though less genteel employment, of raising cattle, trading in horses, and cultivating beans, corn, and pumpkins. His agriculture was not upon an extensive scale; but it was enough to furnish the means of a comfortable subsistence, and a generous hospitality; his friends were always welcome to his cheerful fireside, and the stranger, to use the figure of one of the noblest spirits of our land, "never found the string of his latch drawn in."

Gifted with a discriminating mind, he was a strong man in the council. Amiable, kind, placid in his disposition—loving peace and pursuing it, he always advocated conciliatory measures, and was useful on many occasions in softening and restraining the fiercer passions of his warlike countrymen. But although his inclinations were pacific, he lacked neither energy nor courage, when the interest or honor of his nation required the exercise of those qualities. In 1818, the Osages murdered several Cherokees in cold blood. Upon the reception of the news of this injury, the Cherokees flew to arms, and instantly adopted measures to revenge the outrage. Spring Frog, although he was then in his sixty-fourth year, was among the first to take up the war-club in this quarrel; and uniting himself with a party of his tribe, marched in pursuit of the murderers. So rapid and secret was the movement, that the track of the offenders was found and pursued, and they, ignorant that any pursuit was on foot, were scarcely arrived at their village when the avengers of blood were at their heels. The village was surprised and burned; eighty of the Osages were killed and captured, all their provisions were destroyed, and the band, for the present, broken up. Thus Spring Frog and his party appeased, as they supposed, the manes of their slaughtered friends; and thus dearly did the Osages atone for an outrage committed in mere wantonness, by one of their marauding parties.

He served also under General Jackson in the campaign against the Creeks, and fought gallantly in the battle of Emuckfaw, and in that of the Horse Shoe. His coolness in battle, and his habits of discipline and obedience, on all occasions, were conspicuous.

He was among the earliest of the emigrants to the country assigned the Cherokees, west of Arkansas, and we hope that he lived to be satisfied of the advantages of that movement. The change has thus far proved eminently successful. Many of the Cherokees have large farms, under a good state of cultivation, and large droves of cattle and horses. Their dwellings and other improvements are comfortable and well constructed. They have mills, schools, mechanics, and many other of the evidences and arts of civilized life. An intelligent traveller, who lately visited their country, says—"We passed many fine farms on our way, and as evening fell, came to the missionary station of Dwight, with which we found ourselves much pleased. This institution has for its object the advancement, scientifically and morally, of the Cherokees. It was founded some twenty years ago, and has continued faithful to the Indians through all that long period. It was first commenced in the year 1821, in what is now called Pope county, on the waters of Illinois bayou, where suitable buildings were erected, farms opened, and schools established, in which were gathered the children of the then wild Cherokees, to the yearly number of one hundred. The Cherokees were a portion who had removed from their old country at an early period, and were denominated *Western* Cherokees, but are now distinguished as the *old settlers.*"

Those missionaries have resided there for many years undisturbed, in the peaceful discharge of their duties, and on the kindest terms with the Cherokees. They have witnessed the commencement and whole progress of this interesting colony, and have been identified with its entire history. They have done great good to the Cherokees, and are entitled to their gratitude.

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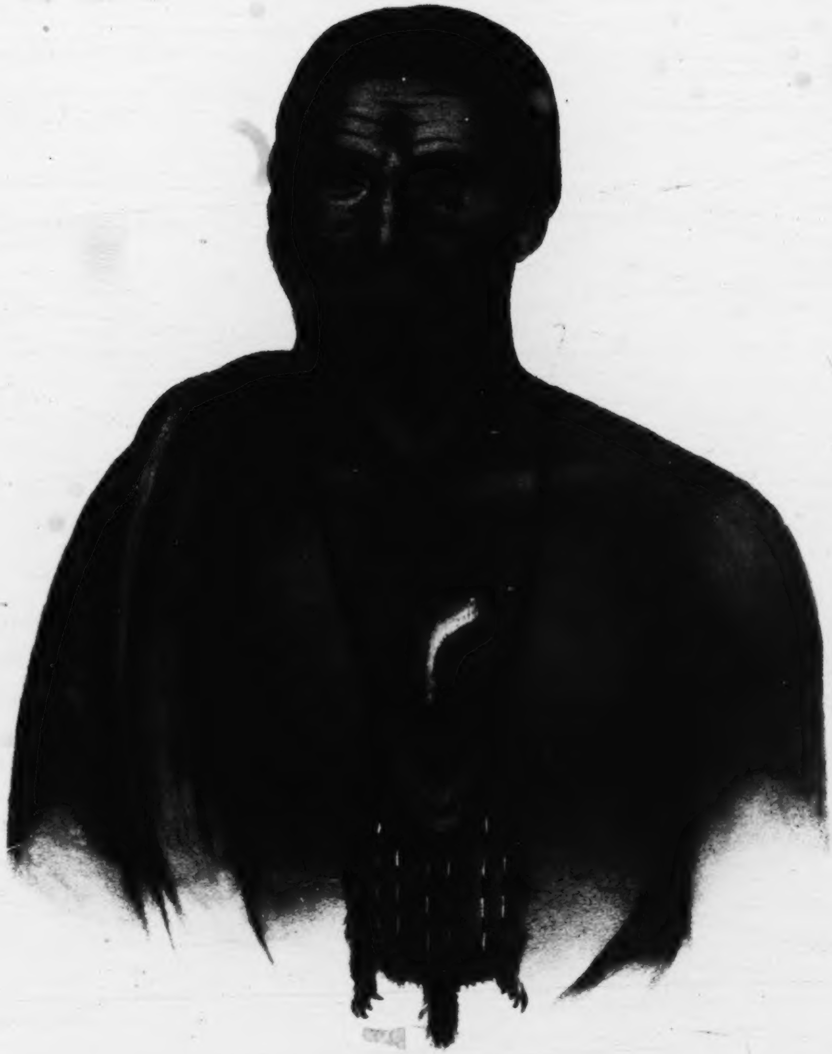


TISH - CO - HAN

A DELAWARE CHIEF.

No 73

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

TISHCOHAN.

Of Tishcohan, Tasucamin, Teshakomen, *alias* Tishekunk, little is known, except what is contained in Mr. Fisher and Mr. Tyson's Report. His name occurs in Heckewelder's Catalogue, and means, in the Delaware language, "*He who never blackens himself.*" We may note, on referring to the likeness, the correctness of the description, in the absence of those daubs of paint with which the Indian is so fond of deforming himself.

Tasucamin and Lappawinsoe were both signers of the celebrated *Walking Purchase* of 1737. By this treaty was ceded to the proprietaries of Pennsylvania, an extensive tract of country, stretching along the Delaware, from the Neshamany to far above the *Forks* at Easton, and westward "as far as *a man could walk in a day and a half.*" This transaction has been stigmatized by Charles Thomson as one of the most nefarious schemes recorded in the colonial annals of Pennsylvania. It appears that the white men, employed to walk with the Indians, performed the task with a celerity of which the Indians loudly complained. They protested against its manner of performance as opposed to the spirit of their contract, and an encroachment on their ancient usages. They alleged that it had been usual, on other occasions, to walk with deliberation, and to rest and smoke by the way, but that the walkers, so called, actually *ran*, and performed, within the period, a journey of most unreasonable extent.

This purchase has been differently viewed by different writers.

Logan claims the land for the proprietaries, on a two-fold title, independent of the treaty. He claims it under a deed made, in 1686, with the predecessors of the Indians, who asserted a right to it in 1737. He claims it under a release from the Five Nations, in the year 1736, who, at that time, exercised over the Delawares that insolence of superiority which the code of all nations has accorded to conquest. This duple right, the same excellent writer seeks further to confirm and establish, by denying to the Indians, with whom the Walking Treaty was concluded, any original title to the territory ceded, on the ground that they were new settlers from Jersey.

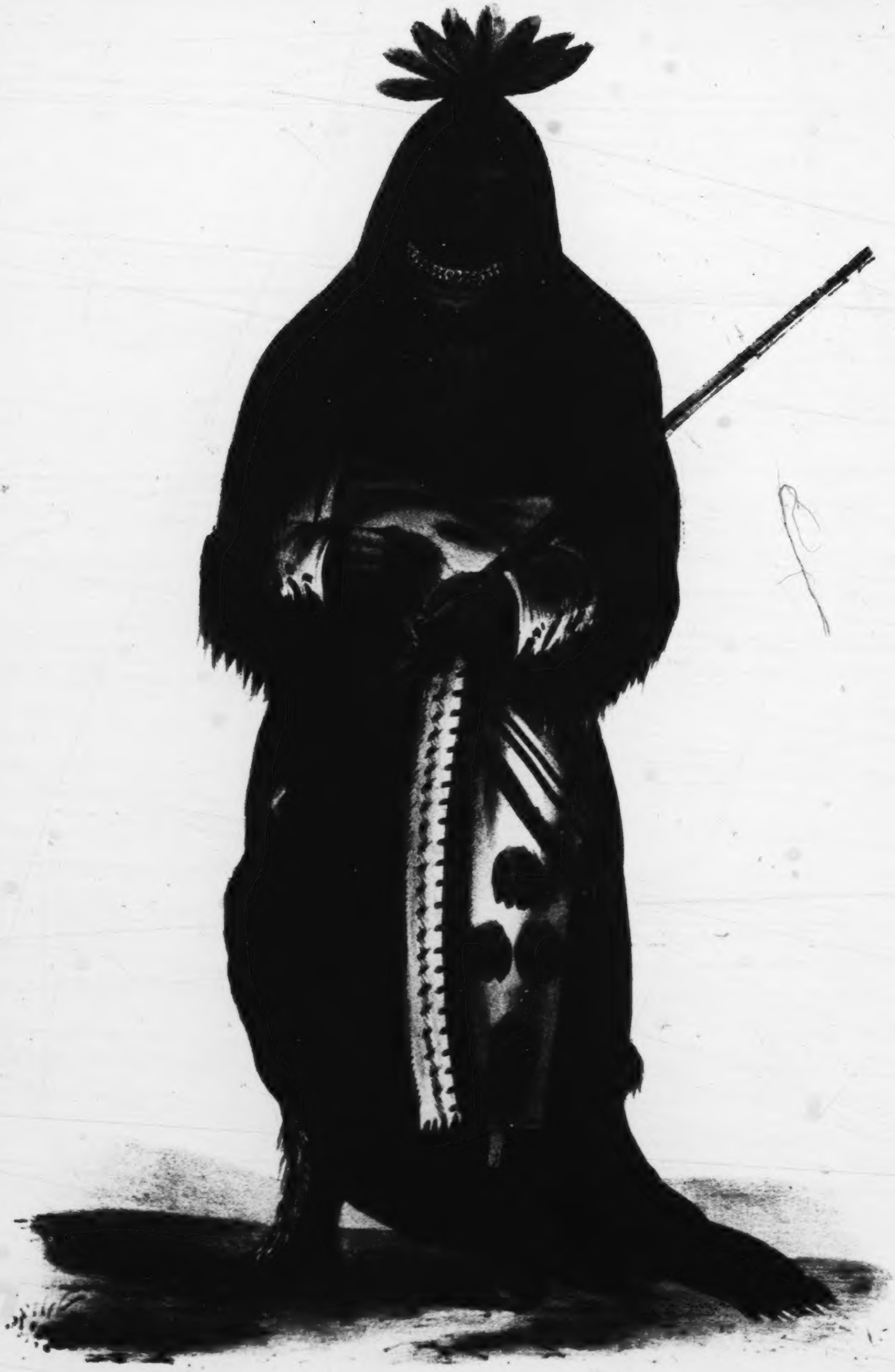
On the other hand, Charles Thomson disputes the antecedent right of the proprietaries, under the deed of 1686, and the release of 1736, and places the whole question upon the honesty with which the stipulations of the contracting parties were performed in the *Walking Purchase*. And does it not at last repose here? The terms of the original deed are not known. Its authenticity rests only on tradition, and several authoritative legal writers speak dubiously of its ever having existed. One thing is certain, even if it did exist—*it had never been walked out.*

The release from the Five Nations can scarcely be thought to impart validity to a title, which is defective without it. The peculiar subjugation to which the vanquished tribe submitted, could only give to the conquerors *the right of personal guardianship*, not the power of *expatriation*. Besides, it is justly contended, that any territorial rights acquired by the Five Nations were confined to the land on the tributaries of the Susquehanna, and never extended to the waters of the Delaware.

We may, therefore, return to the Treaty of 1737, and examine into the manner in which it was executed. If the Indians contracted with had no rights, why was a treaty entertained with them at all? When the proprietaries entered into a compact with the Indians, they gave to them a right to inquire into the fidelity with which it was performed, and pledged their own honors for its faithful observance. Was the speed of *running* a literal or honorable execution of a treaty *to walk?*

It was this departure from the terms and spirit of the contract which filled the Indians with so much dissatisfaction and heart-burning. The execution of the treaty was viewed by them as a piece of knavery and cunning, and concurred with other potent causes of estrangement in bringing about the most unhappy results. The minds of the Indians became alienated, embittered, inflamed; and a perverse and heartless policy, on the part of their white neighbors, made the breach irreconcilable.

But this people, even when goaded to desperation by acts of high handed oppression and cruel selfishness, did not forget the days of William Penn, and were sometimes induced by the recollection, to abstain from visiting upon his successors that degree of retaliation which would have been just, according to their ideas of retributive justice. It was this same people, in the days of their valor and martial glory, that lived on terms of cordiality and friendship with that great man and his followers, in conferring and receiving benefits, for a period of forty years! It was this people so actively kind, so unaffectedly grateful towards the unarmed strangers who sought refuge from persecution in their silent forests, that suffered from the descendants of these strangers, those keen griefs arising from a deep sense of unmerited injury, joined to a perception of meditated and the certainty of ultimate annihilation. Contemporaneously with the date of the portraits from which the two foregoing engravings are reduced, the amity and good neighborhood which had subsisted between the colonists of Pennsylvania and the Delaware Indians, gave way to a state of feeling which ended in the departure of these sons of the soil from their long-enjoyed inheritance, to seek an abode in some distant wild, some unappropriated solitude of the western country. After the indignity they received from Canassatego, in 1742, they retired to Wyoming and Shamokin, and finally penetrated beyond the Ohio, where the survivors live but to brood over their wrongs, and transmit them to their descendants. Pursued from river to river, they at last grew tired of retreat; and, turning back upon their pursuers, inflicted upon them all those cruelties which are prompted by resentment and despair.



WA-NA-TA,

N°74

GRAND CHIEF OF THE SIOUX.

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

WANATA.

This is a fine picture, and represents a very distinguished personage. Although the Sioux are divided into several tribes, governed by different leaders, this individual, in consideration of his paramount influence, is called the grand chief. His dress exhibits an air of state and dignity which is often assumed by the aboriginal chiefs, but is seldom so successfully displayed. It consists of a long robe of the skin of the buffalo, skilfully prepared by the Indian women, by a laborious process, which renders it at once soft and white. Figures are traced upon this material with paint, or worked into it with splinters of the quills of the porcupine, dyed with the most gaudy colors. The plumage of the bird is tastefully interwoven; and the whole is so disposed as to form a rude, but appropriate dress for the powerful ruler of a savage people.

Mr. Keating, in his narrative of the Expedition to the Source of the St. Peter's, describes an interview with this chief, and gives an account of his person and apparel, which nearly conforms with the portrait in this number. "He was dressed in the full habit of an Indian chief; we have never seen a more dignified person, or a more becoming dress. The most prominent part of his apparel was a splendid cloak, or mantle of buffalo skin, dressed so as to be of a fine white color; it was decorated with small tufts of owls' feathers, and others of various hues, probably a remnant of a fabric, once in general use among the aborigines of our territory, and still worn in the north-east and north-west parts of this continent, as well as in the South Sea Islands. It was what was called by the first European visiters of North America, the feather mantle and feather blanket, which were by them much admired. A splendid necklace, formed of about sixty claws of the grizzly bear, imparted a manly character to his whole appearance. His leggins, jacket, and moccasons were in the real Dacota fashion, being made of white skins, profusely decorated with human hair; his moccasons were variegated with the plumage of several birds. In his hair he wore nine sticks, neatly cut and smoothed, and painted with vermilion; these designated the number of gunshot wounds which he had received; they were secured by a strip of red cloth; two platted tresses of his hair were allowed to hang forward; his face was tastefully painted with vermilion; in his hand he bore a large fan of the feathers of the turkey; this he frequently used.

"We have never seen a nobler face, or a more impressive character, than that of the Dacota chief, as he stood that afternoon, in his manly and characteristic dress, contemplating a dance performed by the men of his own nation. It would require the utmost talent of the artist to convey a fair idea of this chief; to display his manly and regular features, strongly stamped, it is true, with the Indian character, but admirably blended with an expression of mildness and modesty, and it would require no less talent to represent the graceful and unstudied folds of his mantle."

Another interview with this chief is thus described: "As we appeared upon the brow of the hill, which commands the company's fort, a salute was fired from a number of Indian tents, which were pitched in the vicinity, from the largest of which the American colors were flying; and as soon as we dismounted from our horses, we received an invitation to a feast, which Wanata had prepared for us. The gentlemen of the company informed us that, as soon as the Indians had heard of our contemplated visit, they had commenced their preparations for a festival, and that they had killed three of their dogs. We repaired to a sort of pavilion which they had erected, by the union of several skin lodges. Fine buffalo robes were spread all around, and the air was perfumed by the odor of sweet-scented grass which had been burned in it. On entering the lodge, we saw the chief seated near the further end of it, and one of his principal men pointed out to us the place which was destined for our accommodation. It was at the upper end of the lodge; the Indians who were in it taking no further notice of us. These consisted of the chief, his son, a lad about eight years old, and eight or ten of the principal warriors. The chief's dress presented a mixture of the European and aboriginal costume; he wore moccasons and leggins of splendid scarlet cloth, a fine shirt of printed muslin, over this a frock coat of fine blue cloth, with scarlet facings, somewhat similar to the undress uniform coat of a Prussian officer; this was buttoned and secured round the waist by a belt. Upon his head he wore a blue cloth cap, made like a German fatigue cap. A very handsome Mackinaw blanket, slightly ornamented with paint, was thrown over his person."

The writer describes the countenance of Wanata as prepossessing. The portrait before us indicates a thoughtful and resolute, if not a generous, disposition. He is, however, a very magnificent savage, and has an air of command which is sufficiently regal.

The Dacotas are the Arabs of western America. Inhabiting the vast prairies which lie between the Mississippi and the Missouri, they wander extensively over those beautiful plains in search of game, or in pursuit of their enemies, roaming often beyond their proper limits, to the shores of the northern lakes, and to the banks of the Arkansas and Red rivers. The topography of their country makes them horsemen, the vast extent and even surface of the prairies rendering the service of the horse particularly desirable. Upon this noble animal they perform their long journeys, charge their enemies in battle, or chase the buffalo. They are expert and fearless riders, managing their horses with a surprising degree of dexterity, and using them with equal success in the chase, and in war

Wanata is a chief of the Yanktonas, a tribe of the Sioux, or Dacota Indians, whose proper residence is on the waters of the River St. Peter, which empties into the Mississippi, a short distance below the falls of St. Anthony. They are divided into six bands, and have altogether about four hundred and fifty lodges, which contain a population of between five and six thousand, of whom thirteen hundred are warriors. Few chiefs can lead so many followers to battle. The whole Dacota nation is estimated to comprise sixty thousand souls. The Yanktona, or, as it is otherwise written, Yanktoanan, is one of the most important of the tribes, and may now be ranked as the first, in consequence of the influence of Wanata. The word Yanktona signifies *fern leaf*. They do not dwell in permanent houses, but in fine skin lodges, made of the hide of the buffalo, neatly dressed and decorated, and which they move with facility from place to place.

At the early age of eighteen Wanata was distinguished as a warrior, and fought against the Americans under the command of his father, who was then chief of the tribe, and who cherished a mortal hatred against the American people. During the last war between Great Britain and the United States, he joined the former, and was one of a murderous band of savages collected by Colonel Dixon, under whom he fought at Sandusky, where he was wounded. He has since professed friendship towards the United States, but he is well known to be a crafty leader, who would favor or plunder any party, as his interest might dictate. His position, however, is now such as to place him in our power, and offers him little inducement to incur the displeasure of our government. On the other hand, he continues to cultivate a good understanding with his former friends. Ranging through all the country, from the tributary streams of the St. Peter's to Lake Winnepeg, he often comes in contact with the inhabitants of the British colony in that isolated region, who have endeavored to conciliate this powerful and wily savage by valuable presents, which he receives as the tribute due to his high reputation-

He has had the sagacity to render this intercourse a source of regular profit, by practising successfully on the fears of these colonists.

There is an incident in the life of this chief which is highly illustrative of the superstition as well as the fortitude of the Indian character. On the eve of a journey which he made in 1822, in which he was likely to be exposed to great danger from the Chippewas, he made a vow to the sun that, if he should return safe, he would abstain from food and drink for four days and nights, and would distribute among his people all his property of every description. Returning, without accident, his first care was to celebrate the dance of the sun—a ceremony so shockingly painful and revolting, that we can scarcely imagine a sufficiently strong inducement for its voluntary performance. Deep incisions were made in the breast and arms, so as to separate the skin from the flesh, in the form of loops, through which a rope was passed, and the ends fastened to a tall vertical pole, erected for the purpose in front of his lodge. He began the horrid exercise at the commencement of his fast, and continued it throughout the four days, sometimes dancing, and frequently throwing his whole weight upon the cord which was passed through his skin, and swinging to and fro in this painful position. At the conclusion he sunk exhausted, and was relieved by his friends. After the ceremony was over, he distributed among his people all his property, consisting of his lodges, dogs, guns, trinkets, robes, and several fine horses; and he and his two wives, abandoning their tent, with its furniture, took up their lodging in the open air.

When the Rickara villages, on the Missouri, were burned in 1823, by the troops under Colonel Leavenworth, in retaliation for some acts of depredation committed by them, that tribe retired from the place, but returned in 1824. Wanata seized this occasion to strengthen his power; and, encouraged by traders who had been ill treated by the Rickaras, he made war upon that tribe, which, weakened and dispirited by the chastisement recently inflicted on them, made but a feeble resistance. He burned their villages again, and drove them from the country. Here he established himself, between the Rickaras and Mandans; and he has ever since retained his conquest.

Wanata was only twenty-eight years old when visited by the party under Colonel Long, whose description of him we have copied. Our portrait was taken some years later. He is a tall and finely formed man, more than six feet in height. His manners are dignified and reserved, and his attitudes, though studied, are graceful. He is now about forty-five years of age, and commands more influence than any other Indian chief on the continent. His rule over his own tribe is absolute. He has no rival or compeer. He resorts neither to presents nor to persuasion to secure obedience, but issues his peremptory mandates, which are never disputed.

The traders speak of him as one who may be trusted, because it is policy to be at peace with the whites; but they place no confidence in his friendship, and have little faith in his integrity. Brave, skilful, and sagacious, he is grasping, artful, and overbearing; it is safer to secure his interest than to trust to his generosity or mercy.

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
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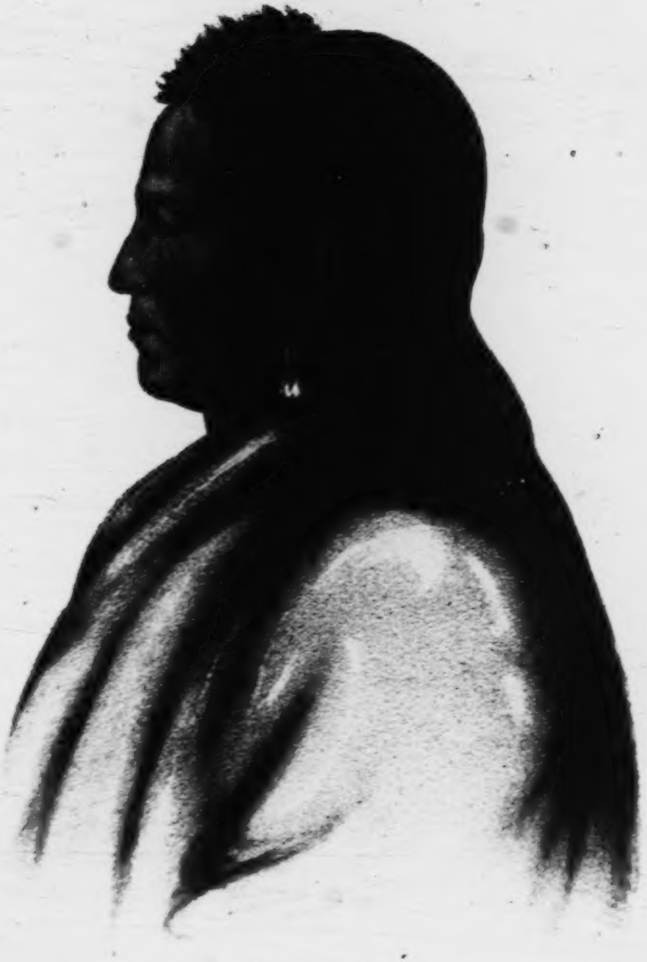


SHA-HA-KA

A MANDAN CHIEF

Nº 75

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

SHAHAKA.

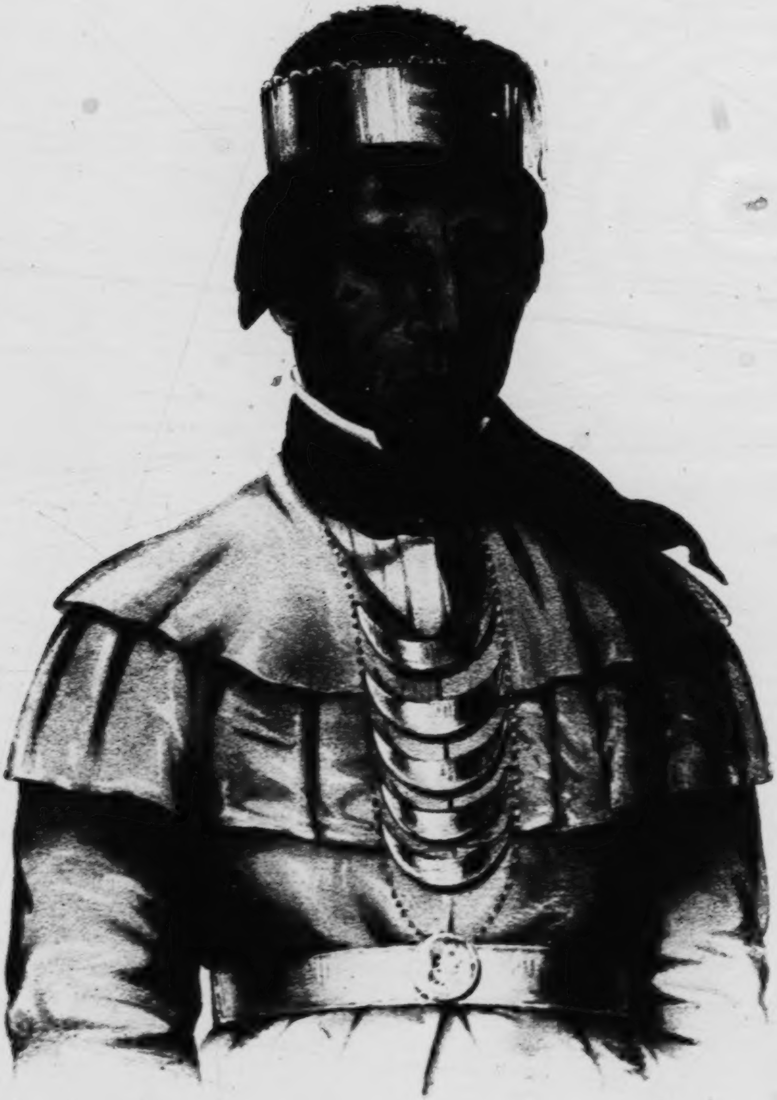
THIS portrait is not included in the Indian gallery at Washington city, but is of an older date, and equally authentic with those contained in the national collection. It was kindly pointed out to us in the hall of the American Philosophical Society, in Philadelphia, by the venerable and accomplished librarian of that institution, John Vaughan, Esq., who permitted us to take this copy. Our information concerning the original is chiefly gleaned from the travels of Lewis and Clark, a work compiled with singular fidelity, and replete with valuable information.

In the ascent of the Missouri, in the year 1804, the enterprising travellers above mentioned, halted at the Mandan villages, situated far beyond the frontier settlements, at a point to which but few white men had penetrated. They were kindly received by the Mandans, who, having had no direct intercourse with the white people, had not experienced the oppression which has ever fallen upon the weaker party, in the contact of the two races. The leaders of the exploring expedition were so well pleased with their reception, that, finding they could not proceed much further before their progress would be arrested by the excessive cold of this high latitude, they determined to spend the winter among the hospitable Mandans. Huts were accordingly erected, and they remained here, during the inclement season, enjoying an uninterrupted interchange of friendly offices with the natives.

On their arrival, a council was held, at which, after smoking the pipe of peace, a speech was delivered, explaining the objects of the exploring party, and giving assurances of friendship and trade. "This being over," says the narrative, "we proceeded to distribute the presents with great ceremony: one chief of each town was acknowledged by a gift of a flag, a medal with the likeness of the President of the United States, a uniform coat, hat, and feather; to the second chiefs we gave a medal representing some domestic animals, and a loom for weaving: to the third chiefs, medals with the impression of a farmer sowing grain." The account proceeds: "The chiefs who were made to-day are, Shahaka, or Big White, a first chief, and Kagohami, or Little Raven, a second chief of the lower village of the Mandans, called Matootonha," &c. The making a chief, alluded to in this sentence, consisted simply in recognizing that rank in those who previously held it, by treating with them in that capacity, and giving them presents appropriate to their station. On a subsequent occasion, we find this individual noticed in the following manner: "The Big White came down to us, having packed on the back of his squaw about one hundred pounds of very fine meat, for which we gave him, as well as the squaw, some presents, particularly an axe to the woman, with which she was very much pleased." If the measure of this lady's affection for her lord be estimated by the burden which she carried on her back, we should say it was very strong.

On the return of Lewis and Clark to the Mandan villages, after an interval of nearly eighteen months, during which they had crossed the Rocky Mountains, and penetrated to the shores of the Pacific ocean, these enterprising travellers were cordially received by the friendly Indians with whom they had formerly spent a winter so harmoniously. Anxious to cement the friendly disposition which existed into a lasting peace, they proposed to take some of the chiefs with them to Washington city, to visit the President. This invitation would have been readily accepted, had it not been for the danger to which the Indians imagined such a journey to be exposed.

Between them and the United States frontier were the Arickaras, their enemies, whose towns must of necessity be passed by the descending boats; the roving bands of the Sioux also frequently committed depredations along the left shore of the Missouri, while the right bank was accessible to the Osages; and although the American officers promised to protect those who should accompany them, and to bring them back to their homes, they could not overcome the jealous and timid reluctance of any of the chiefs, except *Le Grand Blanche*, or the Big White, who agreed to become their companion. Our gallant explorers have unfortunately given a very brief account of their journey after leaving the Mandan villages, on their return voyage, and we find no record of the conduct of the Big White, under such novel circumstances. It would have been very interesting to have heard from those gentlemen, who had just visited the Indians in their own abodes, an account of the remarks and behavior of an Indian chief, under similar circumstances. We, however, only know that he visited our seat of government, and returned in safety to his friends.



CHITTEE-YOHOLO,

A SEMINOLE CHIEF

N°76

RICE, RUTTER & [illegible]

CHITTEE YOHOLO.

Chittee Yoholo, or *The snake that makes a noise*, is a Seminole of some note, although but twenty-eight years of age. He was born in Florida, in that region of inaccessible swamps, which our gallant troops have found to be any thing but a land of flowers. His complexion, which is of a darker hue than that of our other Indians, marks his descent; and there is an expression of fierceness in the countenance indicative of a race living in perpetual hostility. Such has been the history of the Seminoles, who are, as their name indicates, wanderers, or outcasts, from other tribes. A few restless individuals, who separated themselves from the southern nations, either from dislike against the modified habits introduced into those communities by their contact with the whites, or from impatience of the restraints even of savage life, strayed off to the wilds of Florida, and connected themselves with some feeble remnants of the ancient population, who lingered in that remote region. While that province remained in possession of the Spaniards, the jealousy of that government, as well as the peculiar character of the country, and the savage nature of the people, rendered it comparatively inaccessible to American curiosity or enterprise; and we knew little of the savage tribes within its limits, except from their occasional depredations upon our frontier, and from the protection afforded by them to runaway slaves from the southern states. These evils became enhanced during the late war with Great Britain, and one of the chief inducements to the purchase of Florida, by our government, was the hope of either taming or driving away such troublesome neighbors. We merely touch the subject in this place for the purpose of showing what we suppose to be the main cause of the ferocious and obstinate character of the hostilities that have recently rendered that region a scene of wide-spread desolation. In the history of wars of aggravated malevolence, it will generally be found that some ancient grudge, festering in the passions of the frontier population, gives a secret rancor to the dispute which it could scarcely have attained from the political differences that are alone apparent to the public eye.

The first occasion on which Chittee Yoholo was engaged, was when General Gaines was surrounded by the Seminoles; he was one of the hostile party, and declares that he fought hard, and tried his best to kill the white men. Soon after, he was engaged in another fight, in which he killed a white man, and taking the scalp, he carried it to the council-house of his tribe, and threw it at the feet of an aged warrior—thus invoking the approbation of one who was experienced in the wiles and dangers of warfare. The men of the village assembled, danced all night, recounted their recent adventures, especially that which they were now celebrating, and, instead of honoring the lion of the occasion with a toast, and requiring a speech in return, as we should have done, they gave him a new name, Chewasti Emathla—Emathla meaning, *next to the warrior*, and Chewasti being a kind of surname, thrown in for euphony. After that, he killed and scalped another white man, carried in the bloody trophy, and again the warriors danced in honor of his success; and now they called him Olocta Tuscane Hadja, which means, *The blue crazy warrior;* and again, on bringing in another scalp, they danced round it all night, and called him Olocta Tustennugge, *The blue warrior*. All these were stealthy feats performed in the night. The Indians regard such with peculiar gratification, from the high estimate which they place on achievements conducted with cunning, and won without exposure. He was constantly out, and usually without companions, stealing upon the sleepnig inmates of the cabin, or waylaying the straggler in the forest; so that we may infer that the *Snake that makes a noise,* like the reptile whose name he bears, crouched in silence until the moment when he was about to spring upon his prey.

He was lying in the coverts around Fort Mellon, while Paddy Carr was there with the friendly Indians, of whom he counted one hundred and twenty, as he gazed at them from his lurking-place. After he had watched a whole night, he joined an assailing party of his people, who fired upon the fort in the morning, and of whom ten were killed; he received a spent ball in his hand, and being unable to manage his gun, retired. He was in a battle with the Tennessee volunteers, in which three Seminoles were killed, whose bodies were dragged to the nearest bushes and hidden, as there was not time to bury or to carry them off. He participated in the battle of Wahoo Swamp, where the Indians lost two warriors, and killed several of the whites. The next day the whites came again, and a skirmish ensued. Acee Yoholo was present in all these fights. On one occasion Chittee Yoholo drove off a hundred cattle from the settlements of the white people; and he tells of various other battles that he was engaged in, in addition to those we have mentioned.

Having stated that he had seen and recognized Jim Boy at the head of the Indians friendly to the whites, he was asked why he had not killed that chief, whose unusual height made him a conspicuous object. He replied that it was not the will of the Great Spirit; and added that he had been in many battles, and not having lost his life, he concluded he should die of sickness, and he supposed that Jim Boy would die in the same way. The allusion to the latter was made in consequence of his being present at this conversation.

After the adventures related, and many others, this chief listened to the overtures of the Creek Indians, who invited him to a council, and gave him, as he expresses it, a good talk. He accompanied them to St. Augustine, and gave himself up to the commanding officer, by whom he was kindly treated. He has a wife and two children in Arkansas.

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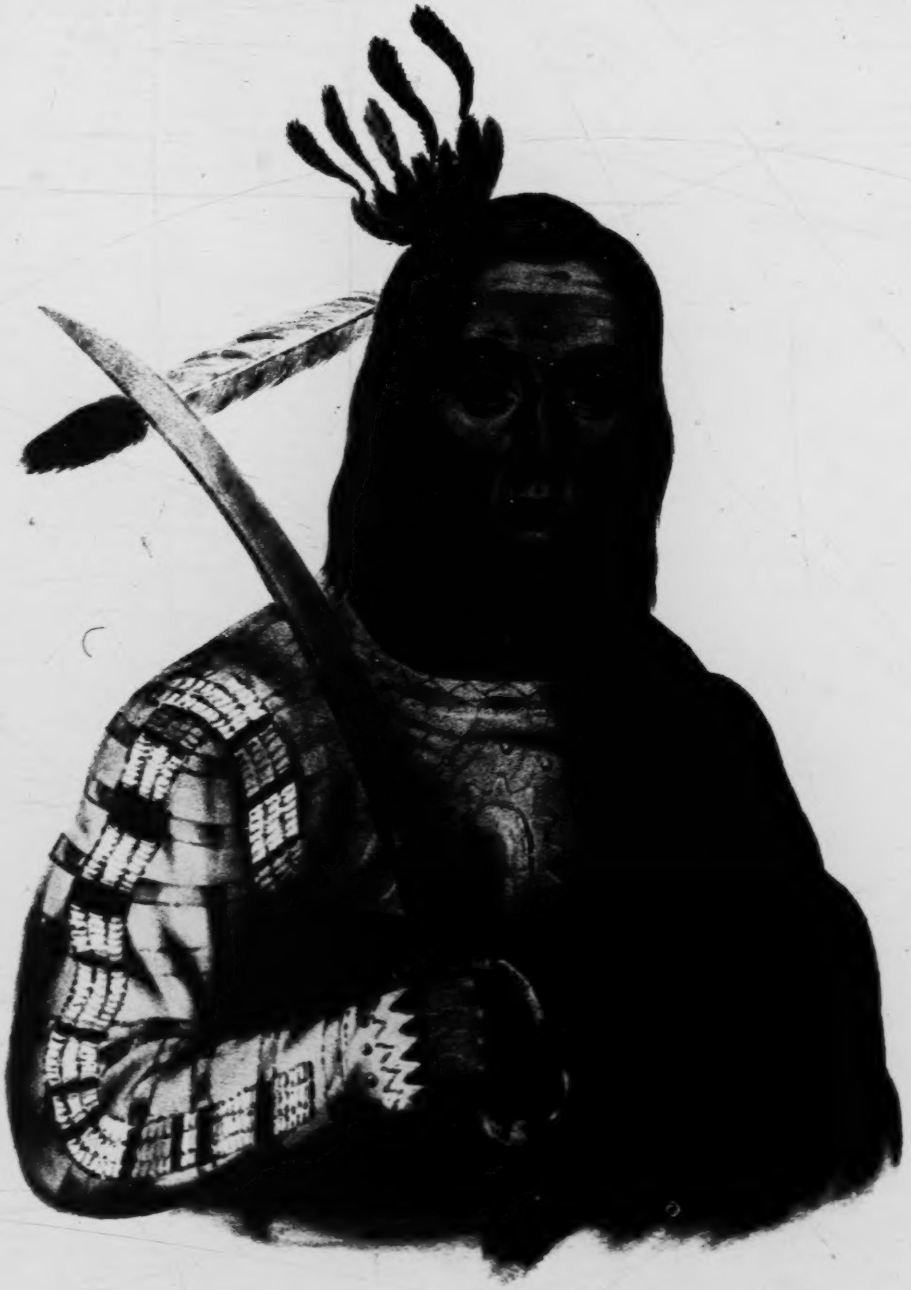


MON-KA-USH-KA,

A SIOUX CHIEF.

N° 77

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

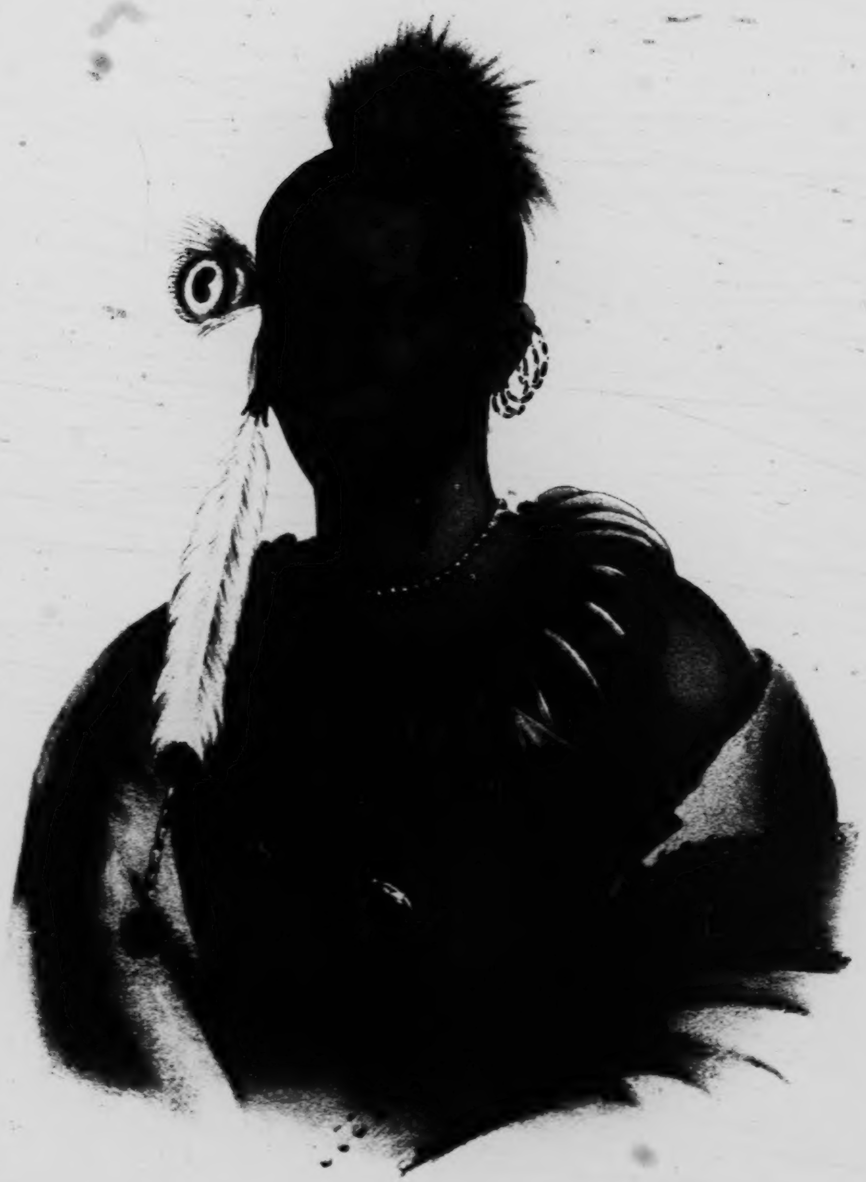
MONKAUSHKA.

This portrait represents a young man of the Yankton tribe, of the Sioux nation, who, but a few years ago, occupied an obscure and menial rank. The distinction of grade seems to be a law of human nature, and occurs to some extent even in the least artificial state of society. It is observable among all the Indian tribes. The sons of chiefs and distinguished warriors stand aloof from menial employments, and are early trained to the exercises of war and hunting, while the offspring of indolent or inefficient men receive less consideration, and are apt to be thrown into degrading offices. But in either case, the individual, on arriving at maturity, becomes the artificer of his own fortune, because, in a state of existence, surrounded by danger and vicissitude, where boldness, cunning, and physical qualities are continually called into action, he must rise or sink, in the proportion that he displays the possession or the want of those qualities.

Monkaushka, or *The Trembling Earth*, while a boy, was employed as a cook, horse guard, &c., and had not met with any opportunity to distinguish himself, until near about the time when he arrived at manhood, when he forced himself into notice by a single act. A small party of young men of the Yankton tribe fell in with an equal number of *voyageurs*, who were travelling through the prairies from St. Louis to some trading establishment in the interior of the Indian country. One of the Yanktons requested permission to ride on the same horse with one of the whites, which the latter declined, as his horse was much fatigued, and the journey was still far from being finished. The Indian, being offended, resolved, with the capricious resentment of a savage, to take revenge upon the first opportunity, and shortly after shot an arrow through the unfortunate white man. The remainder of the party fled in alarm, and reached the Yankton camp the next day.

When the news of this outrage reached the Yankton village. Monkaushka, though a mere youth, declared himself the avenger of the white man. The Indian rule is, that the nearest relative of the deceased may put the murderer to death, but he must do it at his peril. If there be no relative who will take up the quarrel, a friend may do it; and in this instance, whatever may have been the motive of the young Indian, the act was, according to their notions, highly generous, as he took up the cause of a deceased stranger, without the prospect of reward, and at the risk of his own life. He was, however, laughed at by his companions, who did not give him credit for the courage necessary to carry out such a design, and supposed that he was only indulging in an idle boast. But he was in earnest; and, having loaded his gun, he deliberately walked up to the offender, when he entered the village, and shot him dead.

The impunity with which such an act might be done, would depend much on the manner of its execution. Had not the most determined intrepidity been displayed throughout the whole proceeding, it is probable that the deed would have been prevented, or avenged. Although done under color of an acknowledged usage, it was not required by the Indian rule, and might have been considered an exception to it. The injured party was a stranger, and there was no tie of consanguinity or friendship which authorized Monkaushka to claim the office of his avenger. It might even have been an odious act to volunteer on such an occasion. It is most likely that a latent spirit that had been suppressed by the circumstances under which he had grown up, was glowing within him, and that he grasped at an opportunity, thus fortuitously presented, to emancipate himself from his humble condition. The occasion would recommend itself to a mind thus situated, by its novelty, and would make a greater impression than a common-place achievement, which required only an ordinary effort of courage. If such was the reasoning of Monkaushka, it showed a sagacity equal to his spirit; and that it was, is rendered probable by the successful event of the affair. He rose immediately to distinction, and, having since shown himself a good warrior, was, although a very young man, one of the chief persons in his tribe, and was sent to Washington, in 1837, as one of their delegates. During their stay in Washington, Monkaushka became sick. He was suffering under the influence of fever when he sat for his portrait—but recovering a little, he was supposed able to proceed with the delegation on their tour to the East. On arriving at Baltimore, however, it was found impracticable for him to proceed further. He was left in charge of a faithful interpreter, and, although surrounded by all that was required for his comfort, he gradually sunk under his disease, and, after a few days of suffering, died.



MA-HAS-KAH,

AN IOWAY CHIEF

N°78

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

MAHASKAH.

Mahaskah, or White Cloud, the elder, was the son of Mauhawgaw, or the Wounding Arrow, who was principal chief of the Pauhoochee, or pierced-nose nation of Indians. Mauhawgaw emigrated, some hundred and fifty years ago, from Michillimacinac to the west bank of the Ioway river, and selected a position near its mouth, where his band kindled their fires and smoked their pipes to the Great Spirit. The name given to this river, by Mauhawgaw, was Neohoney, or the Master of Rivers. Having built his village, he was greeted with a salutation from the Sioux. A pipe was sent to him by that tribe, with an invitation to a dog feast, made in honor of the Great Spirit. He accepted the invitation, and joined in the ceremony. Whilst at the feast, and, no doubt, reposing in the most perfect security, he was suddenly attacked; but, though surprised, he succeeded in killing one man and three women, before he was slain. This outrage upon the national honor has never been forgiven.

The portrait before the reader is that of the son of Mauhawgaw, who was thus treacherously slain. The Ioways, indignant at the conduct of the Sioux, resolved immediately on revenge. They raised a war party. Of this party, the son, Mahaskah, was the legitimate chief; but, being young, and having never distinguished himself in battle, he declined taking the command, but, by virtue of his right, he conferred upon a distinguished and tried warrior the authority to lead his warriors against the Sioux—stating, at the time. that he would accompany the expedition as a common soldier, and fight till he should acquire experience, and gain trophies enough to secure to him the confidence of his people. Arrangements being made, the party marched into the Sioux country, and gained a great victory, taking ten of the enemy's scalps. The young Mahaskah brought home, in his own hand, the scalp of the Sioux chief, in whose lodge the life of his father had been so treacherously taken.

Having thus shown himself a brave, he assumed the command of his warriors and of his tribe. His war adventures were numerous and daring. He was in eighteen battles against various bands, and was never defeated. In one of his expeditions against the Osages, with whom his conflicts were many, he arrived on the north bank of the Missouri, and while there, and engaged in trying to stop an effusion of blood from his nose, he espied a canoe descending the river, in which were three Frenchmen. Wishing to cross over with his party, he called upon the Frenchmen to land and assist him. The Frenchmen not only refused, but fired upon the Indians, wounding one of White Cloud's braves. The fire was instantly returned, which killed one of the Frenchmen. White Cloud had, so far, taken no part in this little affair, but, on seeing one of his braves wounded, he called for his gun, saying—"You have killed one of the rascals, I'll try if I cannot send another along with him to keep him company to the *Chee.*"—Chee means the house of the Black Spirit.

As usual, the whites raised a great clamor against the Ioways, giving out, all along the borders, that they were killing the settlers. A party was raised and armed, and marched forthwith against Mahaskah and his warriors. They were overtaken. White Cloud, not suspecting their designs, and being conscious of having committed no violence, was captured, and thrust into prison, where he remained many months. He finally made his escape, and succeeded in reaching his own country in safety. He then married four wives. It is the custom of the tribe, when husbands or brothers fall in battle, for a brave to adopt their wives or sisters.

White Cloud found, on his return, four sisters who had been thus deprived of their protector, all of whom he married. Of these, Rantchewaime, or the Female Flying Pigeon, was one, and the youngest. Her fine likeness, with a sketch of her character, will succeed this narrative.

Often, after White Cloud had thus settled himself, was he known to express his regret at having permitted his warriors to fire upon the Frenchmen. On these occasions he has been seen to look upon his hand, and heard to mutter to himself—"There is blood on it." He rejoiced, however, in the reflection, that he had never shed the blood of an American. And yet his father's death, and the manner of it, made him restless, and rendered him implacable against the perpetrators of that outrage, and their allies. Not long after his escape from prison, and return to his home, and soon after his marriage, he planned an expedition against the Osages. He resolved to march with a select party of ten braves to the Little Osage plains, which lie south of the Missouri river, and about two hundred and fifty miles above St. Louis. Arriving at the plains, a favorable opportunity soon offered, which was seized by Mahaskah, and the battle commenced. It was his misfortune, early in the conflict, to receive a rifle ball in his leg, just above the ankle. He had succeeded, however, before he was wounded, in taking three of the enemy's scalps, when he sought a retreat, and found one under a large log that lay across a water-course. The Osages followed close upon him—being guided by the blood that flowed from his wound; but they lost the trail on arriving at the water-course, for Mahaskah had taken the precaution to step into the water some distance below the log, by which stratagem he misled his pursuers, for they supposed he had crossed over at the place where they last saw blood. He remained under the log, which lay on the water, with just so much of his nose out as to enable him to breathe.

In the night, when all was silence, save the tinkling of the bells of the Indian horses in the plains below, Mahaskah left his place of concealment, and coming up with one of the horses, mounted him and made off in the direction of his home, which was on the river Des Moines. Arriving at the Missouri, he resorted to the Indian mode of crossing, which is, to tie one end of the halter around the head or neck of the horse, and, taking the other end between his teeth, he drives the animal into the water, and unites his own exertions, as a swimmer, to those of the horse, and is by this means carried over in safety. In all these difficulties he took care not to part with either his gun or his scalps. On arriving at home he paraded his trophies, and ordered the scalp dance to be danced. Not being able, on account of his wound, to lead the dance himself, he placed the scalps in the hand of Inthehone, or the Big Axe, who, being the first brave of his band, was entitled to the distinction. Mahaskah accompanied the presentation of the scalps to Big Axe with these words:—"I have now revenged the death of my father. My heart is at rest. I will go to war no more. I told Maushuchees, or Red Head, (meaning General Clark,) when I was last at St. Louis, that I would take his peace talk. My word is out. I will fight no more."

In the year 1824, Mahaskah left home, being one of a party on an embassy to Washington, leaving his wives behind him, their number having increased to seven. When about one hundred miles from home, and near the mouth of the river Des Moines, having killed a deer, he stopped to cook a piece of it. He was seated, and had just commenced his meal, when he felt himself suddenly struck on the back. Turning round, he was astonished to see Rantchewaime standing before him with an uplifted tomahawk in her hand. She thus accosted him—"Am I your wife? Are you my husband? If so, I will go with you to the Mawhehunneche, (or the American big house,) and see and shake the hand of Incohonee," which means great father. Mahaskah answered—"Yes, you are my wife; I am your husband; I have been a long time from you; I am glad to see you; you are my pretty wife, and a brave man always loves to see a pretty woman."

1824

The party arrived at Washington. "A talk" was held with President Monroe; the present of a medal was made to Mahaskah, and a treaty was concluded between the United States and the Ioways. It was a treaty of cession, of limits, &c., and of considerations therefor. These considerations include a payment, in that year, of five hundred dollars, and the same sum annually, for ten years thereafter. Provision is made for blankets, farming utensils, and cattle; and assistance is promised them in their agricultural pursuits, under such forms as the President might deem expedient.

The following occurrence happened at Washington during that visit. Mahaskah would occasionally indulge in a too free use of ardent spirits. On one of these occasions he was exercising one of an Indian husband's privileges on the Flying Pigeon. The agent, hearing the scuffle, hastened to their room. Mahaskah, hearing him coming, lifted up the window sash and stepped out, forgetting that he was two stories from the ground. In the fall he broke his arm; yet so accustomed had he been to fractures and wounds, that he insisted on riding the next day, over rough roads and pavements, a distance of at least two miles, to see a cannon cast. A few days after, he sat to King, of Washington, for his portrait. The reader will remark a compression of his eyebrows. This was caused by the pain he was enduring whilst the artist was sketching his likeness.

On his return to his country and home, Mahaskah began in earnest to cultivate his land—he built for himself a double log house, and lived in great comfort. This, he said, was in obedience to the advice of his great father.

Soon after his return to his home, it was his misfortune to lose his favorite wife, and under very painful circumstances. They were crossing a tract of country. Mahaskah, having reason to apprehend that hostile bands might be met with, kept in advance. Each was on horseback; the Flying Pigeon carrying her child, Mahaskah the younger, then about four years old. Turning, at a certain point, to look back to see what distance his wife was from him, he was surprised, his position being a high one, enabling him to overlook a considerable extent of country, not to see her. He rode back, and, sad to relate, after retracing his steps some five or six miles, he saw her horse grazing near the trail, and presently the body of his wife, near the edge of a small precipice, with her child resting its head upon her body. The horror-stricken chief, alighting near to the spot, was soon assured of her death! Standing over her corpse, he exclaimed, in his mother tongue, "Wau-cunda-menia-bratuskunnee, shungau-menia-nauga-nappo!"—which being interpreted, means—"God Almighty! I am a bad man. You are angry with me. The horse has killed my squaw!" At the moment, the child lifted its head from the dead body of its mother, and said—"Father, my mother is asleep!"

The inference was, that the horse had stumbled and thrown her. The occurrence took place about four days' journey from his home. Mahaskah, within that time, was seen returning to his lodge, bearing the dead body of Rantchewaime, with his child in his arms. He proceeded at once to dispose of the corpse. His first business was to gather together all the presents that had been made to her at Washington; also whatever else belonged to her, and to place them, with the body, in a rude box; and then, according to the custom of the Indians of that region, the box was placed upon a high scaffold. This mode of disposing of the dead has a twofold object—one is, to elevate the body as high as possible in the direction of the home of the Great Spirit; that home being, according to their belief, in the sky; the other is to protect the corpse from the wolves, whose ravages would disfigure it, and render it unsightly in the eyes of the Great Spirit. This much of the ceremony over, the chief killed a dog, made a feast, and called his braves together. A second dog, and then a horse were killed. The dog was fastened, with his head upwards, to the scaffold, while the tail of the horse had a position assigned to it on that part of the scaffold nearest the head of the deceased. On the head of the dog was placed a twist of tobacco.

These ceremonies have their origin in a superstition of the nation, which attributes every death to the anger of the Great Spirit, who is supposed to be always in motion, searching for the spirits of those who have recently died, with the calumet, or pipe of peace in his mouth. As the scaffold is approached by the mysterious being, the watchful dog is expected to see and address him—inform him of the locality of the body, and invite him to take the tobacco, and smoke. This offer the Indian believes is always accepted. The Great Spirit then proceeds to reanimate and remodel the dead body; to restore the trinkets and property of the deceased; impart vitality to the dog and the horse, and commission them, forthwith, the one to bear the deceased to the land of game and of plenty—the other, to hunt the deer in the regions of the blessed.

In 1833, the son of an Ioway chief of distinction, named Crane, was killed by the Omahas. A party of Ioways applied to Mahaskah to head them in the pursuit of the enemy. He replied, "I have buried the tomahawk; I am now a man of peace." He added; "the treaty made with our great father provides for the punishment of such outrages." The party, however, resolved that they would punish the aggressors. They made an incursion into the enemy's country, and returned, bringing with them six scalps. The customary feast was prepared, and all was made ready for the scalp dance; but Mahaskah refused to partake of the one, or participate in the other.

The murders, on both sides, having been reported to the government, General Clark was directed to cause the Ioways to be arrested. This duty was assigned to their agent, General Hughes who called on the chief, Mahaskah, to whom he made known the order. Mahaskah answered, "It is right; I will go with you." The offenders were arrested and conveyed to Fort Leavenworth. While confined there, one of the prisoners called Mahaskah to the window of his dungeon, and looking him full in the face, said; "Inca, (father,) if ever I get out of this place alive, I will kill you. A brave man should never be deprived of his liberty, and confined as I am. You should have shot me at the village."

Unfortunately for Mahaskah, that Indian succeeded in making his escape from prison. He forthwith went in pursuit of the object of his revenge. Mahaskah was found encamped on the Naudaway, about sixty miles from his village. His pursuer and party attacked him with guns, tomahawks, and clubs, and slew him. After he was dead, one of the party remarked, that "he was the hardest man to kill he ever knew." This was in 1834, Mahaskah being then about fifty years old.

The tidings of Mahaskah's death soon reached his village. One of the murderers escaped, and sought refuge among the Ottoes; but, on learning the cause of his visit to them, they shot him in their camp. The other, with the utmost indifference, returned to the village of the murdered chief. Young Mahaskah, now the successor of his father, and principal chief of the nation, on hearing the news of his father's death, and that one of the murderers had returned to the village, went immediately to his lodge, killed his dogs and horses, and with his knife cut and ripped his lodge in every possible direction. This last act, especially, is an insult to which no brave man will submit. Having hurled this defiance at one of the murderers of his father, and expressed his contempt for him under every possible form, he turned to the assassin, who had observed in silence the destruction of his property, and, looking him sternly in the face, said—"You have killed the greatest man who ever made a moccason track on the Naudaway; you must, therefore, be yourself a great man, since the Great Spirit has given you the victory. To call you a dog would make my father less than a dog." The squaw of the murderer exclaimed to her husband, "Why don't you kill the boy?" He replied, "He is going to be a great brave; I cannot kill him." So saying, he handed the young chief a pipe, which he refused, saying, "I will leave you in the hands of the braves of my nation." To which the inflexible murderer replied, "I am not going to run away; I'll meet your braves to-morrow." The Indian knew full well the fate that awaited him. He felt that his life was forfeited, and meant to assure the young chief that he was ready to pay the penalty.

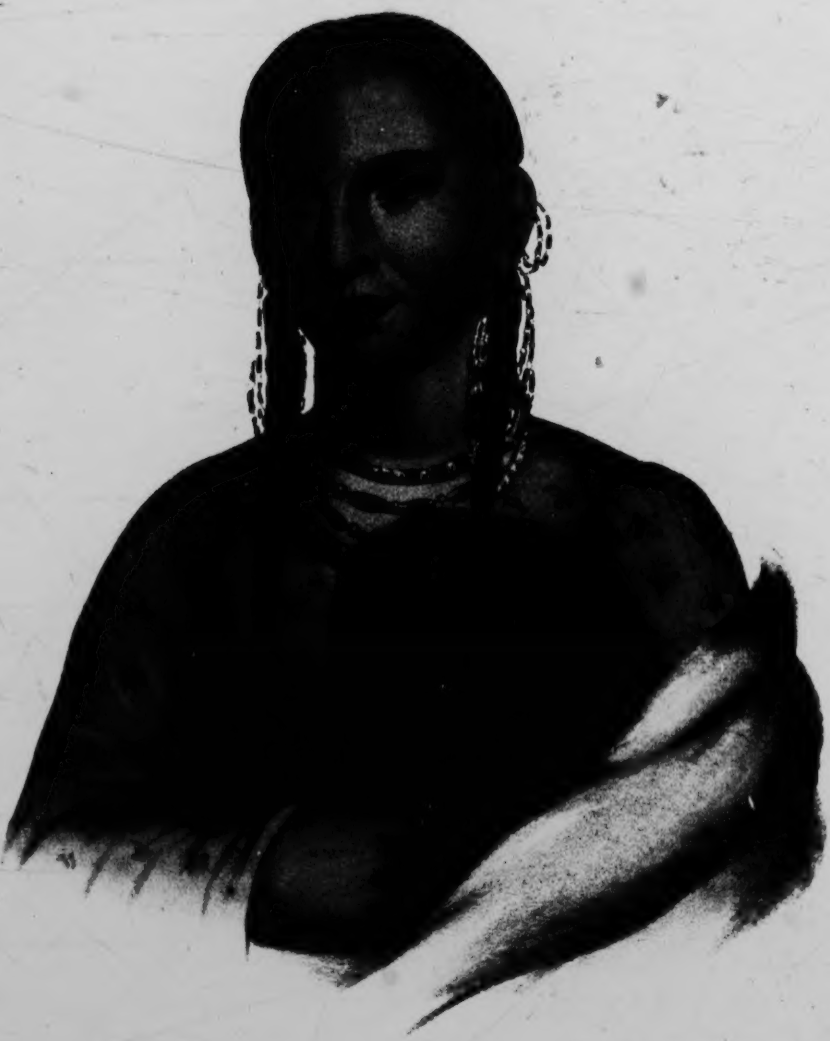
The next day a general council was convened. The case was submitted to it. The unanimous voice was, "He shall die." It was further decreed, that young Mahaskah should kill him; but he declined, saying, "I cannot kill so brave a man;" whereupon he was shot by one of the principal braves. His body was left on the ground, to be devoured by wolves, as a mark of the disgust of the tribe, and of their abhorrence of the assassin of their chief.

It is customary among the Ioways, and the neighboring tribes, for the wives and children of the deceased to give away every thing which had belonged to him and his family. This custom was rigidly adhered to on the occasion of Mahaskah's death. His surviving squaws went into mourning and poverty. The mourning is kept up for six moons, and consists, in addition to the blacking of the face, in much wailing, and in the utterance of long and melancholy howls. At its expiration, the tribe present the mourners with food and clothing, and other necessaries of savage life. One of Mahaskah's widows, however, named Missorahtarrahaw, which means, the Female Deer that bounds over the plains, refuses to this day to be comforted, saying, her husband "was a great brave, and was killed by dogs"—meaning, low, vulgar fellows.

The subject of this memoir was six feet two inches in height, possessed great bodily strength and activity, and was a man of perfect symmetry of person, and of uncommon beauty.

The Ioways were once the most numerous and powerful, next to the Sioux, of all the tribes that hunt between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. They have been reduced by wars, by the small pox, and by whisky, to about thirteen hundred souls.

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY



RANT-CHE-WAI-ME.

N° 79

RICE RUTTER & CO Publishers

RANTCHEWAIME.

This portrait is a perfect likeness of the wife of Mahaskah, a sketch of whose life precedes this. Rantchewaime means, Female Flying Pigeon. She has been also called, the beautiful Female Eagle that flies in the air. This name was given to her by the chiefs and braves of the nation, on account of her great personal beauty.

We have already, in the sketch of her husband's life, made the reader acquainted with the tragic end of this interesting woman. It remains for us to speak of her character. General Hughes, the agent of the tribe, who was well acquainted with her, speaks of her in terms of unmixed approbation. She was chaste, mild, gentle in her disposition, kind, generous, and devoted to her husband. A harsh word was never known to proceed from her mouth; nor was she ever known to be in a passion. Mahaskah used to say of her, after her death, that her hand was shut when those who did not want came into her presence; but, when the poor came, it was like a strainer, full of holes, letting all she held in it pass through. In the exercise of this generous feeling she was uniform. It was not indebted for its exercise to whim, or caprice, or partiality. No matter of what nation the applicant for her bounty was, or whether at war or peace with her tribe, if he were hungry, she fed him; if naked, she clothed him; and if houseless, she gave him shelter. The continual exercise of this generous feeling kept her poor. She has been known to give away her last blanket—all the honey that was in the lodge, the last bladder of bears' oil,* and the last piece of dried meat.

Rantchewaime was scrupulously exact in the observance of all the religious rites which her faith imposed upon her. Her conscience is represented to have been extremely tender. She often feared that her acts were displeasing to the Great Spirit, when she would blacken her face, and retire to some lone place, and fast and pray. The Ioways, like all other Indians, believe in a Great Spirit, and in future rewards and punishments; and their priests make frequent sacrifices of dogs and horses, to appease the anger of their God. For their virtue, which, with these Indians, means courage, kindness, honesty, chastity, and generosity, they believe most sincerely they will be rewarded; and, for bad actions, they as fully believe they will be punished. Among these they enumerate dishonesty, laziness, the sacrifice of chastity, &c. But they do not view the stealing of a horse in the light of a dishonest act—they class this among their virtues.

Rantchewaime has been known, after her return from Washington, to assemble hundreds of the females of her tribe, and discourse to them on the subject of those vicious courses which she witnessed during that journey, among the whites, and to warn them against like practices. The good effect of such a nice sense of propriety has been singularly illustrated among the Ioways. It is reported, on unquestionable authority, that an illegitimate child has never been known to be born among them. It is true, uncles (parents do not interfere, the right being in the uncle, or the nearest relative) sometimes sell their nieces for money or merchandise, to traders and engagees. Marriages thus contracted frequently produce a state of great connubial happiness; but, if the purchaser abandon his purchase, she is discarded, and never taken for a wife by a brave, but is left to perform all the drudgery of the lodge and the field, and is treated as an outcast.

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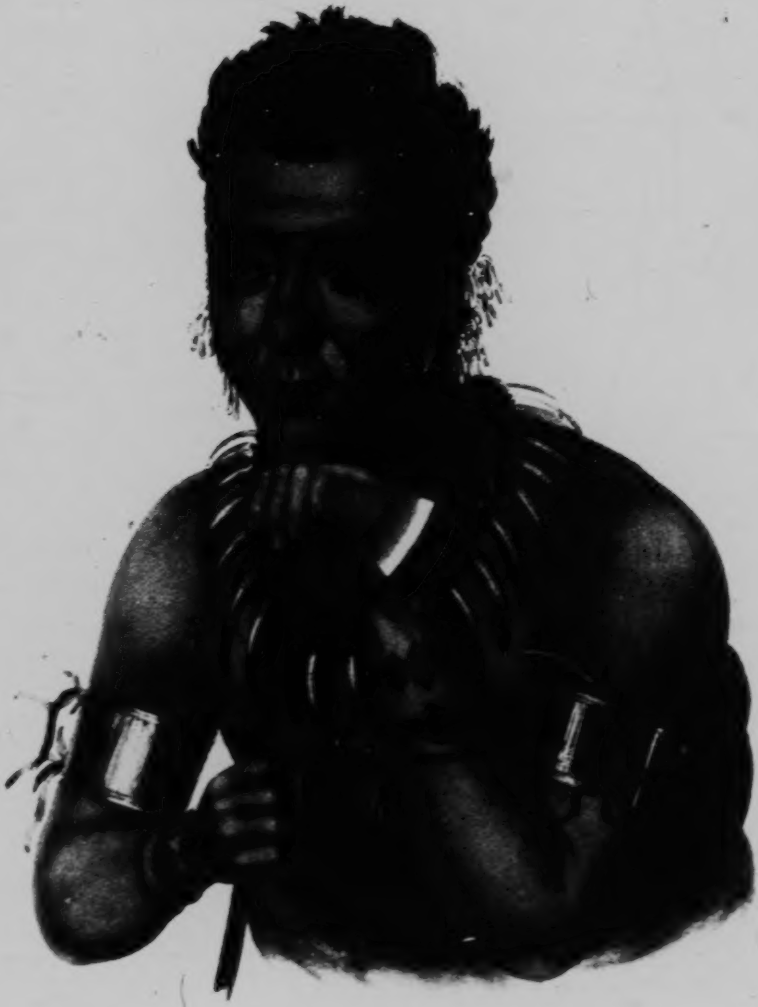
* Bears' oil is kept in bladders, and used by the Indians in cooking, for the same purposes for which we use lard or butter.

An affecting incident occurred in 1828, on the Missouri. A connection, by purchase, had been formed between a trader and an Ioway maid. They lived together for some time, and had issue, one child. The trader, as is often the case, abandoned his wife and child. The wife, agitated with contending emotions of love and bereavement, and knowing how hard would be her fate, strapped her child to the cradle, and throwing it on her back, pursued her faithless husband. She came within sight of him, but he eluded her. Arriving at the top of a high bluff that overlooked the country, and after straining her eyes by looking in every direction to catch a glimpse of him, or to see the way he was travelling, in vain, she stepped hastily to a part of the bluff that overhung the Missouri, and exclaiming, "O God! all that I loved in this world has passed from my sight; my hopes are all at an end; I give myself and child to thee!" sprang into the river, and with her child was drowned.

We have spoken of the firm belief of the Ioways in a future state. What that state is, in their view of it, we will now briefly state. They believe that, after death, and after they are found by the Great Spirit—who, as we have said in a preceding sketch, is constantly going about with a pipe of peace in his mouth, seeking the bodies of the dead—they are guided by him to a rapid stream, over which always lies a log that is exceedingly slippery. Those who are destined to be happy are sustained by the Good Spirit in crossing upon this slippery log. The moment they reach the opposite shore, they are transported to a land filled with buffalo and elk, the antelope and beaver; with otters, and raccoons, and muskrats. Over this beautiful land the sun always shines; the streams that irrigate it never dry up, whilst the air is filled with fragrance, and is of the most delightful temperature. The kettles are always slung, and the choicest cuts from the buffalo, the elk, &c., are always in a state of readiness to be eaten, whilst the smoke of these viands ascends for ever and ever. In this beautiful and happy country, the departed good meet, and mingle with their ancestors of all previous time, and all the friends that preceded them, all recognizing and saluting each other.

But when the wicked die, they are guided to this slippery log, and then abandoned, when they fall into the stream, and, after being whirled about in many directions, they awake and find themselves upon firm ground, but in the midst of sterility, of poverty, and of desolation. All around them are snakes, lizards, frogs, and grasshoppers; and there is no fuel to kindle a fire. This barren land is in full view of the beautiful country, and of all its delights, whilst over it constantly pass the odors of the viands; but from a participation in any thing there, they are for ever debarred.

In this belief Rantchewaime grew up. It was to gain admission into this heaven, and to avoid this place of punishment, she so often went into retirement to pray; and all her virtues and good works, she believed, were put down as so many titles to this beautiful heaven. There can be little doubt, that a mind thus formed, and a conscience thus tender, would, under the guidance of the Christian faith, and the enlightening influence of our most holy religion, have carried their possessor to the highest attainments, and made her a bright and a shining light. It is impossible to contemplate a child of nature so gifted in all that is excellent, without feeling a regret that the principles of a more rational religion had not reached Rantchewaime, and that she had not participated in its enjoyments. But He to whom she has gone will know how to judge her. Certain it is, of those to whom a little has been given, but little will be required; and although Rantchewaime may not have found the heaven she aspired to reach, she has found one far more delightful, and as eternal.



YOUNG MAHASKAH,

AN IOWAY CHIEF

Nº 80

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

YOUNG MAHASKAH.

This is the son of Mahaskah the elder and Rantchewaime. On the death of his father, young Mahaskah took charge of his family. Inheriting by birth the title and prerogatives of chief, it was supposed he would assume the authority of one; but this he refused to do, saying, he would not occupy the place of his father unless called to that station by a majority of his people. This decision being made known to the nation, a general council was called, by which he was elected chief without a dissenting voice. He was then in the twenty-fourth year of his age. The decision of the council being announced to him, he thus addressed it:—"One of my sisters, and other young squaws, have been taught to spin and weave. My father approved this and encouraged it. He also taught the lessons of peace, and counselled me not to go to war, except in my own defence. I have made up my mind to listen always to that talk. I have never shed blood; have never taken a scalp, and never will, unless compelled by bad men, in my own defence, and for the protection of my people. I believe the Great Spirit is always angry with men who shed innocent blood. I will live in peace."

This talk clearly indicated the policy he had resolved to pursue, and, that the force of example might be added to his precept, he immediately engaged in agricultural pursuits. He has now under cultivation about sixteen acres of land, on which he raises corn, pumpkins, beans, squashes, potatoes, &c., all which are well attended, and cultivated with great neatness—the plough being the principal instrument; and this he holds in his own hand. The surplus produce he distributes with great liberality among his people. This, and his father's example, have had a most beneficial effect upon his tribe. Mahaskah not only follows, thus practically, the example set by his father, but he also counsels his people, on all suitable occasions, to abandon war and the chase, and look to the ground for their support. He is, literally, the monarch of his tribe Naucheninga, or No Heart, his father's brother, acts in concert with, and sustains him nobly, in these lessons of industry and peace.

Young Mahaskah considered that great injustice had been done by the United States government to his people, in failing, by a total disregard of the stipulations of the treaty of 1825, to keep off intruders from his lands, and in overlooking the obligations of that treaty in regard to the conduct of the Sauks and Foxes of the Mississippi, who had not only made large sales of the mineral regions about what are called De Buque's mines, without consulting the Ioways, who, by the treaty, are entitled to an equal portion of that country, but who also threatened, in their talks, to advance within the limits of the Grand and Des Moines rivers, and take possession of the country. In view of these things, young Mahaskah called on the United States agent, and made known his grievances. The agent replied, that his will was good to see justice done to the Ioways, but that he had no power to enforce it. Mahaskah resolved to proceed immediately to Washington, and appeal, in person, to his great father, and ask for redress. This intention of the chief was made known to the government. The answer was, in substance, "There is no appropriation to pay his expenses." He then determined to make the visit at his own cost, which he did in the winter of 1836–7, selecting for his companion a notable brave, called the Sioux Killer, whose portrait is given in this work, and of whose life and actions we have something to say. The Ioways engaged the services of Major Joseph V. Hamilton and Major Morgan, and invested them with full power to adjust their difficulties with the government. Major Morgan declined, Major Hamilton consented; when, in company with their long-tried and faithful agent, General Andrew H. Hughes, the party started for Washington.

Mahaskah had indulged the hope that these difficulties might be adjusted at St. Louis, and thereby save the trouble and expense of pursuing his journey to Washington. With this view, he visited the old and constant friend of his people, General William Clark, who received the chief and his party with all the kindness which has so long characterized his intercourse with the Indians of the far West. But he was unable to redress the grievances complained of, and, therefore, declined to interfere in the adjustment of their claims. He, however, gave Mahaskah a letter, which was addressed to Major Hamilton, to be laid before the President, together with a very able petition which had been prepared. The petition was addressed to Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, or his successor; and also to the Congress of the United States; the object being that, if the President had no authority to interfere, Congress might confer it.

The young chief and his party were received with great kindness by the authorities at Washington. He told, in his own simple but eloquent style, the story of his wrongs, and claimed the interposition of the government. He was promised, in reply, that his business should be attended to, and his grievances redressed. Reposing entire confidence in these promises, he was satisfied. A medal was presented to him, and other testimonials of respect shown him. After remaining about ten days, he returned, in February, 1837, to his own country. The portrait before the reader was taken during that visit, by that celebrated artist, King, the same who had taken, previously, a large portion of those which embellish this work.

In person, young Mahaskah is about five feet ten inches high, and so finely proportioned as to be a model, in all respects, of a perfect man. The reader will see, on turning to his portrait, how striking is its resemblance to his father's, and how clearly it indicates the character of the man. Around his neck are seen the same bear's claws which his father had long worn before him.

It happened, when Mahaskah was at Washington, that the agent for this work was there also. He waited on the party, and exhibited the specimen number. As he turned over the leaves bearing the likenesses of many of those Indians of the far West, who were known to the party, Mahaskah would pronounce their names with the same promptness as if the originals had been alive and before him. Among these was the likeness of his father. He looked at it with a composure bordering on indifference. On being asked if he did not know his father, he answered, pointing to the portrait, "That is my father." He was asked if he was not glad to see him. He replied, "It is enough for me to know that my father was a brave man, and had a big heart, and died an honorable death in doing the will of my great father"—referring to the duty he was engaged in, as stated in his father's life, which resulted in his death.

Another leaf being turned over, he said, "That is Shaumonekusse, the Ottoe chief," and added, "he is a brave and sensible man, and I am glad to see him." They had long been friends; in fact, ever since Mahaskah was a boy, they had smoked the calumet together. The portrait of the Eagle of Delight, wife of Shaumonekusse, was then shown to him. "That," said he, "is my mother." The agent assured him he was mistaken. He became indignant, and seemed mortified that his mother, as he believed her to be, should be arranged in the work as the wife of another, and especially of a chief over whom his father had held and exercised authority. The colloquy became interesting, until at last some excitement, on the part of Mahaskah, grew out of it. On hearing it repeated by the agent, that he must be mistaken, Mahaskah turned and looked him in the face, saying, "Did you ever know the child that loved its mother, and had seen her, that forgot the board on which he was strapped, and the back on which he had been carried, or the knee on which he had been nursed, or the breast that had given him life?" So firmly convinced was he that this was the picture of his mother, and so resolved that she should not remain by the side of Shaumonekusse, that he said, "I will not leave this room until my mother's name, Rantchewaime, is marked over the name of Eagle of Delight." The agent for the work complied with his demand, when his agitation, which had become great, subsided, and he appeared contented. Looking once more at the painting, he turned from it, saying, "If it had not been for Waucondamony"—the name he gave the agent for the work, which means Walking God, so called, because he attributed the taking of these likenesses to him—"I would have kissed her; but Waucondamony made me ashamed."

Soon after this interview, the party went to King's gallery, where are copies of many of these likenesses, and among them are both the Eagle of Delight and the Female Flying Pigeon. The moment Mahaskah's eye caught the portrait of the Female Flying Pigeon, he exclaimed, "*That* is my mother! that is her fan! I know her now. I am ashamed again." He immediately asked to have a copy of it, as also of the Eagle of Delight, wife of Shaumonekusse, saying, of this last, "The Ottoe chief will be so glad to see his squaw, and he will give me one hundred horses for it."

It was most natural that Mahaskah should have mistaken the Eagle of Delight for his mother, and no less so, when they were seen together, that he should become convinced of his error. His mother, it will be recollected, was killed when he was only four years old. She and the Eagle of Delight were neighbors and friends, and much together; and were particular in braiding their hair alike, and dressing always after the same fashion, and, generally, in the same kind of material. He knew, moreover, that the Eagle of Delight was of royal birth, and, though a child, he recollected she had a blue spot on her forehead, which is the ensign of royalty In the portrait before him, the colorer had omitted the spot; not seeing this, and seeing the braided hair and the dress, and the strong resemblance to the features of his mother as they remained impressed upon his memory, he was easily deceived. The moment, however, he came into the presence of his mother's likeness, and had both before him, he knew her on whose back he had been carried, the knee on which he had been nursed, and the breast that had given him life; and even the fan in her hand served to recall the mother he had loved, and painfully to remind him of her melancholy death —for he said that she had that same fan in her hand when the horse fell with her. In the other painting before him, he saw the blue spot. He was no longer mistaken, and rejoiced in once more beholding so good a mother. It is scarcely necessary to add, that copies of both were sent to him, and that both he and Shaumonekusse, the husband of the Eagle of Delight, were made happy; the one in receiving back, as from the dead, a mother so beloved—the other, a wife whose loss he deeply deplores.

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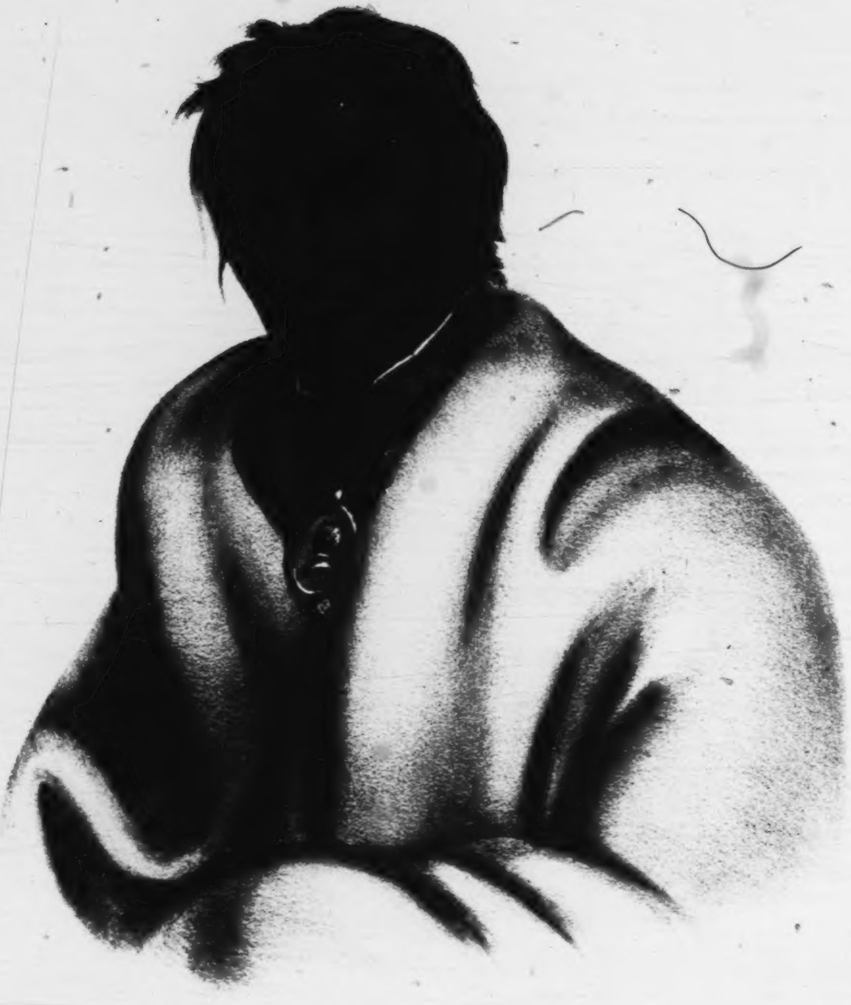


META-KOOSEGA,

A CHIPPEWAY WARRIOR.

N° 51

HILL FECIT [illegible]

METAKOOSEGA.

Metakoosega, or *Pure tobacco*, is one of the *Lac du Flambeau* band, of the Chippeway, or, more properly, Objibway nation, and resides on the borders of Trout Lake. This man was one of a war party, raised in 1824, to go against the Sioux. They descended the Chippeway river to the Mississippi, and unfortunately fell in with a trader named Finley, from Prairie du Chien, whom, together with the crew of his boat, they murdered.

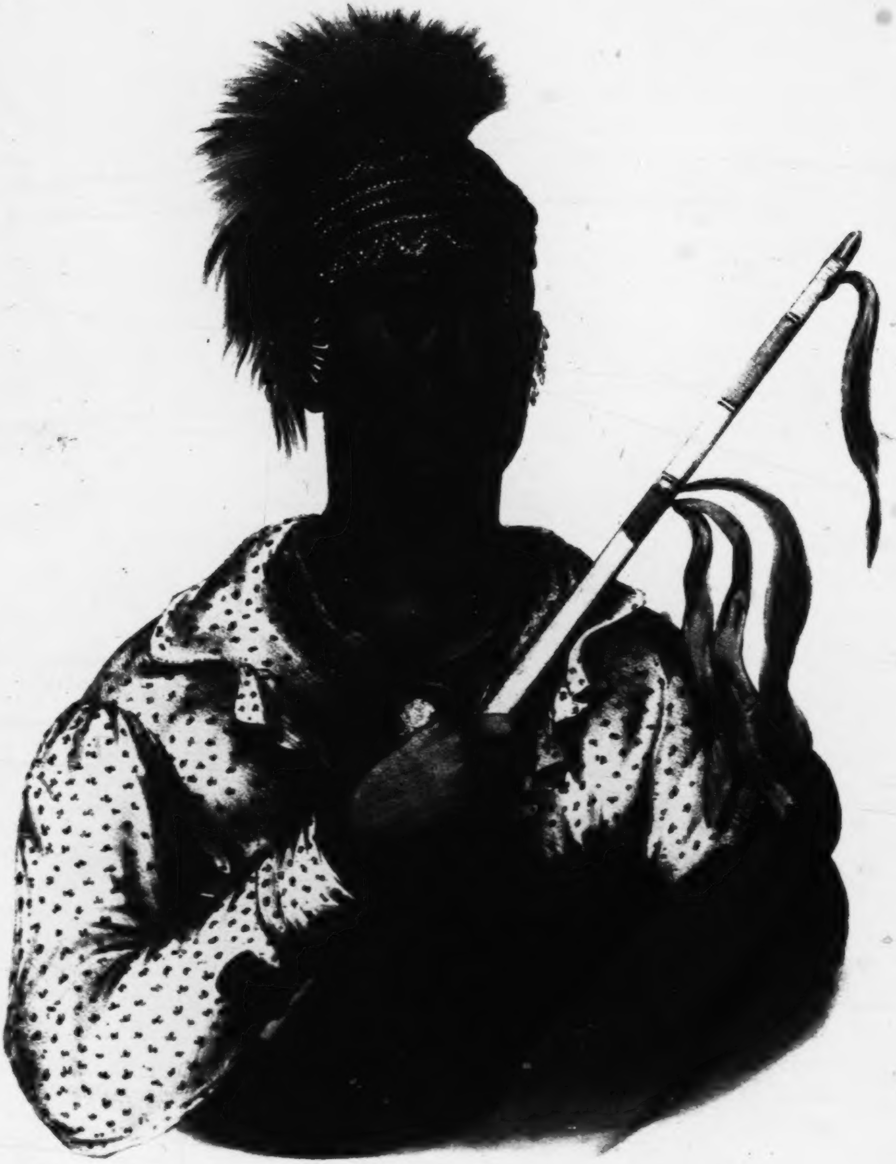
It is provided, by our treaties with the Indian tribes, that, upon the commission of such outrages, the offenders shall be given up by their tribes, to be tried and punished under our laws; and the practice of our government has been, to insist upon a rigid observance of this regulation. When the usual demand was made for the murderers of Finley, twenty-nine of the party voluntarily surrendered themselves to the agent at the Sault de St. Marie. They were examined, seven of them committed for trial, and confined at Mackinaw, and the remainder discharged. At the ensuing term of the court, the judge of the district declined trying the prisoners, in consequence of some objection which had been raised against his jurisdiction: and, during the following winter, they cut their way out of the log jail, and escaped.

In the mission of Governor Cass and Colonel McKenney to the Upper Lakes, in 1826, it was made part of their duty to ascertain and demand the real perpetrators of the aggression on the party of Mr Finley. This has always been a difficult and delicate subject.

in the relations of our government with the Indians, in consequence of the very wide difference between their moral code and our own. They admit the obligation of the *lex talionis* to its fullest extent, but they cannot understand that any other than the injured party has a right to claim the penalty. Had any of the near relatives of Mr. Finley, for instance, gone to the Lac du Flambeau, to revenge themselves upon his murderers, they would have been considered as in the praiseworthy performance of an act of duty, and would have been permitted to put the guilty parties to death, *if they could* —and none would have interfered, either to aid or prevent them. But they view the interference of the government with jealousy; and while, on the one hand, they often refuse obstinately to betray the offender, or shield him by evasion and delay, they as often, on the other, when their fears of the resentment of our government become awakened, deliver up some innocent party, who volunteers his life as a peace-offering, to satisfy what they deem a kind of national thirst for the blood of one of the tribe which has insulted us.

The following extract from Colonel McKenney's account of this transaction will be interesting:—"The council met; when, according to arrangement, I made the demand for the surrender of the murderers. This being done, and there being one Indian present belonging to the Lac du Flambeau band, and who was of the party who committed the murder, he was called up, and formally examined. He is clearly innocent. Indeed his presence here demonstrates that fact. It was in proof, that he dissuaded the murderers from committing the act. We told him, if he had been guilty, we would have taken him with us, and tried him by our laws; and if, on proof, he had turned out to have had a hand in the bloody act, he should have been hanged. During the examination, his brother came up to the table, greatly agitated. He showed great anxiety, and said he knew the murderers had *upbraided* his brother because he would not join them. Another Indian declared *he knew* he was innocent. The governor said, 'Will you put your hand on your breast, and say that in the presence of the Great Spirit?' The moment the interpreter put this question, the Indian looked him full in the face, and answered, '*Am I a dog, that I should lie?*' This reply is somewhat remarkable, not only on account of its resemblance to the scriptural expression—'Is thy servant a dog?' &c.—but because there is hardly any thing on which an Indian sets so high a value as his dog. This is proverbial; yet he is constantly referred to as an object of contempt! Indians never swear—I mean until they learn it of their white brothers—and their most degrading epithet is to call their opponents *dogs*. Here is a strange union of respect and contempt."

Metakoosega was implicated in the murder, but did not surrender himself. He is a tall, well-made man, with a stern countenance; and is a jossekeed, or medicine worker, much respected by his band for his supposed skill in necromancy.



NE-O-MON-NI,

AN IOWAY CHIEF

Nº 82.

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers.

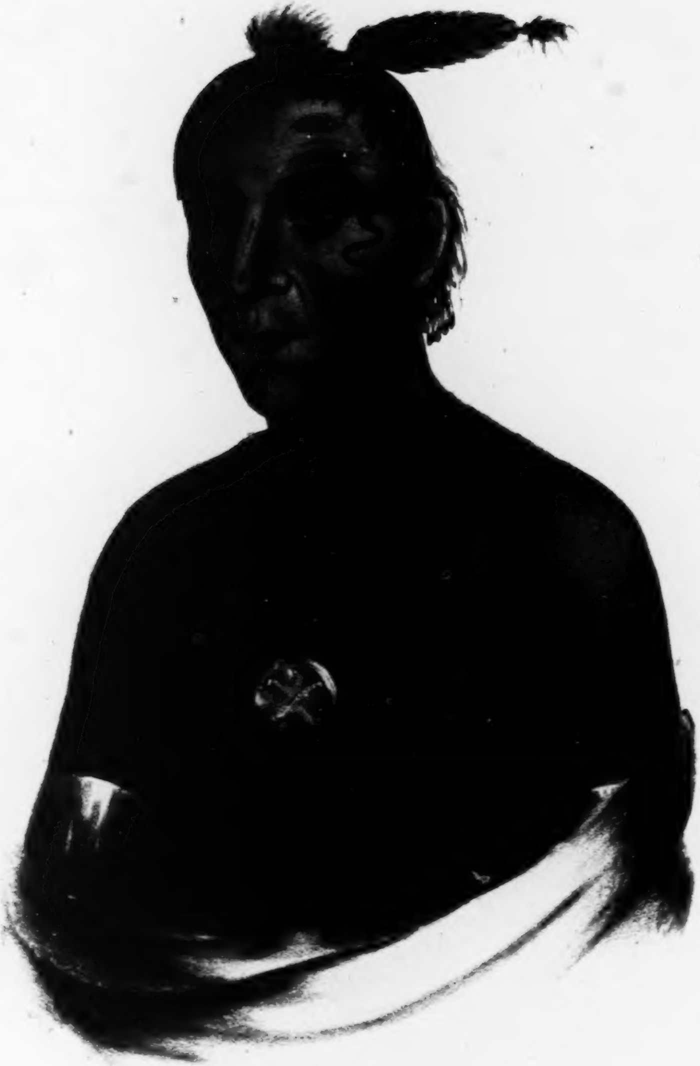
NEOMONNI.

This is the fifth chief, in grade, in the Ioway tribe. In attempting to describe his own age, he said that he was born when his tribe made war, the first time, upon the Osages, and that, he believed, was about forty years ago. This is as near as the Indians usually approach to accuracy in regard to their own ages. He describes himself as having had a pacific disposition in childhood, and as having no desire to kill any thing until he was ten years old. At that time a great flight of wild pigeons covered the country, and he went out with other boys to kill them. Having been employed for some days in this way, he became fond of the sport, and then killed a squirrel. After that his brothers offered him a gun, of which at first he was afraid, but, being induced to receive it, he went out and shot a turkey. He remembers that, while yet a boy, being one day in the village, some warriors returned from an expedition, shouting, and making a great noise. The people collected around them, while the warriors sung and danced, and exhibited the scalps they had taken. His father took him by the hand, and said to him, "Son, listen to me. Look at those scalps, and at those great warriors! This is what I like to see. Observe those braves, and learn to follow their example. Go to war and kill too, and the chiefs will look upon you as a brave man." Such teaching would not be lost upon a boy, and least of all upon the Indian lad, whose first lesson inculcates the shedding of blood, and whose innate destructiveness, practised in the beginning upon the lesser animals, is rapidly developed and improved as his strength increases, by the strongest incentives, until it attains its maximum in the great exploit of manslaughter. He was soon after permitted to accompany a war-party, and, being too young to bear arms, was employed in carrying the cooking utensils and other burdens. It is thus that the Indian boys, like the pages and squires of chivalry, are trained for the business of war. He was in the rear, when an onset was made upon a camp of the Kansas, and, running eagerly forward to indulge his curiosity, witnessed the killing of a woman, struck his knife into the expiring victim, and had the fortune to seize upon two children, who became his prisoners, and were afterwards given up by him to General Clark, the superintendent of Indian affairs, at St. Louis.

When about seventeen, he was at a hunting lodge with a small party, under his uncle, the Hard Heart, who left them, for a short time, to go to procure powder and lead. While lounging about the camp he espied an Omaha, who was peeping at him, and endeavoring at the same time to avoid observation. Neomonni called the stranger to him, and invited him to spend the night at the lodge. The Omaha, who probably could not readily escape, came to them, and they watched him all night. His death was resolved upon, but as the Indian seldom acts except by stratagem, the tragedy was deferred until morning. At the dawn they began to move their camp. While on the march, one of the party shot the Omaha, and Neomonni, after he had fallen, discharged an arrow into his body and scalped him. An old man of the party, whose son had been killed by the Omahas, exclaimed, "Now I'll be captain!" by which he meant, that, having a cause for revenge against the Omahas, he had the best right to take the lead in the savage gratification of exulting over a fallen enemy.

As our readers would not probably be edified by a particular detail of the sanguinary deeds of this chief, we shall not pursue the minute recital with which he was good enough to favor us. However interesting such adventures might be to the spectators of a war-dance, or the grave members of a council, we fear they might not be equally pleasing to civilized ears, and shall, therefore, abridge a narrative which contains but a repetition of such deeds as those already repeated.

The cloud out of which the rain comes—for such is the signification of the compound word Neomonni—is a warrior of repute. In one of his adventures he accompanied the celebrated Otto chief Ietan, to the river Platte; and when shown the portrait of that warrior, in a former number of this work, he immediately recognized his old comrade. In summing up his various exploits, he claims to have taken three scalps of the Kansas, two of the Omahas, one of the Missouris, one of the Sioux, one of the Sauks, and two of the Osages. In the reputable business of horse-stealing he has been engaged thirteen times, and has taken forty horses. On four expeditions he has acted as captain; and he has presented sixty-seven horses and twenty rifles, on different occasions, to individuals or tribes other than his own. These acts of liberality are recounted with much complacency, because, while they show on the one hand a wealth gained by daring and successful stratagem, they evince on the other a generosity, public spirit, and zeal for the honor of the tribe, highly becoming the character of a great chief.



WA - KAWN

A WINNEBAGO CHIEF

N°83

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers.

WAKAWN,

A WINNEBAGO CHIEF.

Wakawn, the Snake, was a war-chief of the Winnebagoes. He was born on St. Mary's river, near Green Bay, in the Michigan territory, and died in 1838, at the age of nearly sixty years. He was of the middle stature, but athletic in form, and was exceeded by none of his nation in ability to endure fatigue. Although his countenance displayed but an ordinary intellect, the expression was mild, and he had an honest eye, such as is not often seen among his people, who are among the most fierce and treacherous of their race. The Snake was a well-disposed man, who maintained a good character through life.

In 1811, and previously to that time, the Winnebagoes, under the influence of the British agents and traders, were unfriendly to the United States, and were actively engaged in the depredations committed upon the frontier settlements. The broad expanse of wilderness which intervened between them and the settlements in Ohio and Indiana, afforded no protection to the latter, whose log cabins were burned and sacked by savages who travelled hundreds of miles to enjoy the gratification of murdering a family, and plundering the wretched homestead of a hunter whose whole wealth consisted in the spoils of the chase. The prospect of a war between Great Britain and the United States, to which they had long been taught to look forward as an event which would give them temporary employment, and great ultimate advantage, stimulated this warlike people into a high state of excitement; and when the Shawanoe Prophet raised his standard, they were among the first of the deluded band who rallied around it. Wakawn and some of his people formed a part of the motley assemblage collected at the Prophet's town in the autumn of 1811, and against whom was directed the campaign of General Harrison, which eventuated so honorably to the American arms, and to the personal fame of that distinguished leader. Wakawn was in the battle of Tippecanoe, where he was slightly wounded, and is said to have borne himself bravely on that occasion. He was occasionally on the war-path during the remainder of the war, at the close of which he buried the hatchet, and has since been uniformly friendly to the American people.

Since the establishment of friendly relations between his nation and the United States, the Snake has been conspicuous for his faithful observance of the existing treaties; and after the several cessions of lands made by the Winnebagoes to the American government, he always led the way in abandoning the ceded territories, while a majority of the tribe were disposed to rescind the contract. In the late removal of his people to the west of the Mississippi, he was the first Winnebago, of any note, who crossed the river, when a great portion of the nation, including most of the influential men, were inclined to remain upon the lands they had sold to the United States. The readiness with which the Indians sell their titles to large tracts of country, contrasted with their subsequent reluctance to deliver the possession, may be attributed in part to the fickleness of the savage character, in which notions of property, of obligation, or of abstract right are but feebly developed, if indeed they can be said to have palpable existence. But the immediate causes of those breaches of faith may be usually traced to the intrigues of unprincipled traders, who seek pecuniary profit in fomenting dissension. The refusal of an Indian nation to comply with its engagements, affords an occasion for a new treaty, attended with all the parade and expenditure of the original convention, with new stipulations, additional presents, and increased disbursements of money for various purposes, all which afford opportunities for peculation to those rapacious men. No subject has been more greatly misunderstood, or has afforded a more prolific theme for vituperation towards the American government and people, than the oppression supposed to have been exercised in removing Indians from their ceded lands, and which has been inferred from their reluctance to abandon them; when, in fact, the only fault on the part of the government is, that in effecting a laudable object, and with humane intentions towards the Indian, they have unwisely adopted a system which is liable to gross abuses.

In 1834, the government established at Prairie du Chien, a school and farm for the instruction of the Winnebagoes, under the direction of the Rev. David Lowry, who engaged assiduously in the duty of instructing that tribe in the rudiments of an English education, as well as in the labors of agriculture, combining with these, such religious information as his opportunities enabled him to inculcate. The Snake was the first of the chief men to appreciate the value of this establishment; he applied himself to the study of husbandry, and placed his family under the tuition of Mr. Lowry. His example was the more valuable, as the Indians generally are opposed to all such innovations; and the Winnebagoes were obstinately hostile to the efforts made to induce them to adopt the habits of civilized life. The decision of Wakawn, and the zeal with which he advocated the benevolent views of the government, brought him into collision with the other chiefs, who viewed his predilection for the knowledge and habits of the white men, as an alien and degenerate partiality, inconsistent with the duty which he owed to his own race; and on one occasion he defended his opinions at the risk of his life.

Notwithstanding the disgrace attached to the practice of manual labor among the Indian braves, the Snake often threw aside his blanket, and joined his wife in her rude but persevering attempts to support the family by tilling the soil. The fertile prairies of Wisconsin, where the soil has never been exhausted by culture, yields abundant returns, and he soon became convinced that he could more easily obtain a livelihood in this manner, than by the fatiguing and precarious labors of the chase. But when urged by the Superintendent of the school to give the full weight of his character and influence to the proposed reformation, by laying aside the character of the brave, and adopting entirely the habits of the civilized man, he replied that he was too old—that the Indians who had been reared in the free and roving pursuits of savage life, could not abandon them, but that their children might; and while he declined doing what would be a violence to his own nature, he strongly advocated the employment of means to civilize the youth of his nation.

The difficulty of changing the habits of a people was exemplified in an amusing manner, in the family of this chief. At his own request a log-house, such as constitutes the dwelling of the American farmer in the newly settled parts of the country, was erected for him, at the expense of the government, under the expectation that, by giving his family a permanent residence, one step would be taken towards their civilization. The house was arranged in the ordinary way, with a chimney and fire-place; the operations of cooking were commenced in due form, at the fire-place, and the family assembled round the hearth, pleased and amused, no doubt, with this new form of social economy. But it was not long before the newly adopted contrivance was abandoned—the floor was removed, and a fire kindled in the centre of the house—the family gathered in a circle about it—a hole was cut in the roof for the smoke to pass through—and the mansion of the Snake family became once more, thoroughly and completely, an Indian lodge.

Nor could Wakawn himself resolve to abandon the superstitions of his race; while he recommended civilization to others, he clung to the customs of his forefathers. Believing in the existence, and the superiority of the true God, he could not sever the tie that bound him to the ideal deities of his people. He continued to join his tribe in their religious feasts and dances, and usually presided at the exercises. He probably had the faculty of veneration strongly developed, for his grave and solemn demeanor, on such occasions, is said to have rendered them interesting, and to have given an imposing effect to the ceremonies.

Unfortunately this respectable chief, who possessed so many estimable qualities, and so just a sense of the true interests of his people, was subject to the weakness which has proved most fatal to them. He was addicted to intoxication; and unhappily there is nothing in the religion or the ethics of the savage, nothing in their public opinion or the economy of their domestic life, to impose a restraint upon this vice. When a fondness for ardent spirits is contracted, it is usually indulged, with scarcely any discredit to the individual, and without a limit, except that imposed by the want of means to gratify this insatiable appetite. Wakawn lived in the neighborhood of Prairie du Chien, where the temptation was continually before him, and where ardent spirits were easily procured; and he was often drunk. This vice was the cause of his death. In November, 1838, after receiving their annuities from the United States, the Winnebagoes indulged themselves in a grand debauch, a kind of national *spree*, in which all engaged, without distinction of age, sex, or condition; and scenes of drunkenness, of violence, and of disgusting indecency were exhibited, such as had never before been witnessed among this people. Wakawn indulged freely, and becoming entirely helpless, wandered off, and threw himself on the ground, where he slept without any protection from the weather, during the whole of a very cold night. The next day he was attacked with a pleurisy, which soon terminated his existence.

The Snake was buried according to the Indian customs. A pipe, and several other articles of small value were deposited with his remains in the grave. As those had been intended for the use of the spirit, in the happy hunting-grounds of the blessed, his wife was desirous of adding some other articles, and brought them to the place of interment, but they were claimed by a rapacious chief. in remuneration of his services in doing honor to the deceased, and actually carried away. Previous to filling up the grave, the family and relations of Wakawn stepped across it, uttering loud lamentations, and then, after marching from it, in single file, for several hundred yards, returned by a circuitous route to their several lodges. This custom, which the Winnebagoes usually pursue, is practised from a regard for the living, and is supposed to be efficacious in diverting the hand of death from the family of the deceased.

The grave of this chief is often visited by convivial parties of his friends, who gather around it and pour whisky on the ground, for the benefit of the departed spirit, which is supposed to return and mingle in their orgies. It would not be difficult to point out, in the bacchanalian lyrics of the most refined nations, some ideas more absurd and less poetical than this.

The wife of this chief still survives, and is a pattern to her nation, in point of morality and industry. She had the sagacity to see the advantages which civilization offered to her sex, and became an early advocate for extending its benefits to her children. She has uniformly resisted the temptation to which most of the Indian women yield, and has never been known to taste whisky. Always industrious, she contributed largely to the support of her family, during her husband's life, by cultivating the soil, and since his decease has maintained them decently by the same means Shortly after she became a widow, a brother of her late husband offered to marry her, in conformity with a custom of the tribe. but she declined the proposal.

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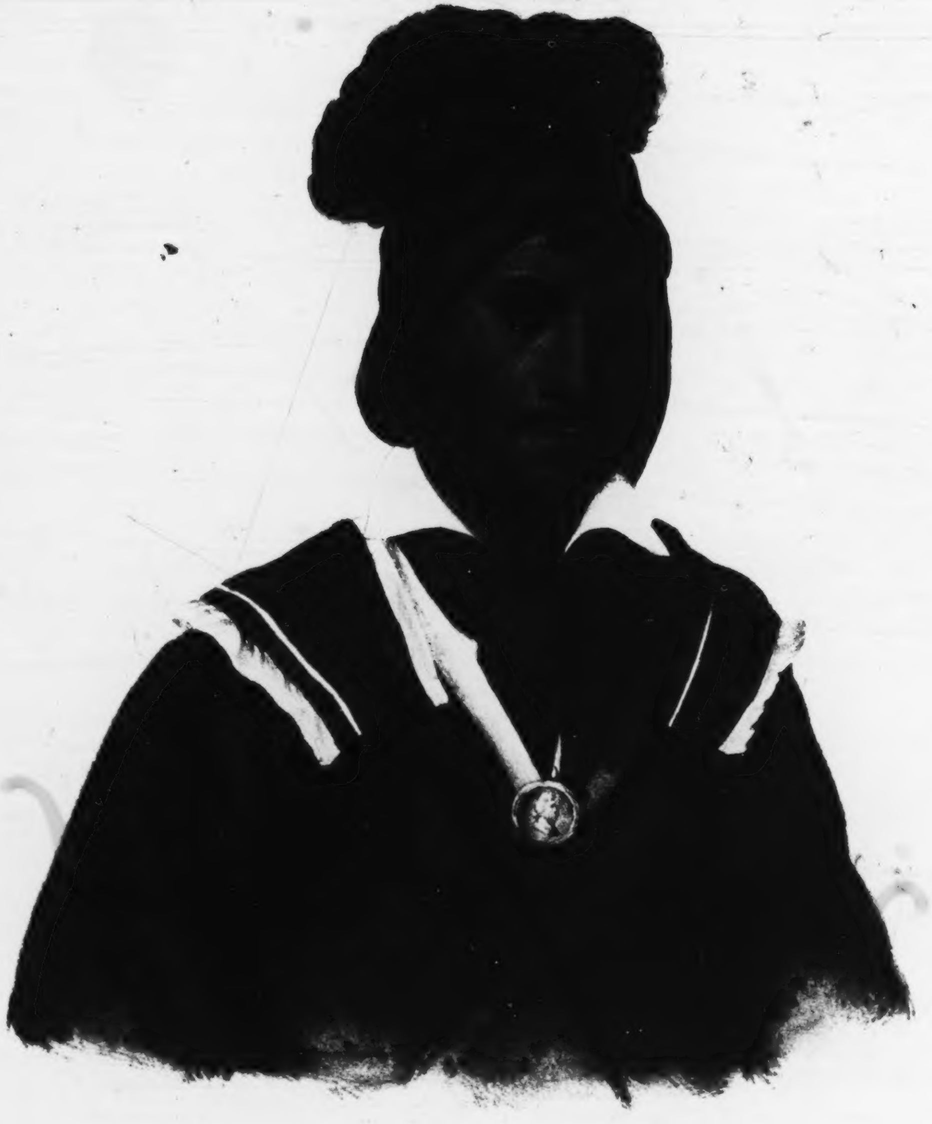


FOKE-LUSTE-HAJO,

A SEMINOLE CHIEF.

N°84

RICE, RUTTER & CO. Publishers

FOKE LUSTE HAJO.

This distinguished individual was at one time the principal war chief of the Seminoles, but being friendly to the United States, was superseded in that post by Holato Mico, the Blue King. His name, Foke Luste Hajo, signifies *black craggy clay*, but he is usually called Black Dirt, an epithet which seems to have no reference to his character, for he is described as a brave and high-minded man, of more than ordinary abilities.

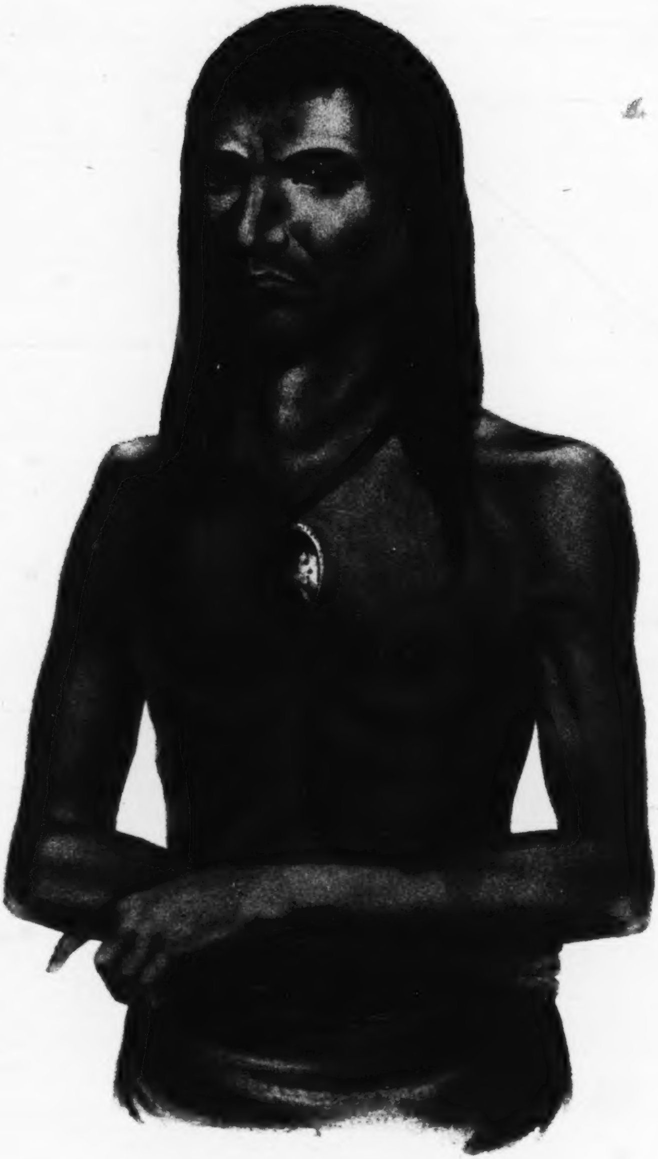
He was one of the chiefs who assisted at the council of Payne's Landing, and assented to the celebrated treaty of which the results have been so disastrous to the country, and so ruinous to the Seminoles; and he was one of the seven who were appointed to visit and explore the country offered to his people for their future residence. His associates were Holata Amathla, Jumper, Charley Amathla, Coa Hajo, Arpiucki, and Yaha Hajo. Having examined and approved the country, the delegation proceeded to ratify the treaty of Payne's Landing, at Fort Gibson, on the 28th of March, 1833. This was one of the several fatal mistakes committed in the course of this unfortunate negotiation; for the chiefs were only deputed to examine the country, and should have reported the result of their inquiries to a council of the nation, who alone were competent to ratify the treaty. Colonel Gadsden, the commissioner who negotiated the treaty, in a letter to the Secretary of War, says: "There is a condition prefixed to the agreement, without assenting to which, the Florida Indians *most positively refused* to negotiate for their removal west of the Mississippi. Even with the condition annexed, there was a reluctance—which with some difficulty was overcome—on the part of the Indians, to bind themselves by *any* stipulations before a knowledge of the facts and circumstances would enable them to judge of the advantages or disadvantages of the disposition the government of the United States wished to make of them. They were finally induced, however, tc assent to the agreement."

The same gentleman remarks further: "The payment for property alleged to have been plundered, was the subject most pressed by the Indians, and in yielding to their wishes on this head, a limitation has been fixed in a sum, which I think, however, will probably cover all demands which can be satisfactorily proved. Many of the claims are for negroes, said to have been enticed away from their owners, during the protracted Indian disturbances, of which Florida has been for years the theatre. The Indians allege that the depredations have been mutual, that they have suffered in the same degree, and that most of the property claimed, was taken as reprisal for property of equal value lost by them. They could not, therefore, yield to the justice of restitution solely on their part; and probably there was no better mode of terminating the difficulty than by that provided for in the treaty now concluded. The final ratification of the treaty will depend upon the opinion of the seven chiefs selected to explore the country west of the Mississippi river. If that corresponds with the description given, or is equal to the expectations formed of it, there will be no difficulty on the part of the Seminoles."

The mistake made by the agents of our government, in accepting the ratification of an important treaty, by a few chiefs, instead of requiring the action of the whole Seminole nation, properly convened in council, was a fatal one for the country.

We have stated, in another place, the conduct of this chief at the council held on the 23d of April, 1835, where he boldly and eloquently advocated the treaty of Payne's Landing. We find him also assisting at a council on the 19th of August, in the same year and still adhering firmly to the pacific policy which he had, from the first, embraced.

At the close of the year 1835, a general council of the Seminoles was held, at which they resolved to retain possession of their country at all hazards, and condemned all who opposed their views to death. This was in effect a declaration of war; and all who had taken sides with the United States were admonished by it to seek safety in flight. Accordingly, Holata Amathla, Otulke Amathla, Foke Luste Hajo, Conhatkee Mico, Foshutchee Mico, and about four hundred and fifty of their followers, fled to Fort Brook, and encamped under the protection of its guns. Since that time this chief has remained with our troops, using his best efforts to put an end to this unhappy war, which is rapidly wasting away the strength of the Seminoles, while to the American army it has been a field of gallant and untiring effort, filled with daring and brilliant events, but equally fraught with disaster and fruitless of good results.



WA-BISH-KEE-PE-NAS,

A CHIPPEWA

Nº 85

RICE, RUTTER & Cº Publishers

WABISHKEEPENAS.

This portrait is not embraced in the gallery at Washington, but, being authentic, is added to our collection, in consideration of the interesting illustration which it affords of a remarkable, though not unusual, feature in the Indian character.

During the visit of Governor Cass and Colonel McKenney, at Fond du Lac Superior, in 1826, they met with this individual, who was pining in wretchedness and despondency under the influence of a superstition, which had rendered him an object of contempt in the eyes of his tribe. "An Indian opened the door of my room today," says Colonel McKenney, in his journal, "and came in, under circumstances so peculiar, with a countenance so pensive, and a manner so flurried, as to lead me to call the interpreter. Before the interpreter came in, he went out with a quick but feeble step, looking as if he had been deserted by every friend he ever had. I directed the interpreter to follow him, and ascertain what he wanted, and the cause of his distressed appearance. I could not get the countenance of this Indian out of my mind, nor his impoverished and forlorn looks."

It seems that, in 1820, when Governor Cass and Mr. Schoolcraft made a tour of the upper lakes, they were desirous of visiting the celebrated copper rock, a mass of pure copper of several tons weight, which was said to exist in that region, but found some difficulty in procuring a guide, in consequence of the unwillingness of the

Indians to conduct strangers to a spot which they considered sacred. The copper rock was one of their *manitos*—it was a spirit, a holy thing, or a something which, in some way, controlled their destiny—for their superstitions are so indistinct that it is, in most cases, impossible to understand or describe them. The White Pigeon was prevailed upon to become their guide, but lost his way, to the great disappointment of the travellers, who were anxious to inspect a natural curiosity, the character of which was supposed to have been mistaken, if, indeed, its existence was not wholly fabulous. How it happened that an Indian of that region failed to find a spot so well known to his tribe, is not explained. The way might have been difficult, or the guide confused by the consciousness that he had undertaken an office that his people disapproved. The band, however, attributed his failure to the agency of the manito, who, according to their belief, guards the rock, and who, to protect it from the profanation of the white man's presence, had interposed and shut the path. Under the impression that he had offended the Great Spirit, he was cast off by the tribe, but would probably have soon been restored to favor, had not further indications of the displeasure of the Deity rendered too certain that the crime of this unhappy man was one of the deepest dye. A series of bad luck attended his labors in the chase. The game of the forest avoided him; his weapons failed to perform their fatal office; and the conviction became settled that he was a doomed man. Deserted by his tribe, and satisfied in his own mind that his good spirit had forsaken him, he wandered about the forest a disconsolate wretch, deriving a miserable subsistence from the roots and wild fruit of that sterile region. Bereft of his usual activity and courage, destitute of confidence and self-respect, he seemed to have scarcely retained the desire or ability to provide himself with food from day to day.

The American Commissioners, on hearing the story of the White

Pigeon's fault and misfortunes, became interested in his fate. They determined to restore him to the standing from which he had fallen, and, having loaded him with presents, convinced both himself and his tribe that his offence was forgiven him, and his luck changed Governor Cass afterwards procured a better guide, and succeeded in finding the copper rock, which is really a curiosity, as will be seen on reference to our life of Shingaba W'Ossin.

Another incident, which occurred at Fond du Lac, may be mentioned, as exemplifying the superstitions of this race. An Indian, having killed a moose deer, brought it to the trading post for sale. It was remarkably large, and Mr. Morrison, one of the agents, was desirous to preserve the skin as a specimen. For this purpose, a frame was prepared, and the skin, properly stuffed, was stretched and supported so as to represent the living deer in a standing posture. About this time, the Indians were unsuccessful in taking moose, but were wholly ignorant of the cause of their ill fortune, until one of them, happening to visit the post, espied the stuffed deer, and reported what he had seen to his companions. The band agreed at once that their want of success was attributable to the indignity which had been offered to the deceased deer, whose spirit had evinced its displeasure by prevailing on its living kindred not to be taken by men who would impiously stuff their hides. Their first business was to appease the anger of this sensitive spirit. They assembled at the post, and with respectful gravity marched into the presence of the stuffed moose. They seated themselves around it, lighted their pipes, and began to smoke. The spirit of the deer was addressed by an orator, who assured it that the tribe was innocent of the liberty which had been taken with its carcass, and begged forgiveness. In token of their sincerity, the pipes were placed in the deer's mouth, that it might smoke too; and they separated at last, satisfied that they had done all that a reasonable spirit of a moose deer could ask, and fully assured that its anger was appeased. But they were not willing that the exhibition should be continued. Mr. Morrison, to pacify them, took down the effigy, and when they saw the horns unshipped, the straw withdrawn, the frame broken, and the hide hung on a peg, as hides are wont to be hung, they were satisfied that all was right.

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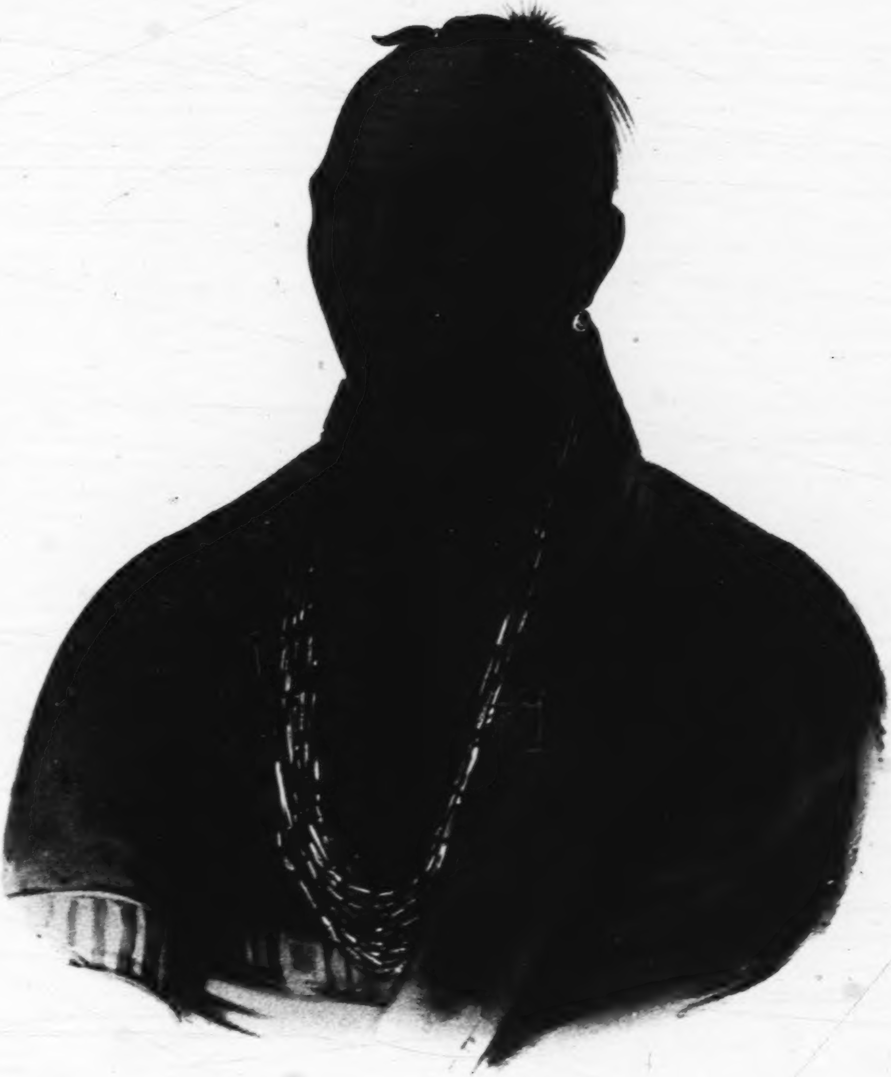

THAYENDANEGEA,

GREAT CAPTAIN OF THE SIX NATIONS

N 26

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THAYENDANEGEA.

THERE are few names in Indian history so conspicuous as that of Thayendanegea, or, as he was more commonly called, Joseph Brant. He was for many years the scourge of the frontier settlements of New York and Pennsylvania, whose inhabitants associated with him, in their excited imaginations, all that was fierce and relentless in the savage character. That they had ample reasons for the dread and hatred connected with his name, is but too well attested by the many deeds of rapine and slaughter which stand inseparably united with it upon the pages of history; and notwithstanding the able and benevolent attempt which has recently been made to erase those stains from his memory, it will be difficult for any American ever to look back upon the sanguinary catalogue of his military achievements without a shudder. In the hasty sketch that we shall give, we shall avail ourselves freely of the valuable labors of Mr. Stone, whose voluminous life of that chief, recently published, contains all the facts which are necessary for our purpose, and to whose kindness we are indebted for the use of the admirable portrait from which our engraving was taken. But while we compile the facts from that authentic source, and make the due acknowledgment, candor requires us to say that, differing materially from that ingenious writer, in our estimate of the character of his hero, we must be held solely responsible for so much of this sketch as is merely matter of opinion.

The parents of Brant were Mohawks, residing at the Canajoharie castle, in New York; but he is said to have been born on the banks of the Ohio, in 1742, during an excursion of his parents to that region. He was not a chief by birth, although his family seems to have been one of some consideration; and it is affirmed that he was the grandson of one of the five chiefs who visited England, in 1710, during the reign of Queen Anne.

In his youth, Brant became a favorite and protege of Sir William Johnson, the most celebrated of all the agents employed by the British government in the management of their Indian affairs; and who, by his talents, his conciliatory manners, and his liberality, enjoyed an unbounded popularity among the native tribes. A well-known circumstance, in the history of this gentleman, is thus related by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in her very agreeable "Memoirs of an American Lady." "Becoming a widower in the prime of life, he connected himself with an Indian maiden, daughter to a sachem, who possessed an uncommonly agreeable person, and good understanding; and whether ever formally married to him according to our usage or not, continued to live with him in great union and affection all his life." Mary Brant, or, as she was called, *Miss Molly*, was the person here alluded to. She was the sister of the subject of this notice, and to that union he owed the patronage of Sir William Johnson, and the favor of the British government, which placed him in the road to promotion. The successful manner in which he availed himself of these advantages is attributable to his own abilities.

At the age of thirteen, he is said to have been present with Sir William Johnson at the battle of Lake George, in which the French were defeated, and their commander, the Baron Dieskau, mortally wounded. He served under Sir William Johnson in 1756, and again in 1759, when that commander gained a high reputation by a brilliant campaign.

Among the facts most honorable to the memory of Sir William Johnson, was the attention which, at that early day, he paid to the moral improvement of the Mohawks. The political agents of European governments have seldom concerned themselves further in the affairs of the Indians than to use them in war, or make them a source of profit. Sir William selected a number of Mohawk youths, and sent them to an Indian missionary school, which was established at Lebanon, in Connecticut, under the direction of the Rev. Doctor E. Wheelock, afterwards President of Dartmouth College, which grew out of this small foundation. Thayendanegea, the promising brother of *Miss Molly*, was one of the lads thus selected, and the only one who is known to have derived any benefit from the discipline of the school-room, except Samson Occum, who became a preacher and an author. The date of this transaction is not known, but it is supposed, with reason, to have immediately ensued the campaign of 1759. One of these lads, being directed by Dr. Wheelock's son to saddle his horse, refused, on the ground that he was a gentleman's son, and not obliged to do a menial office. "Do you know what a gentleman is?" inquired young Wheelock. "I do," replied the aboriginal youngster; "a gentleman is a person who keeps race-horses, and drinks Madeira wine, which neither you nor your father do—therefore saddle the horse yourself."

The education of Brant must have been quite limited, for, in 1762, we find him employed as an interpreter, in the service of Mr. Smith, a missionary, who visited the Mohawks in that year; and a war breaking out shortly after, he engaged eagerly in a pursuit more consonant to his taste and early habits. He probably served one campaign, and returned in 1764. In the following year, he was living at Canajoharie, having previously married the daughter of an Oneida chief, and here he remained peaceably for three years. "He now lives in a decent manner," said a writer of that day, "and endeavors to teach his poor brethren the things of God, in which his own heart seems much engaged. His house is an asylum for the missionaries in that wilderness." Being frequently engaged as an interpreter by the missionaries, his opportunities for acquiring religious instruction were considerable, and he is supposed to have assisted Dr. Barclay, in 1769, in revising the Mohawk Prayer Book. About the year 1771, he was frequently employed by Sir William Johnson both at home and upon various distant missions. He also assisted Dr. Stewart in translating the Acts of the Apostles into the Mohawk tongue.

In 1772 or 3, Thayendanegea became the subject of serious religious impressions. He attached himself to the church, and was a regular communicant; and from his serious deportment, and the great anxiety he manifested for the introduction of Christianity among his people, hopes were entertained that he would become a powerful auxiliary in that cause. In a brief space, those impressions were erased, and Brant resumed the trade of war, with all its savage horrors, with the same avidity with which the half-tamed wolf returns to his banquet of blood.

Sir William Johnson died in 1774, when the storm of the American Revolution was lowering in the political horizon, and on the eve of bursting. He was succeeded in his title and estates by his son, Sir John Johnson, and in his official authority, as superintendent of the Indian department, by his son-in-law, Colonel Guy Johnson neither of whom inherited his talents, his virtues, or his popularity. They continued, however, with the aid of Brant and "Miss Molly," who was a woman of decided abilities, to sway a considerable influence over the Six Nations, and in connection with Colonel John Butler, and his son Colonel Walter N. Butler, became leaders in some of the darkest scenes of that memorable epoch.

We are not permitted to enter minutely upon the complicated intrigues of these individuals, nor to detail the atrocities committed under their auspices. Through their active agency, the Indians, within the sphere of their influence, were not only alienated from the American people, but brought forward as active parties in the war. The American Congress, and the authorities of New York, endeavored in vain to dissuade the Johnsons from enlisting the Indians in this unhappy contest; but they persisted, with a full knowledge of the horrors attendant on the warfare of savages; and it is now ascertained that Sir Guy Carleton gave the sanction of his great and worthy name to this unnatural and dishonorable form of hostility. The consequence was that the Indians were turned loose upon the frontiers, and that a war of the most cruel and exterminating character ensued between those who had once been neighbors.

These outrages were the more to be deplored, as they might, to a great degree, have been prevented. The American Revolution was not a sudden ebullition of popular fury, nor were the leaders mere adventurers, reckless of consequences. It resulted from the deliberate resolves of a whole people, seeking the redress of grievances, and who desired to purchase political freedom with the smallest possible expenditure of human life. It was directed throughout by men of the highest character for talents and moral worth—men who risked every thing in the contest, and who had too much reputation at stake to be careless of public opinion. They knew that a civil war, under the best auspices, is usually fruitful of scenes of private revenge and vindictive outrage; and from the first they endeavored, by their counsels and example, to exclude from this conflict all unnecessary violence, and to give it a tone of magnanimity and forbearance Especially did they deprecate the employment of the savage tribes, whose known rule of warfare is extermination, without regard to age or sex—who acknowledge none of those humane regulations which, in modern times, have disarmed war of many of its horrors; and who, having no interest in the event of this contest, would only increase the effusion of blood without strengthening the hands or gaining the friendship of either party While, therefore, they declined the assistance of the Indians, they earnestly besought the British authorities to pursue a similar policy. It was greatly to be deplored that other counsels prevailed The British officers, in the zeal of their loyalty, and from contempt for those whom they considered as traitors, were by no means choice in the measures they adopted to suppress the rebellion; and not being inhabitants of the colonies, having neither property nor families exposed to violence, they did not feel the same personal interest which the colonists felt in the prevention of lawless outrage.

About the year 1776, Thayendanegea became the principal war chief of the confederacy of the Six Nations—it being an ancient usage to confer that station upon a Mohawk. He had not, at that time, greatly distinguished himself as a warrior, and we are at a loss to account for his sudden elevation, unless we suppose that he owed it, in some degree at least, to the patronage of the Johnsons, and to the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. It was deemed important by the British to secure the alliance of the Six Nations. Little Abraham, the chief of the Mohawks, was friendly to the colonists; other of the older warriors may have felt the same predilection, while Brant, whose ambition was equal to his ability and address, may have been less scrupulous in regard to the service that would be expected from the partisan who should lead the Indian forces. With the office of leader, he acquired the title of "Captain Brant," by which he was afterwards known.

Mr. Stone, in his "Life of Brant," remarks, in reference to this appointment: "For the prosecution of a border warfare, the officers of the crown could scarcely have engaged a more valuable auxiliary. Distinguished alike for his address, his activity, and his courage; possessing, in point of stature and symmetry of person, the advantage of most men even among his own well-formed race—tall, erect, and majestic, with the air and mien of one born to command—having, as it were, been a man of war from his boyhood—his name was a tower of strength among the warriors of the wilderness. Still more extensive was his influence rendered, by the circumstance that he had been much employed in the civil service of the Indian department, under Sir William Johnson, by whom he was often deputed upon embassies among the tribes of the confederacy, and to those yet more distant, upon the great lakes and rivers of the north-west, by reason of which his knowledge of the whole country and people was accurate and extensive."

Immediately after receiving this appointment, Brant made his first voyage to England; and his biographer suggests that this visit may have resulted from a hesitation, on the part of the chief, in regard to committing himself in the war with the colonies. A portion of the confederacy inclined to the colonial side of the controversy; others were disposed to be neutral. Brant and some of his friends favored the British, while some brilliant successes, recently gained by the Americans, "presented another view of the case, which was certainly entitled to grave consideration." By making the voyage, he gained time, and was enabled to observe for himself the evidences of the power and resources of the king, and to judge how far it would be wise to embark his own fortunes on the side of his ancient ally. He was well received in England, and admitted to the best society. Having associated with educated men all his life, and having naturally an easy and graceful carriage, it is probable that his manners and conversation entitled him to be thus received; and as he was an "Indian King," he was too valuable an ally to be neglected. Among those who took a fancy to him was Boswell, "and an intimacy seems to have existed between him and the Mohawk chief, since the latter sat for his picture at the request of this most amiable of egotists." We can imagine that a shrewd Indian chief would have been a rare lion for Boswell. He also sat to Romney for a portrait for the Earl of Warwick.

After a short visit, during which he received the hospitality of many of the nobility and gentry, and was much caressed at court, he returned to America, confirmed in his predilection for the royal cause, and determined to take up the hatchet against the Americans, agreeably to the stipulations of a treaty which he had made with Sir Guy Carleton. He landed privately somewhere in the neighborhood of New York, and pursued his journey alone and secretly through the woods to Canada, crossing the whole breadth of the

State of New York, by a route which could not have embraced a shorter distance than three hundred miles.

The determination of the Mohawk chief to take up arms caused great regret in the neighboring colonies, where every exertion had been made to induce the Six Nations to remain neutral; and many influential individuals continued to the last to use their personal efforts to effect that desirable object. Among others, President Wheelock interfered, and wrote a long epistle to his former pupil, in which he urged upon him, as a man and a Christian, the various considerations that should induce him to stand aloof from this contest between the king and his subjects. "Brant"—we quote again from Mr. Stone—"replied very ingeniously. Among other things, he referred to his former residence with the doctor—recalled the happy hours he had spent under his roof—and referred especially to his prayers, and the family devotions to which he had listened. He said he could never forget those prayers; and one passage in particular was so often repeated, that it could never be effaced from his mind. It was among other of his good preceptor's petitions, 'that they might be able to live as *good subjects*—to fear God, and *honor the King*'"

The first occasion on which we find Brant conspicuously mentioned as a commander, is at "the Cedars," a post held by Colonel Bedell, with three hundred and ninety provincials, which was assailed by Captain Forster, with six hundred British troops and Indians, the latter led by Brant. The American commander could easily have defended his position, but was intimidated by a threat from the enemy, "that, should the siege continue, and any of the Indians be slain, it would be impossible, in the event of a surrender, for the British commander to prevent a general massacre;" and were induced, by "these deceptive and unjustifiable means," as they are correctly termed by General Washington, to surrender. Brant is praised by his biographer for having exerted himself, after the surrender, to prevent the massacre of the prisoners, and particularly for rescuing from torture Captain John McKinstry, whom the Indians were preparing to burn. We confess that we see nothing to approve in the whole transaction. The British and Indian commanders were both bound by the capitulation to protect the prisoners—they were bound by the plainest dictates of humanity, as well as by the code of military honor—and we cannot afford to praise men for doing merely a duty, the neglect of which would have covered them with infamy. The allegation that the Indians could not be controlled, which we find repeated on many occasions, was well characterized, by the pure and high-minded Washington, as "deceptive," for there are no troops whose leaders exercise over them a more absolute control. But there can be no apology offered for the employment of savages who could not be restrained from the murder of prisoners; and Sir Guy Carleton, in using this species of force, has left an indelible blot on his name. Nor can we excuse Brant for deliberately engaging in such a warfare. He had received the education of a civilized man, had read the Scriptures, and professed to be a disciple of Christ, and he knew that the atrocities practised by the Indians were unjustifiable. The Mohawks had no interest in this quarrel; it was wholly indifferent to them whether the government should be royal or republican; and they engaged in it as mercenaries, employed by a distant government to fight against their own neighbors. The principle involved was beyond their comprehension: Brant might have had some idea of it, but if he had any actual knowledge on the subject, he must have known that neither party acknowledged the Indians as having any rights at stake. They could have had no inducement to take either side but the lust for blood and plunder. We must clearly, therefore, draw a broad line of distinction between such men as Philip, Pontiac, and Tecumthe, who fought in defence of their native soil, animated by a high-toned patriotism, and Thayendanegea, who was hired to fight in a quarrel in which he had no interest

Among the various efforts made to induce the Indians to remain neutral, and to soften the horrors of this war, by excluding the dreadful agency of the tomahawk and fire-brand, was a conference with Brant, sought by General Herkimer. The latter was a substantial citizen, residing on the Mohawk river, near the Little Falls, and in that part of the country most exposed to the incursions of the Six Nations. He was a man of sagacity and courage, whose abilities had recommended him to his countrymen as a leader in their border wars; and having taken up arms in the sacred cause of liberty, and in defence of the firesides of his neighbors, he was chosen a general officer. He had been the friend and neighbor of Brant, and now sought a meeting with that chief for the purpose of using his personal influence to detach him from the war; or perhaps to drive him from the equivocal position he then occupied, by bringing out his real views, so that he might be trusted as a friend or treated as an enemy.

They met near Unadilla. The parties were encamped two miles apart, and about midway between them a temporary shed was erected, sufficiently large to shelter two hundred persons. It was stipulated that their arms were to be left at their respective encampments. Here they met, each attended by a few followers, and a long conversation ensued, in the course of which Brant became offended at some remark that was made, "and by a signal to the warriors attending him at a short distance, they ran back to their encampment, and soon afterwards appeared again with their rifles, several of which were discharged, while the shrill war-whoop rang through the forest." What means were used by Herkimer to counteract this treachery, we are not told; but it appears that the parties separated without bloodshed.

A singular version is given of the meeting between these leaders, which occurred on the following morning, by appointment. General Herkimer, we are told, selected a person named Waggoner, with three associates, to perform "a high and important duty."

"His design, the General said, was to take the lives of Brant and his three attendants, on the renewal of their visit that morning. For this purpose, he should rely on Waggoner and his three associates, on the arrival of the chief and his friends within the circle, as on the preceding day, each to select his man, and at a concerted signal to shoot them down on the spot. There is something so revolting—so rank and foul—in this project of meditated treachery, that it is difficult to reconcile it with the well-known character of General Herkimer." Had the author from whom we quote narrated the simple facts, without the comment so injurious to the memory of a venerated patriot of the Revolution, there would have been no difficulty in reconciling them with the character of a brave soldier; for in the sequel no attempt was made on the life of Brant, and the orders of Herkimer—if such orders were ever given—were doubtless precautionary, and intended only to be executed in defence of himself and his companions. Herkimer sought the friendship of Brant, not his life. His mission was peaceful: he sought to conciliate the Indians, not to irritate them by an act of rash violence. He was met in an overbearing spirit by the savage chief, who, having already hired out his tribe to the officers of the king, had not the candor to admit that he was no longer free to treat with the king's enemies, but endeavored, like the wolf in the fable, to fix a quarrel on his proposed victim. He came to the meeting on the second day, as on the first, followed by his warriors, in violation of the express terms of the conference. "I have five hundred warriors with me," said he, "armed and ready for battle. You are in my power; but, as we have been friends and neighbors, I will not take advantage of you." "Saying which," continues his biographer, "a host of his armed warriors darted forth from the contiguous forest, all painted and ready for the onslaught, as the well-known war-whoop but too clearly proclaimed." The interview ended without bloodshed. We are wholly at a loss to find any evidence upon which to throw the slightest blame upon Herkimer, or to palliate the conduct of Brant, who evidently sought to provoke a quarrel which might afford a pretence for bloodshed.

From this time we contemplate with less pleasure the character of the highly gifted Mohawk, who, from the lofty and noble eminence on which he had placed himself, as an example and teacher of civilization, descended suddenly into a common marauder. Throwing aside all profession of neutrality, he now attended a council held by British commissioners, and pledged himself and his people to take up the hatchet in his Majesty's service.

"From that day," says his biographer, Mr. Stone, "Thayendanegea was the acknowledged chief of the Six Nations, and he soon became one of the master spirits of the motley forces employed by Great Britain in her attempts to recover the Mohawk Valley, and to annoy the other settlements of what then constituted the north-western frontier. Whether in the conduct of a campaign, or of a scouting party, in the pitched battle, or the foray, this crafty and dauntless chieftain was sure to be one of the most efficient, as he was one of the bravest, of those engaged. Combining with the native hardihood and sagacity of his race, the advantages of education and civilized life—in acquiring which he had lost nothing of his activity and power of endurance—he became the most powerful border foe with whom the provincials had to contend, and his name was a terror to the land. His movements were at once so secret and so rapid, that he seemed almost to be clothed with the power of ubiquity."

One of his earliest military movements was a descent upon the defenceless settlement of Cherry Valley, undertaken for the purpose of killing and capturing the inhabitants, and devastating their property. An accident saved them, for that time, from the blow. It happened, that as Brant and his warriors were about to issue from a wood in which they lurked, to attack a private house, the residence of Colonel Campbell, some children, who had formed themselves into a military corps, were seen parading with their wooden guns in front of the mansion, and the Indians, mistaking them for real soldiers, retired. Balked of their prey, they slunk into the wood, and lay concealed, brooding over their schemes of malevolent mischief. Unhappily at this moment a promising young American officer, Lieutenant Wormwood, travelling on horseback, with one attendant, reached the spot, and was shot down by the Indians, and *scalped by Brant's own hand.* His biographer adds, that the chief "lamented the death of this young man. They were not only acquaintances, but friends." Yet he took the scalp with his own hand.

A most melancholy illustration of the wickedness of employing savages in war is afforded in the tragic fate of Miss McCrea—a lovely young woman, engaged to a British officer, and on her way to meet and be united with him, when she was captured, murdered, and mangled in the most shocking manner, by the Indians attached to the British army. This occurred on the northern frontier, and at about the period to which we have brought this sketch. About the same time, an Indian secretly entered the house of the American General Schuyler, for the purpose of assassinating that illustrious person, whose life was saved by the fidelity of his servants.

We notice these events merely to show the character of the war which was waged upon the frontiers, and in which Brant was a conspicuous man—an unsparing warfare against private individuals and private property. But we cannot, in a brief outline like this, enter upon a minute narrative of the exploits of that chieftain, who was constantly in the field, sometimes with the British forces, but more frequently leading parties of Indians and Tories against the settlements. His most important service, about this period, was at the battle of Oriskany, where General Herkimer, with a small body of provincials, came into conflict with an Indian force led by Brant. The latter had selected a position with admirable skill, and formed an ambuscade in a defile, through which the Americans were to pass, and fell suddenly upon the troops while they were crossing a ravine. The Americans were thrown into irretrievable disorder, but fought with courage. General Herkimer was desperately wounded early in the engagement, but caused himself to be seated on his saddle, at the foot of a tree, against which he leaned for support, and in this position continued to direct the battle, with unabated coolness and judgment. The conflict was fierce, and the slaughter great. The Tories and savages, superior in numbers, closed around the Americans, fighting hand to hand, and the gallant little army of Herkimer seemed doomed to destruction, when a violent storm, bursting suddenly upon them, separated the combatants for about an hour. The Americans availed themselves of this respite to prepare to renew the action, and in the event effected a masterly retreat, under the orders of their intrepid commander, who was brought off on a rudely constructed litter. Of this brave and excellent man it is told, that, during the hottest period of the battle, while sitting wounded upon his saddle, and propped against a tree, he deliberately took a tinder-box from his pocket, lighted his pipe, and smoked with perfect composure; and when his men, seeing him exposed to the whole fire of the enemy, proposed to remove him to a place where there would be less danger, he said, "No, I will face the enemy." He did not long survive the battle. Both parties claimed the victory. It was a well-fought field, in which Brant showed himself a consummate leader.

At the opening of the campaign, in 1778, Mr. Stone relates that "Thayendanegea returned to his former haunts on the Susquehanna, Oghkwaga, and Unadilla. He soon proved himself an active and dreaded partisan. No matter for the difficulties or the distance, whenever a blow could be struck to any advantage, Joseph Brant was sure to be there. Frequent, moreover, were the instances in which individuals, and even whole families, disappeared, without any knowledge, on the part of those who were left, that an enemy had been there. The smoking ruins of the cabins, the charred bones of the dead, and the slaughtered carcasses of domestic animals, were the only testimonials of the cause of the catastrophe, until the return of a captive, or the disclosure of some prisoner taken from the foe, furnished more definite information. But there is no good evidence that Brant was himself a participator in secret murders, or attacks upon isolated individuals or families; and there is much reason to believe that the bad feelings of many of the loyalists induced them to perpetrate greater enormities themselves, and prompt the parties of Indians whom they often led, to commit greater barbarities than the savages would have done had they been left to themselves."

We have given the whole of the above paragraph—fact and inference—in order that the character of Brant may have the full benefit of the defence set up by his biographer. Negative proof is, at best, unsatisfactory; and it would not be strange if there were in fact no evidence of the participation of the leader in deeds so secret as those alluded to. That he was the master spirit of the predatory warfare waged against the frontier settlements of New York, is distinctly asserted in the commencement of the paragraph, and that warfare consisted almost entirely of "secret murders, and attacks upon private individuals or families." And we see no reason for drawing a distinction between himself and the Johnsons and Butlers who directed the measures of the loyalist inhabitants of that region. The sin and the shame of these men consisted in warring at all upon the homes of the peasantry—in carrying the atrocities of murder and arson to the firesides of the inhabitants—in turning loose bands of savages, whether red or white, to burn houses, devastate fields, and slaughter women and children. There can be no apology for such inhuman deeds; and it is in vain to attempt, by nice distinctions, to discriminate between the heads that planned, and the brutal hands that perpetrated, schemes so fraught with horror—unless it be to pronounce the heavier malediction on the former—upon those who originated the plan with a full knowledge of the fearful outrages which must attend its execution, and who persevered in such a warfare after having witnessed, even in one instance, its direful effects.

We have not room to enter into a detailed account of the murders and burnings of this energetic marauder; a general statement, from the pages of the biographer already quoted, will be sufficient for our purpose. "The inhabitants around the whole border, from Saratoga north of Johnstown, and west to the German Flats, thence south stretching down to Unadilla, and thence eastwardly crossing the Susquehanna, along Charlotte river to Harpersfield, and thence back to Albany—were necessarily an armed yeomanry, watching for themselves, and standing sentinels for each other, in turn; harassed daily by conflicting rumors; now admonished of the approach of the foe in the night by the glaring flames of a neighbor's house; or compelled suddenly to escape from his approach, at a time and in a direction the least expected. Such was the tenure of human existence around the confines of this whole district of country, from the spring of 1777 to the end of the contest in 1782."

The destruction of the settlement of Wyoming by a British force under Colonel John Butler, of three hundred regulars and Tories, and five hundred Indians, has been recorded in the histories of the Revolution, and rendered immortal in the verse of Campbell. It was signalized by cruelty and perfidy such as have never been excelled; and although it now appears that many exaggerations were published in relation to it, the melancholy truths that remain uncontradicted are sufficient to stamp this dark transaction with everlasting infamy.

The participation of Brant in this expedition is denied by Mr. Stone, who says, "Whether Captain Brant was at any time in company with this expedition, is doubtful; but it is certain, in the face of every historical authority, British and American, that, so far from being engaged in the battle, he was many miles distant at the time of its occurrence. Such has been the uniform testimony of the British officers engaged in that expedition, and such was always the word of Thayendanegea himself." He also alludes to a letter written after the death of Brant, by his son, to the poet Campbell, in which the younger Brant is said to have "successfully vindicated his father's memory from calumny," and to one received by himself from a Mr. Frey, the son of a loyalist, who was engaged in that atrocious affair.

We do not think the point placed in issue by this denial of sufficient importance to induce us to spend much time in its examination. The character of Brant would not be materially affected by settling it one way or the other, for the massacre at Wyoming differs in no essential particular from a number of sanguinary deeds in which that chief was the acknowledged leader; and it was part of a system which unavoidably led to such cruelties. It is not improbable that Brant himself took this view of the question, for, although he lived thirty years after that affair, during the whole of which time he was mentioned by British and American writers as one of its leaders, and the chief instigator of the cruelties committed, he does not appear to have ever publicly disclaimed the connection with it imputed to him. "Gertrude of Wyoming," one of the noblest monuments of British genius, was familiarly known wherever the English language was spoken, and the American people were soothed by the circumstance that the "Monster Brant" and his deeds were denounced by an English bard of the highest standing. Campbell undertook to spurn from the national character the foul stain of those dastardly and wicked murders, and to place the opprobrium on the heads of certain individuals—and none denied the justice of the decree. Brant was an educated man, who mingled in the best provincial society, and corresponded with many gentlemen in Europe and America He certainly knew the position in regard to public opinion which he occupied, and had the means to rectify the wrong, if any existed. It would be a singular fact, too, if "*every* historical authority, British and American," concurred in a statement which the "*uniform* testimony of the

British officers engaged in the battle" contradicted, and "that such was always the word of Thayendanegea himself," and yet that no formal refutation should have been attempted in the lifetime of the chief, nor until forty-five years after the event. The testimony of the British officers would have been satisfactory; but we apprehend that the mere hearsay evidence of two of the sons of the actors in these events, will hardly be received now in opposition to the unanimous and uncontradicted statements of contemporary writers.

The destruction of the delightful settlement of the German Flats, in 1778, was the admitted exploit of Brant. The inhabitants, providentially advised of his secret march upon them, were hastily gathered together—men, women, and children—into two little forts, Herkimer and Dayton. The chief crept upon them with his usually stealthy pace, "unconscious that his approach had been notified to the people in season to enable them to escape the blow of his uplifted arm. Before the dawn he was on foot, and his warriors sweeping through the settlement, so that the torch might be almost simultaneously applied to every building it contained. Just as the day was breaking in the east, the fires were kindled, and the whole section of the valley was speedily illuminated by the flames of houses and barns, and all things else combustible." Such is the account of the writer who contends "that there is no good evidence that Brant was himself a participator" in such transactions. There were burnt, on this occasion, sixty-three dwelling-houses, fifty-seven barns, three grist-mills, and two saw-mills What the fate of the inhabitants would have been, had they remained in their houses, as Brant supposed them to be when he ordered the firebrands to be applied, our readers may readily imagine. It does not appear that the forts were molested, nor does Brant seem, on this occasion, to have sought collision with armed men. The marauders retired, chagrined "that neither scalps nor prisoners were to grace their triumphs;" and the settlement, which but the day before, for ten miles, had smiled in plenty and beauty, was now houseless and destitute."

In the same year Cherry Valley was again ravaged, and those enormities repeated, of which we have perhaps already related too many. Among the numerous murders perpetrated on this occasion were those of the whole family of Mr. Wells, except a boy who was at school, at Albany, and who afterwards became a distinguished member of the bar. "The destruction of the family of Mr. Wells was marked by circumstances of peculiar barbarity. It was boasted by one of the Tories that he had killed Mr. Wells while engaged in prayer—certainly a happy moment for a soul to wing its flight to another state of existence; but what the degree of hardihood that could boast of compassing the death of an unarmed man at such a moment! His sister Jane was distinguished alike for her beauty, her accomplishments, and her virtues. As the savages rushed into the house, she fled to a pile of wood on the premises, and endeavored to conceal herself. She was pursued and arrested by an Indian, who, with perfect composure, wiped and sheathed his dripping knife, and took his tomahawk from his girdle. At this instant a Tory, who had formerly been a domestic in the family, sprang forward and interposed in her behalf, claiming her as a sister. The maiden, too, who understood somewhat of the Indian language implored for mercy—but in vain. With one hand the Indian pushed the Tory from him, and with the other planted the hatchet deep in her temple!"

In the valley where these atrocities were committed, there was a small fort, defended by a few men; but the Indians, "being received by a brisk fire of grape and musketry from the garrison, avoided the fort, and directed their attention chiefly to plundering and laying waste the village, having sated themselves in the outset with blood." Such is the warfare of the Indian—cool, patient, and brave, when compelled to face danger; but always, when acting from choice, shunning the contest with armed men, and seeking out the weak and unprepared.

In the biography of Brant, from which we select these facts, we find an attempt to vindicate his conduct on this occasion. It is said he was "not the commander of this expedition, and if he had been it is not certain he could have compelled a different result. But it is certain that his conduct on that fatal day was neither barbarous nor ungenerous. On the contrary, he did all in his power to prevent the shedding of innocent blood." We are at a loss to know what blood was shed on that occasion that was not *innocent* blood. The expedition was not directed against any military post, nor any body of armed men, but against the homes of peaceful farmers, whose houses and barns were burnt, and whose wives and children were slaughtered. The torch was applied *indiscriminately to every dwelling-house*, and, in fact, to every building in the village. The country was desolated for miles around; and human life was extinguished without regard to the form in which it existed, however reverend, or beautiful, or innocent. Those of the inhabitants who were not slain, were driven away like a herd of beasts. At night they were huddled together, under the charge of sentinels, and forced to lie half naked on the ground, with no cover but the heavens. Of two of these unfortunate beings, the following heart-rending anecdote is told. "Mrs. Cannon, an aged lady, and the mother of Mrs. Campbell, being unfitted for travelling by reason of her years, the Indian having both in charge despatched the mother with his hatchet, by the side of her daughter. Mrs. Campbell was driven along by the uplifted hatchet, having a child in her arms eighteen months old, with barbarous rapidity, until the next day, when she was favored with a more humane master."

These are but a few of a long list of similar atrocities which, in our apprehension, were both barbarous and ungenerous. Butler and Brant each endeavored, subsequently, to cast the stigma of these cruelties on each other; the one alleging that he was not the commander in the enterprise, and the other that the crafty Mohawk had secretly instigated his people to these excesses to advance his own ends; but impartial history will not attempt to trace the imaginary line of distinction between the leader in such an inroad and the second in command—in a case, too, where both were volunteers, and neither had any legal or actual control over the other. Neither of them were natives of Great Britain—both were mercenaries, serving occasionally for the emolument, or the gratification to be earned in that service. The murder of women, and the devastation of fields, formed their chosen path to honor—the smoking ruins of cottages, and the charred bones of infants, were the monuments of their warlike deeds. Nor can we admit the validity of the often repeated apology for Brant—that he could not control his warriors. There are no troops in the world that are more completely under the command of their leaders than the Indians. Their discipline is exact and uncompromising. From infancy, the Indian is taught self-control, and obedience to his superiors; and death on the spot, by the hand of the leader, is the usual punishment of contumacy. But Brant and Butler knew when they set out on these enterprises, that the sole object was to burn dwellings, to fire barns, to slaughter unarmed men, women, and children; and if it was true, that, having turned loose their savages to the work of blood, they could no longer control them, we do not see what they gain by this excuse. The savages did the work which had been planned for them; and we fancy there is little room for casuistry to scan nicely the degrees of barbarity which marked the conduct of the different actors.

In an action near Minnisink, in 1779, in which his opponents were armed men, Brant deserved the credit of having adroitly planned and boldly executed an attack. The usual cruelties, however, were perpetrated, and seventeen wounded men, who were under charge of a surgeon, perished by the tomahawk.

Brant fought again at the battle of the Chemung, in the same year, where fifteen hundred Tories and Indians, commanded by himself, the Butlers, and the Johnsons, were beaten by the Americans under General Sullivan.

It was during the campaign of Sullivan that Red Jacket first made his appearance as a conspicuous man among the Indians, and a feud commenced between him and Brant, which continued throughout their lives. Brant accused Red Jacket, not merely of cowardice, but also of treachery, and asserted that he had discovered a secret correspondence between the latter and the American General. Red Jacket, it was said, was in the habit of holding secret councils with a number of young warriors, and with some timid and disaffected leaders, and at length sent a runner with a flag to General Sullivan, to advise him that a spirit of discontent prevailed among the Indians. Brant, who was confidentially informed of these proceedings, privately despatched two warriors to waylay and assassinate the runner, which, being effected, put an end to the intrigue.

In 1780, Brant led a party of forty-three Indians and seven Tories against the settlement of Harpersfield, which was surprised and destroyed; and he then bent his steps towards Scoharie, which he supposed to be undefended. On his way he encountered Captain Harper and fourteen men, who were making sugar in the woods, of whom three were killed, and the remainder taken. Harper, a brave man, famed for more than one hardy exploit, determined to save the settlement of Scoharie from the dreadful calamity of a visit from Brant, and, on being questioned as to its defences, coolly stated that three hundred continental troops had just been stationed there, and persisted in this story until the Indians were induced to retrace their steps to Niagara. On their way they fell in with an old man and his two youthful grandsons, who were also captured; but finding the old man unable to keep pace with the party, he was put to death, and his scalp added to the trophies of the expedition. It was intended that, on the arrival of the party at Niagara, the prisoners should be subjected to the barbarous torture of running the gauntlet, but Brant frustrated this plan by sending a message secretly to the commander of the fort at that place, in consequence of which they were received, on their arrival at the outposts, by a party of regulars, who took possession of them. We cheerfully accord the praise due to this act of humanity.

We shall not pursue the Mohawk chief through all the windings of his crafty and sanguinary career. He continued until the close of the war in 1782 to harass the settlements by such incursions as we have described. Those who delight in recitals of tragic interest, may find a series of such events well told in Mr. Stone's work. They are too numerous to be related at length in such a sketch as this, and too much alike in their general outlines to be abridged with advantage. In perusing this history, the heart sickens at the oft-repeated tale of domestic agony—the tearing of husbands, wives, and children, from each other's embrace—the captivity of delicate females—the driving of half-clad and bare-footed women and children through the wilderness, exposed to all the vicissitudes of climate—the torture of prisoners—the thousand varieties of savage cruelty. All these deeds, which we contemplate with comparative composure, when told of untaught savages stung to rage by the invasion of their hunting-grounds, awaken a lively sensation of horror when we behold them deliberately planned and executed under the flag of a great nation, by persons of European descent, and by a sagacious chief who had felt and acknowledged the advantages of civilization, who had reaped honor and advantage through an intercourse with the whites, which, previous to this unhappy war, had been characterized by mutual confidence and kindness. Brant had no wrongs to avenge upon the American people—he had nothing to gain by the part he acted but the pay of a mercenary and the plunder of a marauder, while the effect of these hostilities upon his tribe was demoralizing and destructive of that reform which he professed to be endeavoring to introduce among them.

It is not to be denied that this dark picture is occasionally relieved by acts of mercy on the part of the Mohawk chief. But we are not inclined to accord much praise to isolated acts of generosity, that glimmer, at distant intervals, through a long career of brutal violence. The miser who devotes all his life to the hoarding of gold, gains no applause for an occasional freak of generosity; nor does the savage, who pauses, in the midst of a prolonged series of murders, to spare a woman, or a trembling child, deserve the laurel of the hero. We estimate the character of a man by his general conduct, and while we forgive the little errors of a good man, we must, on the same principle, pass over the accidental departures of a depraved mind from its habitual wrong doing. It is a common but sound objection against fictitious writings, that characters essentially bad are tricked out in a few redeeming virtues which recommend them to the thoughtless reader; and with still stronger reason should this grave argument of the moralist be applied to the personages of history, whose habitual crimes should not be lost sight of amid the lustre of a few bright actions.

In 1785, the war being over, Brant made another visit to England, where he was well received. On being presented to the king, he declined kissing his majesty's hand, but observed that he would gladly kiss the hand of the queen. The Bishop of London, Fox, Boswell, Earl Percy, Earl Moira, and other distinguished persons, admitted him to their society; and it is no small proof of his talent and address that he sustained himself well in the best circles of the British metropolis. The Prince of Wales is said to have taken delight in his company, and sometimes took him, as the chief afterwards remarked, "to places very queer for a prince to go to." It is also asserted that the scenes of coarse dissipation which he witnessed at the prince's table, and the freedom with which the leading Whigs spoke of the king, had the effect of greatly weakening his respect for royalty, as well as his regard for the king's person.

The ostensible object of Brant's visit was to obtain for his tribe some remuneration for their services during the war; but as the Canadian authorities had already made them a large grant of land in Upper Canada, to which they removed, and where they still reside, it is probable that his mission had relation chiefly to another subject. After the war, Great Britain retained possession, for several years, of certain military posts, south of the lakes, and within the limits of the United States. The tribes at war with the United States made these posts their rallying points, and received from them constant supplies. The British ministry, who had never formed any adequate judgment of the extent of this country, or of the enterprise and energy of the people, vainly supposed that Great Britain, by uniting with the savage tribes, might restrain the Americans from extending their settlements beyond the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and by possessing herself of that region, and ultimately of the whole Mississippi plain, acquire an ascendency on the continent which would enable her to recover her lost colonies. The crafty and intriguing character of Brant rendered him a willing and an able actor in these schemes; and he passed frequently from Canada to the North-western Territory, to hold councils with the Indians. But as the British government did not avow these proceedings, and as the Indians might have been doubtful how far the agents who tampered with them were authorized, it was desirable that some more direct communication should be had with the ministry; and the chief purpose of Brant's visit was to ascertain whether, in case of a general war between the Indians and the United States, the former might rely upon the support of Great Britain. Such is the clear import of numerous letters collected in Mr. Stone's work, some of which are published for the first time, and which throw light upon points of this history which have been obscure. The British government, however, would not commit itself on so delicate a matter, and Brant was referred to the Governor of Canada, with general assurances of his majesty's friendship.

While in London, Captain Brant attended a masquerade, at which many of the nobility and gentry were present—appearing in the costume of his tribe, with one side of his face painted. A Turk, who was of the company, was so struck with the grotesque figure of the chief, and especially with his visage, which he supposed to be formed by a mask, that he ventured to indulge his curiosity by touching the Mohawk's nose; but no sooner did he make this attempt, than the chief, much amused, but affecting great rage, uttered the terrific war-whoop, and drawing his tomahawk, flourished it round the head of the astonished Turk, creating a panic which sent the ladies screaming for protection in all directions.

Brant translated the Gospel of Mark into the Mohawk language during this visit; and as the Prayer Books given to the Indians had mostly been lost or destroyed during the war, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, chose the opportunity to bring out a new edition under his supervision, including the Gospel of Mark, as translated by him. The book was elegantly printed in large octavo, under the patronage of the king, and embellished with a number of scriptural scenes engraved in the best style of that day. The date of his return is not exactly known, but his visit was not prolonged beyond a few months, as he was at home in July, 1786.

Brant was now placed in a position which required the exercise of all his address. The Mohawks had withdrawn into Canada, and were under the jurisdiction of Great Britain; the other five of the Six Nations resided in the United States; yet the confederacy remained unbroken, and Thayendanegea continued at its head. The Mohawks were embittered against the American people, to whom their recent cruelties had rendered them justly odious, while some of the other tribes were decidedly friendly. It required all his attention to keep together a confederacy thus divided. He is supposed, and with little doubt, to have been at the same time engaged in extensive conspiracies against the peace of the American frontiers, and is known to have been frequently in council with the hostile Indians. But while thus engaged, he sought every opportunity of professing his love of peace, his friendship towards the United States, and his desire to heal the existing differences. The mantle of Christianity, which he had thrown aside during the war, was again assumed; and the chief was now engaged in correspondence on religious and benevolent subjects with several distinguished Americans. He affected an earnest desire to civilize his own tribe, and to teach them the Gospel; but there is too much reason to believe that his real sentiments accorded with those of his friend the Duke of Northumberland, who had served in America as Lord Percy, and having been admitted as a warrior into the Mohawk tribe, wrote to Brant, in 1806, as follows: "There are a number of well-meaning persons here, who are very desirous of forming a society to better (as they call it) the condition of our nation, by converting us from warriors and hunters into husbandmen. Let me strongly recommend it to you, and the rest of our chiefs, not to listen to such a proposition. Let our young men never exchange their liberty and manly exercises to become hewers of wood and drawers of water. If they will teach our women to spin and weave, this would be of use, but to endeavor to enervate our young men by doing nothing but tilling the earth, would be the greatest injury they could do the Five Nations."

But such was the reputation of Brant for abilities, and such the confidence in his professed desire "to accomplish the desirable end of civilization and peace-making," that the government of the United States earnestly sought his mediation with the hostile tribes. A correspondence was opened, in which he was appealed to as a man of high-toned benevolence, and as a friend of the red race, to save them from the inevitable destruction to which their perseverance in unnecessary wars must bring them. His replies show that his judgment approved these sentiments, and in them he repeatedly promised to do all in his power to make peace. The war, however, continued for several years longer, the Indians becoming more and more audacious in their hostilities, and unreasonable in their demands.

Besides a number of lesser engagements, several battles were fought, the most disastrous of which was the defeat of St. Clair, by a large Indian force, aided by several hundred Canadians. "Their leader, according to the received opinion," says Mr. Stone, "was Meshecunnaqua, or *Little Turtle*, a distinguished chief of the Miamis. He was also the leader of the Indians against General Harmer, the year before. It is believed, however, that, though nominally the commander-in-chief of the Indians on this occasion, he was greatly indebted both to the counsels and the prowess of another and an older chief. One hundred and fifty of the Mohawk warriors were engaged in this battle; and General St. Clair probably died in ignorance of the fact that one of the master spirits against whom he contended, and by whom he was so signally defeated, was none other than *Joseph Brant—Thayendanegea.* How it happened that this distinguished chief, from whom so much had been expected as a peace-maker, thus suddenly and efficiently threw himself into a position of active hostility, unless he thought he saw an opening for reviving his project of a great north-western confederacy, is a mystery which he is believed to have carried in his own bosom to the grave."

We do not doubt that Mohawk braves were engaged in this battle, nor that Brant, during the whole of this unhappy war, so distressing to the frontier settlements, and so ruinous to the deluded savages, was secretly engaged in fomenting discord, while affecting the character of a peace-maker. But we cannot suppress our scepticism as to his alleged participation in the battle of November 4, 1791, now first announced upon the authority of his family. We do not undertake to prove a negative, but we aver that the whole weight of the evidence contradicts this novel assumption. It is barely possible that he was there, and if so, his counsels would doubtless have had great influence. But we think it altogether improbable that a leader of such distinction could take part in a general engagement, so important and so decisive, and the fact remain concealed for nearly half a century—especially under the circumstances connected with that disastrous event. The defeat of St. Clair caused great excitement, and led to keen inquiry, and its circumstances were investigated by a military court. Subsequently, the scene of the battle, and the lands inhabited by most of the tribes engaged in it, have become settled by Americans. Treaties have been made with those tribes. They have become dependent on the American government, whose agents have been planted among them constantly, from a period immediately succeeding the battle of Wayne, in 1794. There has been a constant intercourse between our people and all the tribes of that region, during the entire period that has elapsed since that war; and many Americans, who were prisoners among those Indians, at the time of the battle, as well as before and since, have, on their return home, communicated a variety of minute information touching an affair which caused even a greater excitement among the Indians than among us. It was a great and an unexpected triumph, the honor and spoils of which were divided among many tribes, who would each discuss all the circumstances, and claim their portion of the glory. It is hardly possible that if Brant was present his name could have been concealed, or that all the individuals of all the tribes engaged should have concurred in yielding to Little Turtle the laurels that belonged to Thayendanegea. No one but himself could have been interested in keeping such a secret, while the fact, if it existed, must have been known to many—to Canadians, British officers, and the chiefs and warriors of various tribes, besides the one hundred and fifty of his own people who were in the engagement. We deem it an act of justice to the memory of Brant to suggest these objections; for although we, as Americans, have little reason to admire his military career, we are aware that much might be said, and indeed much has been said, in defence of his conduct while at open war with us, which could not avail in regard to hostilities committed by him while professing to be at peace.

He continued, after the events just related, to correspond with the officers of the American government, in the character of a mediator, keeping up without interruption the intercourse commenced before St. Clair's campaign, and still professing his ardent desire "to accomplish the desirable end of civilization and peace-making." These sentiments accorded so well with the pacific views of the President, and were received with such confidence, that he was several times invited, in urgent and complimentary terms, to visit the government at Philadelphia; and after declining more than once, he at last, in June, 1792, commenced a journey to the metropolis of the United States. It is creditable to the moral character of our people that, although he passed through the Mohawk Valley, whose inhabitants had been so severely scourged by his hand, and although threats of vengeance were thrown out by indiscreet individuals, he was unmolested. He was kindly and respectfully received at Philadelphia. The true causes of the war with the western Indians were explained to him; and great pains were taken by the President and Secretary of War to impress upon his mind the sincere desire of the United States to cultivate the most amicable relations with all the Indian tribes, and to spare no exertions to promote their welfare. In the end, he was induced to undertake a mission of peace to some of the tribes, and was furnished with full powers for that purpose. But however sincere were his intentions they were changed on his return home; and the auspicious results anticipated from his mediation were never realized. The United States, wearied out by ineffectual attempts to make peace, were at last compelled to prosecute the war with vigor, and found in General Wayne a negotiator who soon brought the enemy to terms.

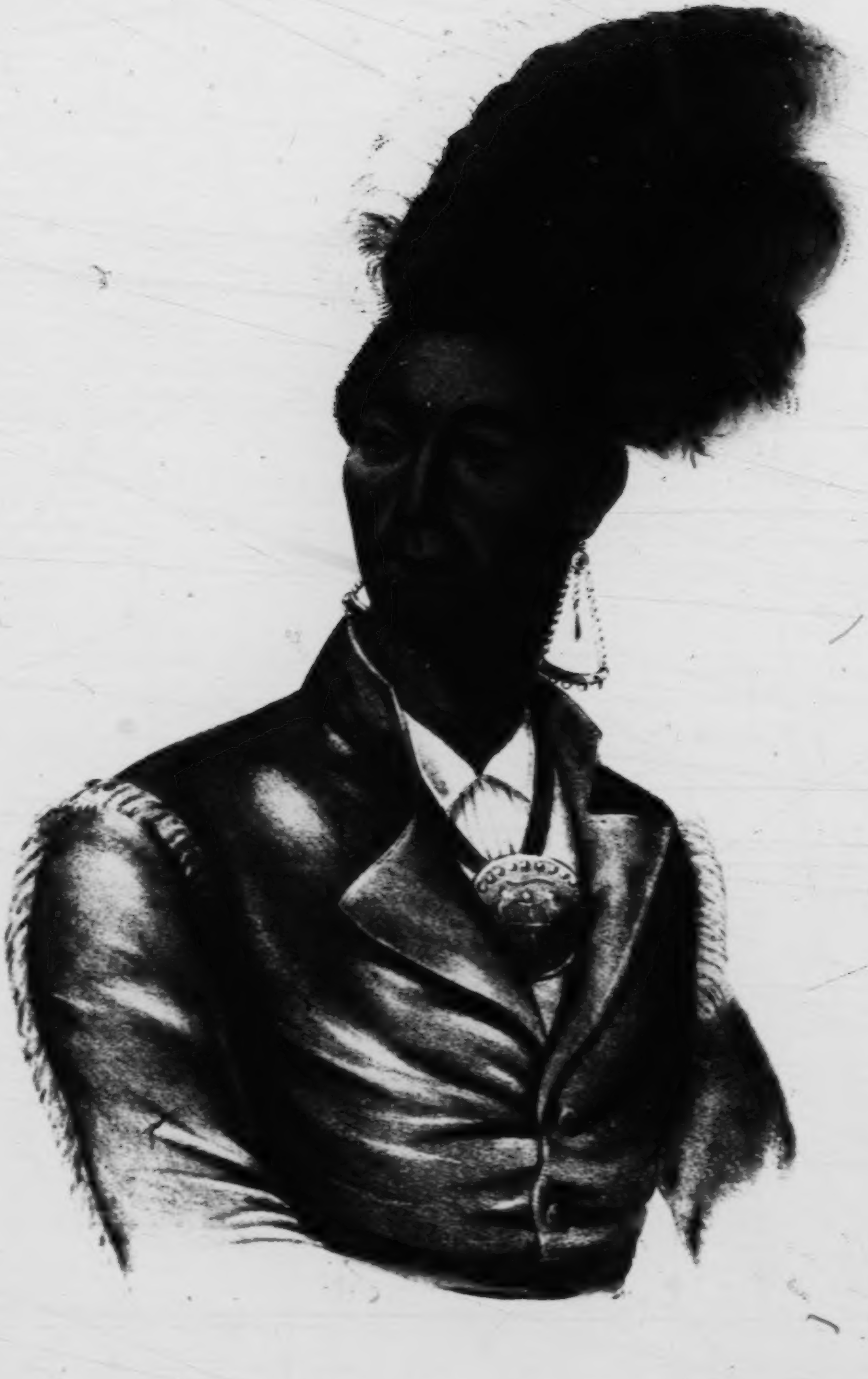
We turn with pleasure to a more agreeable part of the life of this remarkable person. After the campaign of 1794 he was not again engaged in war, and devoted his attention to the interests and moral improvement of his tribe. He was not in the slightest degree tinctured with the habitual indolence of his race, and did not sink into mere apathy when sated with bloodshed. He labored for years to get a confirmation of the title of his tribe to the land granted them on Grand River, which proved a source of vexation to him during the remainder of his life. He claimed for his tribe a complete right to the land, with power to sell and grant titles in fee simple; while the government alleged the title to be imperfect, giving to the Indians only the right of occupancy, and reserving the pre-emption. "Council after council was holden upon the subject, and conference after conference; while quires of manuscript speeches and arguments, in Brant's own hand, yet remain to attest the sleepless vigilance with which he watched over the interests of his people, and the zeal and ability with which he asserted and vindicated their rights." Two deeds were successively framed and offered to the Mohawks, and rejected, and the land continued to be held by the same tenure by which the Indians in the United States occupy their territory.

Before their removal from the Mohawk Valley, some of the tribe had turned their attention to agriculture. Brant himself cultivated a large farm near the residence of General Herkimer. No man ever estimated more truly the advantages of civilization; and had he been sincere in his professions upon that subject, and avoided all connection with the wars of England and America, his tribe would probably have afforded the earliest and most complete example of Indian civilization. His own attainments were considerable; he spoke and wrote the English language correctly, and his compositions are highly respectable in point of thought and style. He was a close observer, and made himself well acquainted with the arts and customs of the whites.

In his own house, Brant was a hospitable and convivial man, and those who visited him were kindly received. He erected a spacious dwelling in Upper Canada, where he lived in handsome style, and his children were all well educated, two of them under the charge of President Wheelock, son of the preceptor of Brant. One son, Isaac, fell a victim to the besetting vice of his race; in a fit of intoxication he assaulted his father, and the stern chief, drawing a dirk, inflicted a wound upon his own son which proved mortal.

A mutual dislike existed between this chief and Red Jacket. They were rival politicians; each was the leading man among his own people; and as the Senecas and Mohawks were the principal tribes of the confederacy, each sought the first place in the nation. Their claims were nearly balanced, and they appear to have gained the superiority in turn. In the year 1803, Red Jacket succeeded in procuring the deposition of Brant from the chieftainship of the confederacy, in consequence of some alleged speculations in land, by which it was thought the chief had advanced his own personal interest at the expense of his nation; but at a subsequent council, Brant procured the reversal of this sentence. Both were artful and eloquent men; but Brant had the advantages of education and travel, while Red Jacket was superior in genius and in devotion to his people. Neither of them was scrupulous as to the means employed to compass his ends; but the one was selfish, while the other was ambitious. Brant sought to advance himself by means of his people, and was ever regardful of his private interests, while Red Jacket, though he claimed the first place among the Senecas, neglected his private interests and labored incessantly for his tribe. Brant was an able warrior; he was cool, sagacious, and bold; but he was also cruel, vindictive, and rapacious; Red Jacket, though not a coward, disliked war, and abhorred bloodshed. They differed as much in policy as in character. Brant delighted in the society of civilized and even refined persons. Red Jacket sternly adhered to the language and customs of his own people, and shunned and discountenanced any familiar intercourse with the whites. The latter considered that the Indians could only be free so long as they remained savages—that every art and custom of civilization which they adopted weakened the line of separation, while it introduced a new want to be supplied by the labor or the charity of white men, and increased the dependency of the Indians. Brant maintained through life a friendly intercourse with the English, and favored the introduction of agriculture and the useful arts. He professed, in early life, to be converted to the Christian faith, and though he afterwards departed widely in practice from the meek and merciful deportment of a true believer, he always favored the teaching of the Word, and an outward support to religion, in his public capacity. Red Jacket opposed the missionaries, the Christian religion, and every thing that emanated from the oppressors of his race. On the whole Brant was one of the most remarkable men of his time; a person of brilliant parts, of great vigor and strength of intellect, full of energy and perseverance, and exceedingly subtle in compassing any object he had in view.

He died in November, 1807, at the age of nearly sixty-five years, at his own house, near Burlington, on Lake Ontario, and was buried at the Mohawk village, on Grand River, by the side of the church he had built there. His last words to his adopted nephew were, "Have pity on the poor Indians: if you can get any influence with the great, endeavor to do them all the good you can."



AHYOUWAIGHS,

CHIEF OF THE SIX NATIONS

N° 87

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AHYOUWAIGHS.

Thayendanegea, chief of the Mohawks, and head of the Iroquois confederacy, was married three times. By his first wife he had two children, by his second none, and by the third seven. His widow, Catharine Brant, was the eldest daughter of the head of the Turtle family—the first in rank in the Mohawk nation; and according to their customs, the honors of her house descended to either of her sons whom she might choose. By her nomination, her fourth and youngest son, John Brant, Ahyouwaighs, became the chief of the Mohawks, and virtually succeeded his father in the office, now nominal, of chief of the Iroquois or Six Nations.

This chief was born on the 27th of September, 1794; he received a good English education, and is said to have improved his mind by reading. In the war of 1812–15, between the United States and Great Britain, he espoused the cause of the latter, and participated in the dangers of the earliest part of the contest, but had not the opportunity to acquire distinction.

After the war, John Brant and his sister Elizabeth took up their abode at the family residence, at the head of Lake Ontario, where they lived in the English style; their mother having, after the death of Thayendanegea, returned to the Mohawk village, and resumed the customs of her fathers. Lieutenant Francis Hall, of the British service, who travelled in the United States and Canada, in 1816, visited "Brant House," and described John Brant as a "fine young man, of gentlemanlike appearance, who used the English language correctly and agreeably, dressing in the English fashion, excepting only the moccasons of his Indian habit." He says, in reference to Thayendanegea, "Brant, like Clovis, and many of the Anglo-Saxon and Danish Christians, contrived to unite much religious zeal with the practices of natural ferocity. His grave is seen under the walls of his church. I have mentioned one of his sons; he has also a daughter living, who would not disgrace the circles of European fashion. Her face and person are fine and graceful: she speaks English not only correctly, but elegantly, and has, both in her speech and manners, a softness approaching to oriental languor. She retains so much of her native dress as to identify her with her people, over whom she affects no superiority, but seems pleased to preserve all the ties and duties of relationship."

This family is also favorably mentioned by James Buchanan, Esq., British consul for the port of New York, who made a tour through Canada in 1819. He describes the same young lady as "a charming, noble-looking Indian girl, dressed partly in the English, and partly in the Indian costume;" and adds, "the grace and dignity of her movements, the style of her dress and manner, so new, so unexpected, filled us with astonishment."

In 1821, John Brant visited England for the purpose of settling the controversy in regard to the title of the Mohawks to their land, which had caused his father so much vexation. The Duke of Northumberland, son of him who was the friend of the elder Brant, espoused his cause, as did other persons of influence, and he received assurances that the government would grant all that was asked. Instructions, favorable to the demands of the Mohawks, were transmitted to the colonial government; but difficulties were thrown in the way by the provincial authorities, and no redress has yet been granted.

During this visit, the young Brant addressed a letter to the poet Campbell, in which he remonstrated against the injustice alleged to have been done to his father's character, in "Gertrude of Wyoming." The stanzas complained of purport to form a part of a speech uttered by an Oneida chief, who came to warn a family that the forces of Brant and Butler were at hand.

"But this is not the time"—he started up,
And smote his heart with war-denouncing hand—
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup;
The mammoth comes—the foe—the monster Brant—
With all his howling, desolating band.
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine;
Awake at once, and silence half your land—
Red is the cup they drink, but not with wine:
Awake and watch to-night, or see no morning shine.

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for his tribe,
'Gainst Brant himself I went to battle forth.
Accursed Brant! he left of all my tribe
Nor man nor child, nor thing of living birth—
No! not the dog that watched my household hearth
Escaped that night of blood upon our plains!
All perished—I alone am left on earth,
To whom nor relative, nor blood remains,
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!"

The appeal made to Campbell by a son who was probably sincere in the belief that his father had been misrepresented, touched his feelings, and induced him to write an apologetic reply, which is more honorable to his heart than his judgment. The only objection to the stanzas, in our opinion, is the bad taste of the plagiarism upon the speech of Logan, contained in the last three lines. No one who has read the melancholy fate of the Wells family, can hesitate to acquit Campbell of injustice; nor is there the slightest doubt that the same language would be true of numerous scenes in the life of that bold desolator of the fireside, Thayendanegea. Chief Justice Marshall, who is above all reproach as a historian, and as a gentleman of pure and elevated sentiments, was not convinced by the letter of John Brant, but, in his second edition of the "Life of Washington," which was published several years after the appearance of that letter, reiterates the account of the massacre at Wyoming, in which Brant is stated to be the leader of the Indians.

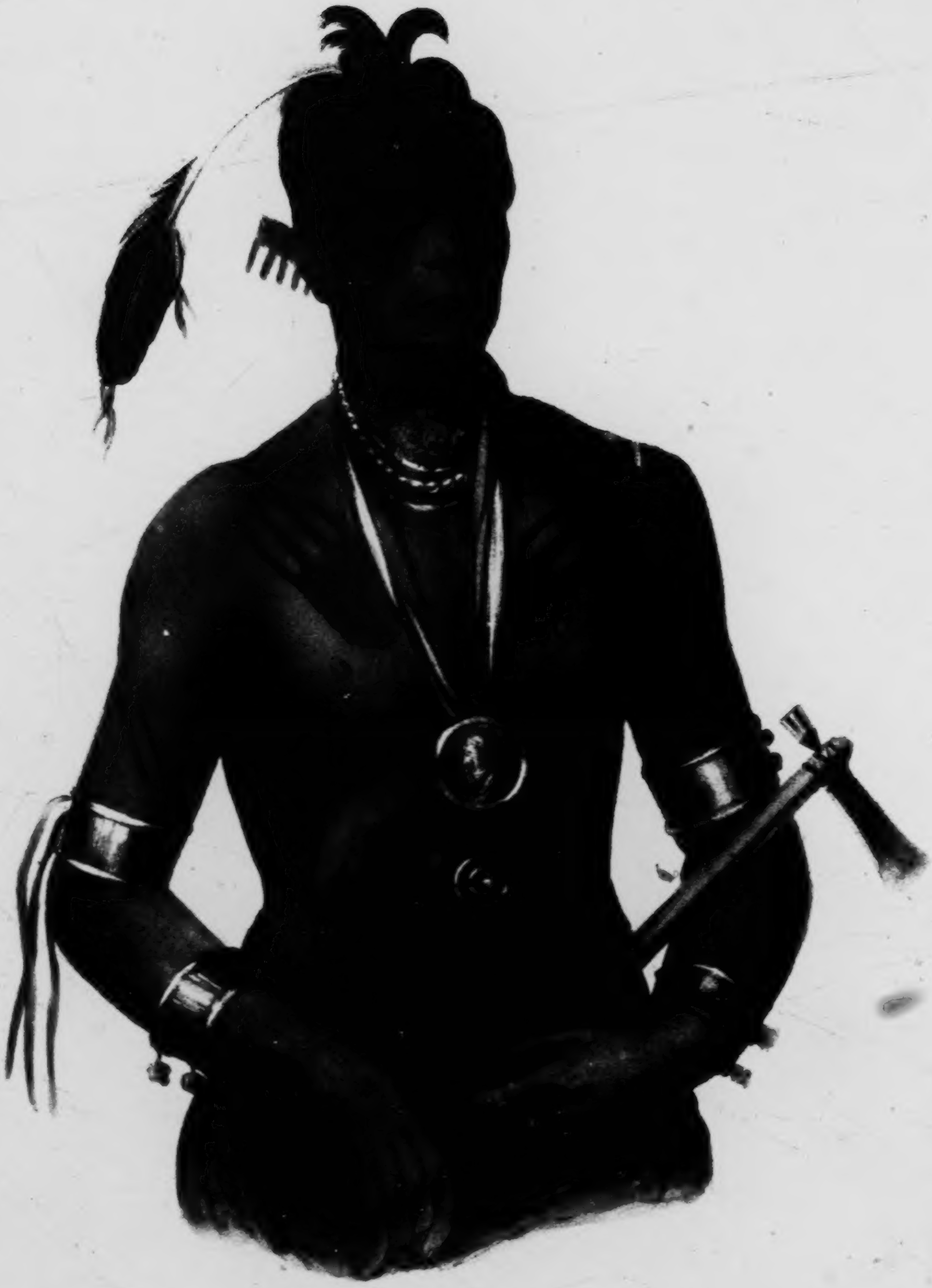
On his return from England, the Mohawk chief seems to have given his attention to the moral condition of the tribe, which had been greatly neglected during the war between Great Britain and the United States; and in the year 1829, the "New England Corporation," established in London, by charter A. D. 1662, for the civilization of the Indians, presented him with a splendid silver cup, bearing an inscription, purporting that it was given "In acknowledgment of his eminent services in promoting the objects of the incorporation."

In 1832, John Brant was returned a member of the Provincial Parliament for the county of Haldimand, which includes a portion of the territory granted to the Mohawks. The election was contested upon the ground that the laws of Upper Canada require a freehold qualification in the voters, and that many of those who voted for Brant held no other titles to real estate than such as were derived from the Indians, who had no legal fee; and the seat of John Brant was vacated. It was not long after this decision that Brant and his competitor, Colonel Warren, both fell victims to the cholera.

Elizabeth Brant, the youngest daughter of Thayendanegea, was married, some years ago, to William Johnson Kerr, Esq., a grandson of Sir William Johnson, and resides at the family mansion at the head of Lake Ontario.

The widow of Thayendanegea, upon the death of her favorite son John, conferred the title of chief upon the infant son of her daughter, Mrs. Kerr, and died on the 24th of November, 1837, thirty years to a day after the death of her husband, at the good old age of seventy-eight years.

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY



HOO-WAN-NE-KA,

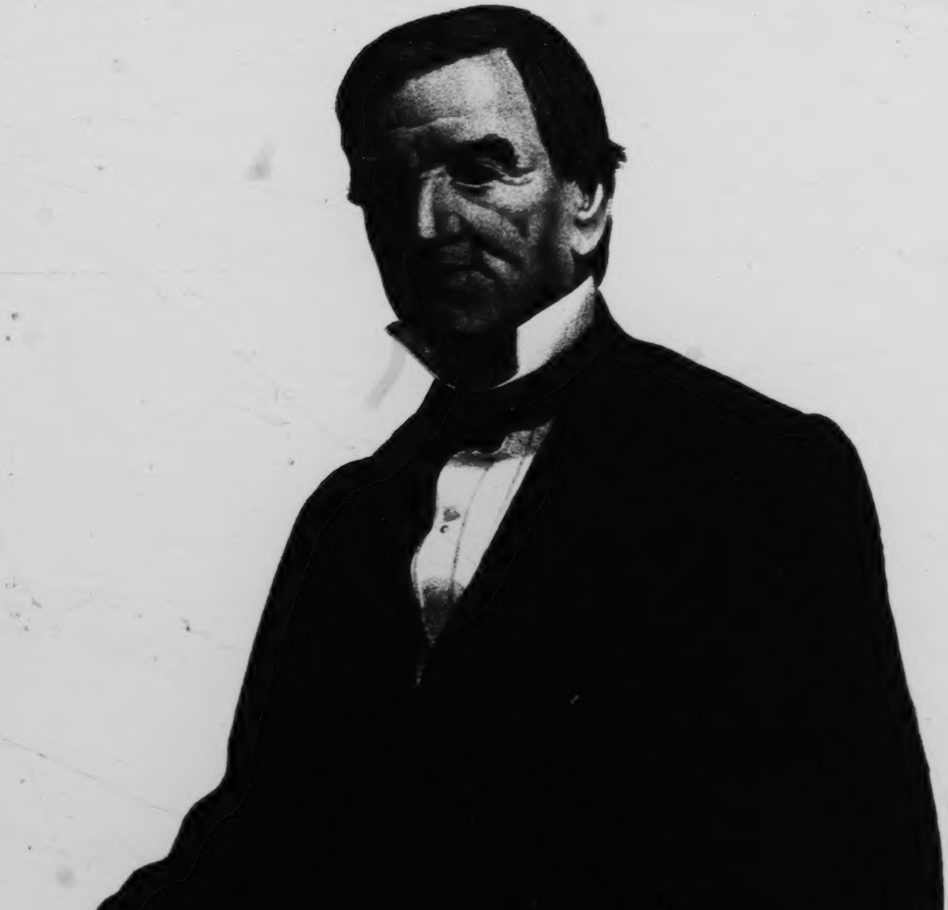
Nº 88. A WINNEBAGO CHIEF RICE, RUTTER & CO Publishers.

HOOWANNEKA.

Hoowanneka, the Little Elk, was a chief of the Winnebago nation, who served with some reputation on the side of the British, in the last war between Great Britain and the United States. At the termination of hostilities, when it was found that the British had made peace for themselves, leaving their Indian allies, residing within the United States, at the mercy of the latter government, the Winnebagoes reluctantly sought protection under the American flag. Hoowanneka was among the first who became convinced that his nation had been seduced by specious promises into an unnatural war against those whose enmity must be fatal to their existence, and under whose friendship alone they could continue to have a resting-place or a name. United with those who held similar opinions, he exerted a salutary influence over his fierce associates, in restraining them from further outrage upon the American frontiers; and he remained afterwards a friend of our people and government.

The Little Elk was descended from the Caramanie family, the most distinguished band of his nation. He was a tall, fine-looking man, and had some reputation as a speaker, but has left no specimen of his eloquence upon record. In the portrait which accompanies this sketch, he appeared in the costume in which he presented himself before the President of the United States, at Washington, in 1824, when he visited the seat of government as a delegate from his nation. It must have been a singular scene, which exhibited the savage orator, painted in fantastic style, and clad in these wild and picturesque habiliments, addressing the grave and dignified head of the American people, in one of the saloons of the White House. The President and his cabinet, with the diplomatists and other visitors who are usually invited when a spectacle of this kind is presented, must have afforded a striking contrast to the war chiefs and orators of a savage horde decked out in all the barbarian magnificence of beads, paint, and feathers, with their war-clubs, pipes, and banners.

IOWA
STATE HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.



JOHN-ROSS.

A CHEROKEE CHIEF

RICE RUTTER & CO Publishers

JOHN ROSS.

John Ross, on his mother's side, was of Scotch descent. His grandfather, John McDonald, was born at Inverness, Scotland, about 1747. Visiting London when a youth of nineteen years, he met a countryman who was coming to America, and catching the spirit of adventure, he joined him, landing in Charleston, S. C., in 1766. While here, he heard of a mercantile house in Augusta, Georgia, which attracted him thither, and he entered it as clerk. His success in business inspired confidence in his employers, who sent him to Fort Loudon, on the frontier of the State, built by the British Government in 1756, to open and superintend trade among the Cherokees. These lived in little towns or villages, a few miles apart for mutual protection, and to preserve the hunting-grounds around them. He soon "set up for himself" in business, and married Ann Shorey, a half-blood Cherokee. It was customary with the tribe to colonize—a company pushing out into the wilderness often many miles, and opening a new centre of traffic. McDonald went with one of the migratory colonies, in 1770, to Chickamauga. Here, the same year, was born "Mollie McDonald." A few years later the family removed to Lookout Valley, near the spot consecrated to Liberty and the Union by the heroic valor of General Hooker's command, in the autumn of 1863. While residing in this romantic region, among the natives, Daniel Ross, originally from Sutherlandshire, Scotland, and left an orphan in Baltimore soon after peace was declared with Great Britain, had accompanied a Mr. Mayberry to Hawkins County, Tennessee, and came down the river in a flat-boat built by himself for trading purposes.

There is an obstruction in the Tennessee River below Lookout Mountain, compelling the boats to land above, at a point known as "Brown's Ferry." The Indian town was called Siteco. The arrival of the strange craft at Siteco, on the way to the Chickasaw country,—navigated by Ross, and having on board, besides valuable merchandise, "Mountain Leader," a chief,—spread excitement at once through the Cherokee settlement, and the people rallied to inquire into the designs of the unexpected traders.

A consultation was held, in which "Bloody Fellow," the Cherokee Chief, advised the massacre of the whole party and the confiscation of the goods. McDonald, who lived fifteen miles distant, was sent for, he having a commanding influence over the natives. He came, and urged them not to harm the strangers; saying, among other arguments, that Ross was, like himself, a Scotchman, and he should regard an insult to him as a personal injury. McDonald's address calmed the wrath of the Cherokees, and they changed their tone to that of persuasion, offering inducements to remain there and establish a trading-post. The proposition was accepted.

Daniel Ross soon after married "Mollie McDonald." He was a gentleman of irreproachable and transparent honesty, and carried with him the entire confidence of all who knew him. He also migrated to different portions of the wild lands, during the next twenty years or more, and became the father of nine children. JOHN was the third, and was born at Turkeytown, on the Coosa River, in Alabama, October 3d, 1790. Returning to Hillstown, Lewis was born there, who is associated with him in labors and trials at the present time. Subsequently Chickamauga, and still later Chattanooga, became his place of residence.

When about seven years of age, he accompanied his parents to Hillstown, forty miles distant, to attend the "Green-Corn Festival." This was an annual agricultural Fair, when for several days the natives, gathering from all parts of the nation, gave themselves up to social and public entertainments. The tribe was divided into clans, and each member of them regarded an associate as a kinsman, and felt bound to extend hospitality to him; and thus provision was always made for the gathering to the anniversary. On this occasion, JOHN'S mother had dressed him in his first suit after the style of civilized life—made of nankeen. No sooner was he at play with boys of his clan, than the loud shout of ridicule was aimed at the "white boy." The next morning, while his grandmother was dressing him, he wept bitterly. Inquiring the cause, she learned it was the fear of a repetition of the previous day's experience. The tears prevailed, and arrayed in calico frock and leggings, and moccasins, with a bound and shout of joy, he left his tent, in his own language, "at home again." As the large family were old enough to attend school, JOHN'S father bought land in Georgia, to remove there that he might educate them; but gave up the plan and went to Maryville, in Tennessee, six hundred miles from his residence, and fifteen miles from Knoxville, and employed a Mr. George Barbee Davis to come and instruct his children. To have this privilege, however, he must obtain permission of the General Council of the nation. The application was opposed by some, on the ground of an unwillingness to introduce any of the customs or habits of the whites. Others urged the necessity of having interpreters and persons among them acquainted with the improvements of their civilized neighbors. This reasoning prevailed, and Mr. Ross had the honor of giving to the Cherokee nation the first school,—the beginning of a new era in the history of the American aborigines.

After a few years' culture at home, John and Lewis were sent to Kingston, Tennessee, to enjoy the advantages of a popular school there. John boarded with a merchant named Clark, and also acted as clerk in his store. Kingston was on the great emigrant road from Virginia, Maryland, and other parts, to Nashville, and not far from South West Point, a military post. At Chattanooga, JOHN'S mother died and was buried,—a great loss to him, to whom she was a counsellor and a constant friend. His grandfather lavished his partial affection upon him, and at his death left him two colored servants he had owned for several years. After a clerkship of two years for a firm in Kingston, young Ross returned home, and was sent by his father in search of an aunt in Hagerstown, Md., nine hundred miles distant, of whom, till then, for a long time, all traces had been lost.

On horseback and without a companion, he commenced his long and solitary journey. He encamped at night wherever he could find a shelter, and reached safely the home of the recently discovered aunt. Furnishing her a horse, they recrossed Tennessee, and returned, after several weeks of pilgrimage, to the desolate home in Chattanooga. The grandfather soon after removed to Brainard, the early missionary station of the American Board among the Cherokees, situated on the southern border of Tennessee, only two miles from the Georgia line, upon the bank of Chickamauga Creek, and almost within the limits of the bloody battle-field of Chickamauga, being only three miles distant from its nearest point. (The name is derived from the Chickasaw word *Chucama*, which means "good," and with the termination of the Cherokee *Kah*, means *Good place.*)

In anticipation of the war with Great Britain, in 1812, the Government determined to send presents to the Cherokees who had colonized west of the Mississippi, and Col. Meigs, the Indian Agent, employed Riley, the United States Interpreter, to take charge of them. The voyage was commenced, but hearing at Fort Massas, ten miles below the mouth of the Tennessee, that the earthquake shocks which had been felt had sunk the land at New Madrid, the party were alarmed and returned, leaving the goods there. Col. Meigs then deputed JOHN Ross to go with additional gifts, and see them all delivered to the Cherokees. With John Spears a half-blood, Peter a Mexican Spaniard, and Kalsatchee an old Cherokee, he started on his perilous expedition, leaving his father's landing on Christmas.

At Battle Creek, afterward Laurie's Ferry, he met Isaac Brownlow, uncle of Parson Brownlow, a famous waterman. When he saw Ross in his small craft, bound on the long and dangerous voyage,—his boat being a clapboarded ark,—he swore that Colonel Meigs was stupid or reckless, to send him down the rivers in such a plight. He went with him eighty miles, and to within ten miles of Knoxville, exchanging a keel-boat for his crazy craft, and taking an order on the Government for the difference, declaring, even if he lost it, JOHN should not venture farther as he came. At Fort Pickering, near Memphis, he learned that the Cherokees he was seeking had removed from St. Francis River to the Dardenell, on the Arkansas, which then contained no more than 900 whites, and he directed his course thither.

The narrative of the entire expedition,—the sixty-six days on the rivers; the pursuit by settlers along the banks, who supposed the party to be Indians on some wild adventure; the wrecking of the boat; the land travel of two hundred miles in eight days, often up to the knees in water, with only meat for food; and the arrival home the next April, bringing tidings that the Creeks were having their war-dance on the eve of an outbreak;—these details alone would make a volume of romantic interest.

The Creek war commenced among the tribe on account of hostile views, but soon was turned upon the loyal whites and Cherokees. Of the latter, a regiment was formed to coöperate with the Tennessee troops, and Mr. Ross was made adjutant. General White commanded in East, and General Jackson in West Tennessee. The Cherokees concentrated at Turkeytown, between the two forts Armstrong and Strauthers. The Creeks were within twenty-five miles. A Creek prisoner had escaped, and informing his people of the Cherokee encampment, they could be restrained no longer, but dashed forward to meet the enemy. Upon reaching the place of encampment, they found only the relics of a deadly fight, in which General Coffee, under Jackson, had routed the

Creeks. The Cherokees returned to Turkeytown the same night by 10 o'clock, having marched fifty or sixty miles (many on foot) since the early morning.

The terrible battle at Horseshoe, February 27th, 1814, which left the bodies of nine hundred Creeks on the field, was followed by a treaty of peace, at Fort Jackson, with the friendly Creeks, securing a large territory to indemnify the United States. In making it, McIntosh, a shrewd, unprincipled chief, represented the Creeks, and Colonel Brown, half-brother of Catharine the first Cherokee convert at the Missionary Station, the Cherokees, to fix their boundary. McIntosh had his conference with General Jackson in his tent; and the treaty was made, so far as Brown was concerned, pretty much as the former desired, in reality infringing upon the rights of the Cherokees; the line of new territory crossing theirs at Turkeytown. Consequently a delegation, of which JOHN ROSS was a prominent member, was sent to Washington to wait on President Madison and adjust the difficulty. Mr. Crawford, Secretary of War, decided the question in favor of the Cherokees.

The next treaty which involved their righteous claims was made with the Chickasaws, whose boundary-lines were next to their own. General Jackson was against the Cherokee claim, and affirmed that he would grant the Chickasaws their entire claim. He offered the former an annuity of $6000 for ten years, although they had refused before, the offer of a *permanent* annuity of the same amount. This negotiation was conditional upon the confirmation of it at a meeting of the Cherokees to be held at Turkeytown. The Indians came together, and refused to recognize the treaty; but finally the old Chief Pathkiller signed it. At every step of dealing with the aborigines, we can discern the proud and selfish policy which declared that "the red man had no rights which the white man was bound to respect."

In 1816, General Jackson was again commissioned to negotiate with the Cherokees, and JOHN Ross was to represent his people. But before any result was reached, Ross, having gone into business with Timothy Meigs, son of Colonel Meigs, went with him on horseback to Washington and Baltimore, to purchase goods and have them conveyed to Rossville, on the Georgia line, at the foot of Missionary Ridge. In a few months Mr. Meigs died, and Lewis Ross became partner in his place.

After a long and interrupted passage—having deer-skins and furs for traffic—from Savannah to New York, and then to Baltimore, he returned to find that General Jackson had prepared the celebrated treaty of 1817. A council being called to explain the treaty, Ross determined to go as a looker-on.

The national affairs of the Cherokees had been administered by a council, consisting of delegates from the several towns, appointed by the chiefs, in connection with the latter. A National Committee of sixteen, to transact business under the general supervision of the chiefs, was also a part of the administrative power of the nation.

On the way to the council referred to, which was called at their capital by Governor McMinn, who had charge of the treaty of 1817, Judge Brown, of the Committee, meeting Ross at Van's, Spring Place, Georgia, said to him, "When we get to Oosteanalee, I intend to put you in *hell!*" When Ross objected to such a fate, not guessing the import of the apparently profane expression, Judge Brown added, that he "intended to run him for President of the National Committee,"—giving his views of the *comfort* of office-holding, in the language employed.

The council met in the public square. Soon after, JOHN Ross, then twenty-seven years of age, was called in, when Major Ridge, the speaker of the council, announced, to the modest young man's surprise and confusion, that he was elected President of the National Committee.

When the treaty came up for discussion, Governor McMinn explained it as meaning, that those who emigrated west of the Mississippi were to have lands there; and those who remained *came under the laws of the State, giving up to the United States there as much soil as was occupied west.* Charles H. Hicks, a chief, and Ross, went into the woods alone, and, seated on a log, conferred sadly together over a form of reply to the terms of treaty as expounded. Hicks was very popular with his people, and was one of the earliest converts under the missionary labors of the Moravians. Ross made replies in opposition to the governor's construction.

Governor McMinn made another appointment for a meeting of the chiefs, and other men of influence, at the Cherokee Agency on Highnassee River. The time arrived;—the firing of a cannon opened the council daily for three long weeks, McMinn hoping to wear out the patience of the Cherokees and secure the ratification of the treaty, never as yet formally granted. The result was the appointment of a delegation to Washington, of which Hicks and Ross were members,—always the last resort. Mr. Monroe was President, and John C. Calhoun Secretary of War. This was in February, 1819.

Meanwhile, Governor McMinn allowed the time designated for the census to elapse without taking it, leaving the exchange of lands with no rule of limitation, while he bought up improvements as far as possible, to induce the natives to emigrate; and then rented them to white settlers to supplant the Cherokees, contrary to express stipulation that the avails of the sales were to be appropriated to the support of the poor and infirm.

In this crisis of affairs it was proposed at Washington to form a new treaty, the principal feature of which was the surrender of territory sufficient in extent and value to be an equivalent for all demands past and to come; disposing thus finally of the treaty of 1817. The lands lay in Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia.

The Government also assumed the responsibility of removing all the "squatters" McMinn had introduced by his undignified and unjust management. Andrew Jackson, then Major-General in the regular army, was called upon to execute the condition of the new compact. He wrote in reply, that he had no troops to spare; and said that the Cherokee Light-Horse companies should do the work. Colonel Meigs, the Indian Agent, feared the effect of employing Indians to remove the white intruders, but applied to the chiefs Hicks and Pathkiller, who consented to let them take the field. The command was given to Mr. Ross, because it was urged by Colonel Meigs that a preëminently prudent man was needed.

Colonel Meigs ordered the horsemen to simply warn the settlers to leave. Ross protested against a powerless attempt of the kind; and they were reluctantly granted authority to remove those who refused to go, burning cabins and corn.

The first settlement to be purged of intruders was near the Agency, and these, at the approach of Ross with his troopers, fled. Finding a house closed, and believing the owner within prepared to resist, his men surrounded it, and the commander made an entrance down the chimney, but the object of pursuit was gone.

The Light-Horse troops, though the chieftain had been unused to military life, did their work well, necessarily marking their way with fire and ruin. At Crow Island they found a hundred armed men, who, upon being approached by messengers with peaceful propositions, yielded to the claims of Government and disbanded. In Brown's Valley, Ross might have been seen at dead of night, Deputy Agent Williams keeping sentry at the tent-door, writing by torchlight his despatches to General Jackson. The General sent Captain Call with a company of regulars to the Georgia frontier; the latter passing round Lookout Mountain, a solitary range eighty or ninety miles long, while Ross went directly over it. Upon joining Call, Mr. Ross surrendered to him the military command, and returned to Rossville. In 1818 he was elected by Colonel Meigs to go in search of a captive Osage boy, about 190 miles distant, in Alabama. He mounted his horse and started; managing his mission as detective so well, that in a few days he returned with the boy on behind, and placed him in the Brainard Mission, where he took the name of John Osage Ross.

About this time New Echota was selected for the seat of government,—a town on the Oosteanalee, two miles from the spot where he was elected President of the National Committee. In 1812 the National Council was held there. "The Cherokee Phœnix," a weekly paper, was started in 1821.

In 1823, Congress appropriated money to send commissioners to make a new treaty with the Cherokees, and secure lands for Georgia. The State had also two representatives in the delegation, to assert old claims and attain the object. They argued that the Almighty made the soil for agricultural purposes. The Cherokees replied, that, while they did not pretend to know the designs of Jehovah, they thought it quite clear that He never authorized the rich to take possession of territory at the expense of the poor. McIntosh, a shrewd Creek chief with a Cherokee wife, who had betrayed his own people, now tried his art on his neighbors. He wrote to John Ross, offering $18,000 from the United States Commissioners for a specified amount of land, using as an argument the affair with the Creeks. Mr. Ross kept the secret till the council were assembled, then sent for McIntosh, who had prepared an address for it; and when he appeared, exposed the plot. The council reported him a traitor, and his "white-bench," or seat of honor, was overthrown. McIntosh in alarm mounted his steed and rode eighty miles, killing two horses, it is said, in a single day. He was afterward slain by his own people, according to their law declaring that whoever should dispose of lands without the consent of the nation, should die. He was speaker of the Creek Council.

In 1827, Chiefs Hicks and Pathkiller died. John Ross was now President of the Committee, and Major Ridge speaker of council,—

the two principal officers of the Cherokee nation. The new constitution, similar to that of the Republic, was adopted in the following manner: The council proposed ten candidates, three of which were to be elected from each district to meet in convention. Mr. Ross was one of them; and the instrument, accepted then, with his warmest interest urging it, was the following year approved by the council. It became necessary to fill, till the constitution went into effect, the vacancies made by death, and John Ross and William Hicks were elected chiefs for a year

At the expiration of the term, Mr. Ross was elected Principal Chief of the nation, and George Lourey Second Chief,—each to hold the office four years. The extraordinary honor has been bestowed unsought upon Mr. Ross, of reëlection to the high position without an interval in the long period, to the present.

We have reached, through the career of John Ross, the lawless development of covetousness and secession in the treatment of the Cherokees by Georgia. Andrew Jackson favored the doctrine of State rights, which settled the claim of legalized robbery in the face of the constitution of the Commonwealth. This was understood before his election to the Presidency by politicians who waited upon him. He further stated, it is reported authoritatively, that he affirmed the three great measures he desired should mark his administration now,—legislating the Cherokees out of the State; the death of the National Bank; and the extinguishment of the public debt.

We are not criticising politically, or condemning this or any other executive officer, but stating matters of accredited history.

We need not repeat the events that followed, briefly narrated in the preceding sketch of the Cherokee nation, till it rises from suffering and banishment to power again west of the Mississippi.

When the dark and wrathful tide of secession set westward, the disloyal officials at once took measures to conciliate or frighten the

Indians into an alliance with them. In regard to the Cherokees, they partially succeeded, making an alliance principally with wealthy half-breeds. The Creek chief Opotohleyohola, whose memory of past wrongs was bitter, said he must "fight the Georgians;" and he did, with the aid of loyal Cherokees, by a successful and daring attack. JOHN Ross was consulted by Governor Ruter, of Arkansas, but evaded the question of Cherokee action in the conflict; and when Colonel Solomon marched into the Indian country, the Cherokees, who before the battle of Bird Creek formed a secret loyal league, held a meeting at night, took Rebel ammunition stored near, and fought the enemy the next day; relieved from the terror of Rebel rule, they hailed the Federal army with joy, and flocked to the standard of the Union. Scarcely had this loyalty been declared, before Solomon marched—with recruits and all, 2,200 men—again out of the territory, without any apparent reason, leaving the Cherokees and the country he was to defend in a more exposed condition than before.

Park Hill, the residence of Mr. Ross, was forty miles from the road Solomon took in his *retreat,*—for this was practically the character of the movement. Colonel Cooper, the former United States Agent, having under his command Texans, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Creeks, was ready to sweep down on Park Hill, where around the Chief were between two and three hundred women and children. Colonel Cloud, of the Second Kansas Regiment, while the enemy were within twenty miles, marched forty miles with five hundred men, half of whom were Cherokees, reaching Park Hill at night. He said to Mr. Ross, "I have come to escort you out of the country, if you will go." The Chief inquired, "How soon must I leave?" The reply was, "To-morrow morning at six o'clock."

With a couple of camp-wagons, containing a few household effects, family pictures cut from their frames, and other valuable articles at hand, Mr. Ross, with about fifty of the whole number there, hastened toward our lines, hundreds of miles away. August 4th, 1861, he reached his brother Lewis' place, and found his furniture destroyed and the house injured. At midnight they resumed the flight of terror, crossing Grand River, where they would have been cut off, had the enemy known their condition. The next day a courier came from Park Hill, bringing the sad tidings that the mansion of the Chief had fallen into Cooper's hands. The work of plunder and ruin soon laid it in ruins, and the country desolate. The Cherokees were robbed of horses and everything that could be used by the Rebels. They were scattered over the plains, shelterless, famishing, and skirmishing with the enemy. Mr. Ross and his company, after weeks of perilous travel and exposure, suffering from constant fear and the elements, reached Fort Leavenworth; but, as he feelingly remarked, "the graves of the Cherokees were scattered over the soil of Missouri, Arkansas, and Kansas."

Mr. Ross spends much of his time in Washington, watching for the favorable moment, if it shall ever come, to get the ear of the Government, and secure the attention to the wants and claims of his people, demanded alike by justice and humanity.

A public meeting was held in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, in March, 1864, which drew together an immense crowd, and was addressed by Mr. Ross; ex-Governor Pollock; Colonel Downing, a full-blood Cherokee, a Baptist minister, and a brave officer; Captain McDaniel; Dr. Brainard; and others. The interest was deep and abiding, but the difficulty in the way of appeal for redress by the aborigines has ever been, the corruption, or, at best, indifference of Government officials. For, whatever the natural character of the Indian, his prompt and terrible revenge, it is an undeniable fact, as stated by Bishop Whipple in his late plea for the Sioux, referring to the massacres of 1862, that not an instance of uprising and slaughter has occurred without the provocation of broken treaties, fraudulent traffic, or wanton destruction of property. It is also true, that when kindly treated as *a ward*, instead of an outlaw fit only for common plunder, life and property have been safe in his keeping. He has had no redress for injuries, no reliable protection from territorial or any other law.

Fortunately for Mr. Ross, he had a comfortable dwelling, purchased several years since, on Washington Square, Philadelphia, to which he retired in exile from his nation.

He has been twice married. His first wife, Elizabeth, was a Cherokee woman, who bore him one daughter and four sons. The former married Return John Meigs, who died in 1850; and her second husband was Andrew Ware, who was shot at his own house at Park Hill, while making a flying visit there from Fort Gibson, to which he had gone for refuge from Rebel cruelty. His boy escaped by hiding in the chimney, while the house was pillaged, and the terror-smitten wife told she would find her husband in the yard, pierced with bullets. Of the four sons, three are in the army and one a prisoner, besides three grandsons and several nephews of the Chief in the Federal ranks. Two nephews have been murdered by the enemy. Mrs. Ross died, as stated in another place, on the journey of emigration to the west, in 1839.

September 2d, 1844, Mr. Ross married Mary B. Stapler, of Philadelphia, a lady of the first respectability in her position, and possessed of all the qualities of a true Christian womanhood.* A son and daughter of much promise cheer their home amid the severe trials of the civil war. It was a singular coincidence, that just eighteen years from the day of his marriage he returned in his flight from impending death to the *Washington House*, in which the ceremony was performed.

By none in the land was the President's proclamation of freedom more fully and promptly indorsed than by Mr. Ross and the Cherokees; indeed, they took the lead in emancipation. His sacrifice, so far as the commercial estimate is concerned, in slaves which had come to him from those left him by a grandfather, of whom he was a great favorite, was $50,000. Besides this, the product of three hundred acres of cultivated land, just gathered into barns, and all the rich furniture of his mansion, went into the enemy's hands, to be carried away or destroyed, — making the loss of possessions more than $100,000.

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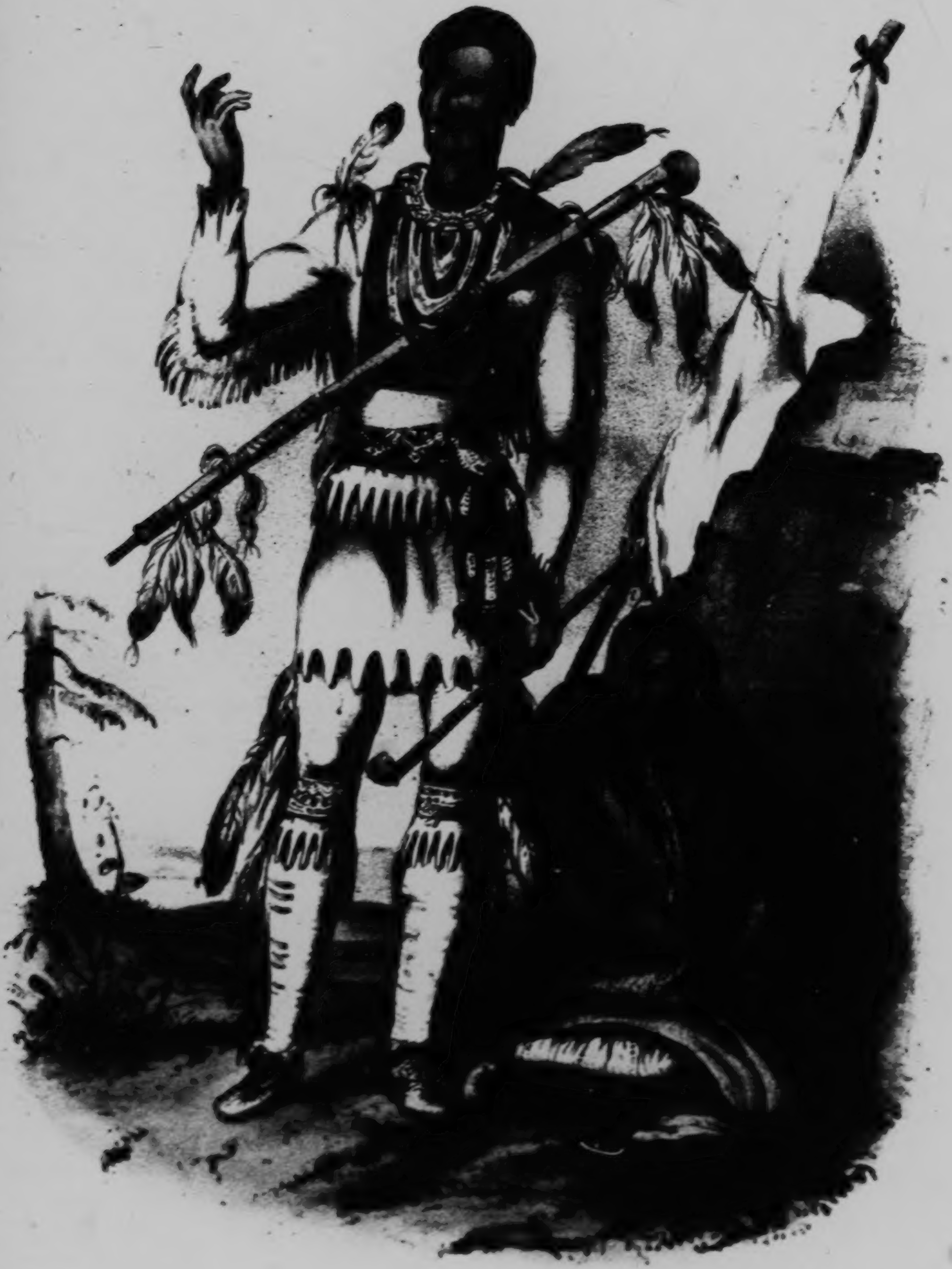
* This estimable lady died with the serenity of Christian faith during the summer of 1865.

Chief JOHN Ross, who, in the hope and expectation of seeing his people elevated to a place beside the English stock, cast in his lot with them in early youth, when worldly prospects beckoned him to another sphere of activity, — has been identified with their progress for half a century, and is still a "living sacrifice" on the altar of devotion to his nation. His moral and religious character is unstained, his personal appearance venerable and attractive, and his name will be imperishable in the annals of our country.

Mr. Ross has labored untiringly, since his return to Philadelphia, to secure justice and relief for his suffering people.

As the last bitter cup of affliction pressed to his lips amid domestic bereavement which removed from his side his excellent companion, enemies have sought to deprive him of his office, and stain his fair fame with the charge of deception and disloyalty.

The Chief still holds his position of authority, and his good name will remain under no permanent eclipse; while all true hearts will long for deliverance to his nation, and that he may live to see the day.



RED-BIRD,

A WINNEBAGO

RED BIRD.

We present to the patrons of this work a spirited likeness of the celebrated chief, Red Bird, with another, at his side, of his accomplice, We-Kau, in ~~a work~~ of murder, at Prairie Du Chien, in which a party of Indians, in 1827, headed by Red Bird, killed and scalped two men, taking, at the same time, a scalp from a child.

This bloody tragedy came suddenly and most unexpectedly upon the inhabitants of that village, and created a deep excitement all along the frontier. Tidings of it were brought to Governor Cass and Colonel McKenney, who were, as United States Commissioners, then about negotiating a treaty at *Le Butte de Morts*, on Fox River, with several of the surrounding tribes of Indians, when an expedition was set on foot—Governor Cass moving at once to the seat of the outbreak, and thence, after putting the place in the best possible state of defence, to St. Louis, to confer with General Atkinson, then in command at Jefferson Barracks, where arrangements were promptly made for ascending the Mississippi, with troops in command of General Atkinson, in person; whilst Major Whistler, then stationed at Green Bay, with a part of his command, including about a hundred Menomonie Indians, ascended the Fox River to the portage, where, by an order from General Atkinson, he encamped, awaiting the general's arrival.

News of these movements reached the Red Bird and his party, who were then at the Four Lakes, when, to save their people from the calamity of war, it was agreed the Red Bird and We-Kau should voluntarily surrender.

Colonel McKenney, who accompanied Major Whistler's command, addressed a letter from the portage to the Secretary of War, which gives a graphic account of this memorable event, describing so minutely the Red Bird's person, and the imposing ceremonies attending the surrender, that we transfer it, as giving a better account of the Red Bird, and also of We-kau, than any other sketch, which, at this day, it would be in our power to procure.

We copy the following from Colonel McKenney's "Memoirs, Personal and Official:"

"The military had been previously drawn out in line. The Menomonie and Wabanackie Indians were in groups upon their haunches, on our left flank. On the right was the band of music, a little in advance of the line. In front of the centre, at about ten paces distant, were the murderers. On their right and left were those who had accompanied them, forming a semi-circle, the magnificent Red Bird, and the miserable looking We-kau, a little in advance of the centre. All eyes were fixed upon the Red Bird; and well they might be—for of all the Indians I ever saw, he is, without exception, the most perfect in form, in face, and gesture. In height, he is about six feet; straight, but without restraint. His proportions are those of the most exact symmetry, and these embrace the entire man, from his head to his feet. His very fingers are models of beauty. I have never beheld a face that was so full of all the ennobling, and at the same time the most winning expression. It were impossible to combine with such a face the thought that he who wore it could be a murderer? It appears to be a compound of grace and dignity; of firmness and decision, all tempered with mildness and mercy. During my attempted analysis of this face, I could not but ask myself, Can this man be a murderer? Is he the same who shot, scalped, and cut the throat of Gagnier? His head, too—sure no head was ever so well formed. There was no ornamenting of the hair, after the Indian fashion; no clubbing it up in blocks and rollers of lead, or bands of silver; no loose or straggling parts—but it was cut after the best fashion of the most civilized.

His face was painted, one side red, the other intermixed with green and white. Around his neck he wore a collar of blue wampum, beautifully mixed with white, which was sewn on to a piece of cloth, the width of the wampum being about two inches—whilst the claws of the panther, or wild-cat, distant from each other about a quarter of an inch, with their points inward, formed the rim of the collar. Around his neck were hanging strands of wampum of various lengths, the circles enlarging as they descended. He was clothed in a *yankton dress*—new and beautiful. The material is of dressed elk, or deer-skin, almost a pure white. It consists of a jacket, the sleeves being cut to fit his finely formed arm, and so as to leave outside of the seam that ran from the shoulder, back of the arm, and along over the elbow, about six inches of the material, one half of which was cut into fringe; the same kind of fringe ornamenting the collar of the jacket, its sides, bosom, and termination, which was not circular, but cut in points; and which also ran down the seams of his leggins, these being made of the same material. Blue beads were employed to vary and enrich the fringe of the leggins. On his feet he wore moccasons.

"A piece of scarlet cloth of about a quarter of a yard deep, and double that width, a slit being cut in its middle, so as to admit the passing through of his head, rested, one-half on his breast, (and beneath the necklace of wampum and cloths,) and the other on his back. On one shoulder, and near his breast, was a beautifully ornamented feather, nearly white; and about opposite, on the other shoulder, was another feather, nearly black, near which were two pieces of thinly shaven wood in the form of compasses, a little open, each about six inches long, richly wrapped round with porcupine's quills, dyed yellow, red, and blue. On the tip of one shoulder was a tuft of horse-hair, dyed red, and a little curled, mixed up with ornaments. Across his breast, in a diagonal position, and bound tight to it, was his war-pipe, at least three feet long, brightly ornamented with dyed horse-hair, the feathers and bills of birds. In one of his hands he held the white flag, and in the other the calumet or pipe of peace.

"There he stood. Not a muscle moved, nor was the expression of his face changed a particle. He appeared to be conscious that, according to Indian law, and measuring the deed he had committed by the injustice, and wrongs, and cruelties of the white man, he had done no wrong. The light which had shone in upon his bosom from the law which demanded an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, so harmonized with his conscience, as to secure its repose. As to death, he had been taught to despise it, confiding in that heaven, that spirit-land, where the game is always plenty—the forests always green—the waters always transparent, tranquil, and pure—and where no evil thing is permitted to enter. He was there, prepared to receive the blow that should consign his body to the ground, and send his spirit to that blissful region, to mingle with his fathers who had gone before him.

"He and We-Kau were told to sit down. His motions, as he seated himself, were no less graceful and captivating, than when he stood or walked. At this moment the band struck up Pleyel's Hymn. Every thing was still. It was indeed a moment of intense interest to all. The Red Bird turned his eyes towards the band; the tones operated upon his feelings in such a way as to produce in his countenance a corresponding pensiveness. The music having ceased, he took up his pouch, (which I forgot to say was a handsomely ornamented otter-skin, that hung on his left side,) and taking from it some *kinnakinic* and tobacco, cut the latter in the palm of his hand, after the Indian fashion, then rubbing the two together, filled the bowl of his calumet, struck fire into a bit of spunk with his flint and steel, and lighted it, and smoked. All the motions employed in this ceremony were no less harmonious and appropriate, than had characterized his other movements. He sat after the Turkish fashion, with his legs crossed.

"If you think there was any thing of affectation in all this, you are mistaken. There was just the manner, and appearance, and look, you would expect to see in a nobly built man of the highest order of intelligence, and who had been taught all the graces of motion, and then escorted by his armies to the throne, where the diadem was to be placed upon his head.

"There is but one opinion of the man, and that I have attempted to convey to you. I could not refrain from speculating on his dress. His white jacket, having upon it but a single piece of red, appeared to indicate the purity of his past life, which had been stained by only a single crime; for all agree that the Red Bird had never before soiled his fingers with the blood of the white man, or committed a bad action. His war-pipe, bound close to his heart, seemed to indicate his love of war, in common with his race, which was no longer to be gratified. The red cloth, however, may have been indicative of his name.

"All sat, except the speakers. The substance of what they said was—We were required to bring in the murderers. They had no power over any, except two—the third had gone away—and these had voluntarily agreed to come in, and give themselves up. As their friends, they had come with them. They hoped their white brothers would agree to accept the horses—of which there were, perhaps, twenty—the meaning of which was, to take them in commutation for the lives of their two friends. They asked kind treatment for their friends, and earnestly besought that they might not be put in irons—and concluded by asking for a little tobacco, and something to eat.

"They were answered, and told, in substance, that they had done well thus to come in. By having done so, they had turned away our guns, and saved their people. They were admonished against placing themselves in a like situation in the future, and advised.

when they were aggrieved, not to resort to violence, but to go tc their agent, who would inform their Great Father of their complaints, and he would redress their grievances; that their friends should be treated kindly, and tried by the same laws by which their Great Father's white children were tried; that for the present, Red Bird and We-Kau should not be put in irons; that they should all have something to eat, and tobacco to smoke. We advised them to warn their people against killing ours; and endeavored, also, to impress them with a proper notion of their own weakness, and the extent of our power, &c.

"Having heard this, the Red Bird stood up—the commanding officer, Major Whistler, a few paces in front of the centre of the line, facing him. After a moment's pause, and a quick survey of the troops, and with a composed observation of his people, he spoke, looking at Major Whistler, saying, '*I am ready.*' Then advancing a step or two, he paused, saying, 'I do not wish to be put in irons. Let me be free. I have given away my life—it is gone—(stooping and taking some dust between his finger and thumb, and blowing it away)—like that'—eyeing the dust as it fell, and vanished from his sight, then adding—'I would not take it back. It is gone.' Having thus spoken, he threw his hands behind him, to indicate that he was leaving all things behind him, and marched briskly up to Major Whistler, breast to breast. A platoon was wheeled backwards from the centre of the line, when Major Whistler stepping aside, the Red Bird and We-Kau marched through the line, in charge of a file of men, to a tent that had been provided for them in the rear, where a guard was set over them. The comrades of the two captives then left the ground by the way they had come, taking with them our advice, and a supply of meat and flour, and tobacco.

"We-Kau, the miserable-looking being, the accomplice of the Red Bird, was in all things the opposite of that unfortunate brave. Never before were there two human beings so exactly, in all things, so unlike one another. The one seemed a prince, and as if born to command, and worthy to be obeyed; the other as if he had been born to be hanged. Meagre—cold—dirty in his person and dress, crooked in form—like the starved wolf, gaunt, hungry, and blood-thirsty—his entire appearance indicating the presence of a spirit wary, cruel, and treacherous. The heart, at sight of this, was almost steeled against sympathy, and barred against the admission of pity. This is the man who could scalp a child, not eleven months old, and in taking off its fine locks as a trophy, and to exhibit as a scalp, cut the back of its neck to the bone, and leaving it to languish and die on the floor, near the body of its murdered father? But his hands, and crooked and miserable looking fingers, had been accustomed to such bloody work.

"The Red Bird did not appear to be over thirty years old, and yet he is said to be past forty. We-Kau looks to be forty-five, and is no doubt as old as that. I shall see on my arrival at Prairie du Chien, the scene of these butcheries; and, as I may write you upon all matters connected with my tour, I will introduce you to that. The child, I forgot to say, by the latest accounts, yet lives, and promises to survive. The widow of Gagnier is also there, and I shall get the whole story from her mouth, and shall then, doubtless, get it truly. You shall have it all, and a thousand things besides, that, when I left home, I never expected to realize; but having once entered upon the scenes I have passed, no matter with how much of personal risk they were to be encountered, there was no going back. I see no danger, I confess, especially now—but, any how, my way is onward, and I shall go."

The foregoing narrative might suffice, and answer all the purposes for which this sketch of the Red Bird is intended, but we prefer following Colonel McKenney a little further, at least to the scene of the murders, at Prairie du Chien, where, as he supposed he should, he found the widow of Gagnier, of whom he received all the circumstances connected with the killing of her husband.

The object of the military movement having been accomplished, in the surrender of the murderers, Colonel McKenney parted from Major Whistler and his command, and crossing the portage which separates the Fox from the Ouisconsin river, pursued his voyage in his bark canoe, down the latter, when arriving at *Le Petit Roche*, he fell in with General Atkinson's command, on its way up to unite with that of Major Whistler's, when, if the Indians had not come in, a junction would have been formed the next day, and an attack made upon them, near the Four Lakes, whither they were congregated.

A fleet in the interior, and upon these far distant waters being a new feature, and this being, doubtless, the first that had ever been seen on the Ouisconsin, we have no fear of fatiguing the reader by introducing here, Colonel McKenney's description of its appearance.

"At *Le Petit Roche*, forty-five miles from the portage, at eight o'clock in the evening, fell in with General Atkinson, and his command. His barges were ranged alongside the bank of the river, and moored there. These long keel-boats, some as much as thirty tons burden, with the sails of several of them hanging quietly in the calm of the evening against the masts; the numerous fires that lined the shores, around which a large portion of the general's command of seven hundred men were gathered, gave to the place the appearance of a seaport. The general hum of voices, the stroke of the axe, with the confused noises, made of it, in so out-of-the-way a place, where never before had such circumstances combined, a sort of spirit-scene; especially as the moon's light invested the whole, being made pale by the many lights, and yet paler with an occasional half-obscuration caused by the rolling up of denser portions of the smoke from these numerous fires. Every thing in nature by which we were surrounded was still, save only the sounds that proceeded from this spot, and the plash of the paddles of our canoes. Presently a sentinel challenged, and demanded the countersign. I told him who I was, and that I was bearer of tidings from Major

Whistler's command, (which I had left that morning at the portage,) to General Atkinson. The sergeant of the guard was called, who making this message known to General Atkinson, we were invited to come alongside his barge, and (he being confined to his berth by a slight attack of fever) down into the cabin to see him.

"We were received with the courtesy that always distinguished this gallant officer, when I went rapidly over the events that had transpired, and informed him of the surrender of the murderers; commended the Red Bird to all the kind usage which his unfortunate condition would permit, and especially urged that he might not be put in irons. I did this, because I very well knew that he would suffer a thousand deaths rather than attempt to regain his liberty. There was no mistake in this matter. The man had literally already parted from life, and had his eyes fixed more upon the spirit land, than upon coming in contact again with the bitter realities of the world around him. All this passed, and pledging each other in a glass of wine, and our best wishes for the general's health, we continued our voyage till ten at night, when we landed on a sand-bar for repose."

"Arriving at the Prairie," our author continues, "I rode to the scene of the recent murders, attended by my companions, including Ben, who manifested great anxiety to see the place where the Indians had actually carried out, upon others, those plans of destruction, which he had so often anticipated would be made personal to himself. The scene of these butcheries is distant from the village, in an easterly direction, about three miles. I received the whole story from the widow of one of the murdered men, Gagnier by name, who was, at the time, proprietor of the log-house in which he was killed. Gagnier was a half-breed, his mother having been Indian, and his father French. The door of this one-story log tenement fronts east, and a window opposite, of course, west. A large tree grows near its south-western corner. Gagnier was sitting on a chest, on the left of the door. At the window, his wife was washing clothes. On her left was the bed, in which a child, eleven months old, was sleeping. On her right, and a little back of her, sat a discharged soldier, named Liepcap; and this was the situation of the family, when Wan-nig-sootsh-kau—the Red Bird—We-Kau, or the Sun, and a third Indian, entered. Visits of Indians being common, no particular attention was paid to them. They were, however, received with the usual civility, and asked if they would have something to eat. They said yes, and would like some fish and milk.

"Gagnier had, meantime, seen something peculiar in the looks and movements of these Indians, as is supposed, which led him to reach up, and take from brackets just over his head, his rifle, which, as Mrs. Gagnier turned to get the fish and milk, she saw lying across Gagnier's lap. At the moment she heard the *click* caused by the cocking of the Red Bird's rifle, which was instantly followed by its discharge. She looked, and saw her husband was shot. At the same moment, the third Indian shot old Liepcap, when Mrs. Gagnier seeing We-Kau, who had lingered about the door, about to rush in, she met him, made fight, and wrested from him his rifle. He ran out, she pursuing him, employing all her energies to cock the rifle and shoot him, but by some mysterious cause, was rendered powerless—'feeling,' as she expressed it, 'like one in a dream, trying to call, or to run, but without the ability to do either.' To save himself, We-Kau kept running round the big tree at the corner of the house, well knowing if he should put off in a line, she would have better aim, and be more likely to kill him. After a few turns round the tree, and finding she had no power over the rifle, she turned short about, and made for the village, bearing the rifle with her, to give the alarm; which, being given, she returned, followed by a posse of armed men, and found her infant, which she had left, covered up in the bed on the floor, scalped, and its neck cut just below the occiput, to the bone. This was the work of We-Kau, who, being intent on having a scalp—the other two having secured theirs—there being no other subject, took one from the head of the child. The knife, from the examination made of the head, was applied in front of the crown, and brought round by the right ear, and far down behind, and up again on the other side, the object seeming to be, to get as much hair as he could. In the turn of the knife, at the back of the head, the deep cut was given, which found its way to the bone.

"The child, when I saw it, was comfortable, and I believe it recovered—but the sight of a rifle, even at that tender age, when one might suppose it could not distinguish between a rifle and any thing else, would terrify it almost into fits. Young as it was, it must, from its place in the bed, have seen a rifle, in connection with what it was made itself, so immediately after, to suffer. I made the mother presents for herself and child.

"Notwithstanding we bore to the Prairie the tidings of the surrender, there still remained in the minds of the inhabitants, some lingering apprehensions that more of the same kind of bloody work might await them. They thought the war-cloud had not yet spent itself. But nothing surprised them so much as that the hitherto peace-loving "Red Bird" should have been guilty of such conduct. He was not only well known, but was, also, the pride of the Prairie. Such was the confidence reposed in him, that he was always sought after as a protector, and his presence was looked upon as a pledge of security against any outbreak that might be attempted. Indeed, when husbands, and brothers, and sons, had occasion to leave their homes, the families considered themselves quite secure, if the Red Bird could be procured to see to their safety. What had happened to induce him to act the part he had acted, was a mystery to all. As to We-Kau, he was known, and abhorred, as one of the most bloody-minded of his race. Of the third, whose name I could not learn, they knew but little.

"All this mystery, however, was at last solved. There had been great indignities offered to the band near the St. Peters, to which Red Bird had become allied, and personal violence committed upon some of their leading men, and by those whose station ought to have taught them better; and whose authority and power should have been differently exercised. The leading chiefs counselled upon these acts of violence, and resolved on enforcing the Indian's law—*retaliation*. Red Bird was called upon to go out, and take 'meat,' as they phrase it. Not wishing to appear a coward, he undertook the enterprise, secretly rejoicing that the business had been referred to him; for he resolved to make a circuit, and return, saying he could find no meat. He did so, and was upbraided, and taunted, and called '*coward*,' and told he knew very well, if he had the spirit to avenge the wrongs of his people, he could, by going to the Prairie, get as much meat as he could bring home. This fired him, and he resolved to redeem his character as a *brave!* when, beckoning to We-Kau, and another Indian, he told them to follow him. They proceeded to the Prairie. Gagnier's was not the first house they entered, with the view of carrying out their purpose. If I mistake not, their first visit was to the house of Mr. Lockwood, who was then absent. His interesting wife was at home, and her life was undoubtedly saved by the presence of an old Frenchman on a visit to her, who not only understood the Winnebago language, but knew the parties; and he, also, was known to them. They had respect for him—he had been their friend. So, after lingering about the house for a season, they quit the premises, and crossed the Prairie to Gagnier's, and there executed their bloody purpose, as I have narrated.

"Addressing a few lines to General Atkinson, still urging a lenient treatment for the Red Bird, I prepared for the descent of the Mississippi."

General Atkinson having taken charge of the prisoners, put them, as was doubtless his duty, in irons, and proceeding with them to Prairie du Chien, handed them over to the civil authority, where they were placed in close confinement, and in chains. The proud spirit of Red Bird could not brook this. His thoughts, doubtless, were busy with the past. He was conscious of being a man of peace, of having, at no time, and under no previous circumstances, given way to any unbridled passions. He reflected, doubtless, also, upon the provocation that had forced his people to strike; and upon the incentive that had overcome all his better purposes, and forced him to give the blow. And then the heroism of his self-surrender and the humanity that led to it,—for it was to save his people from having a track made through their country, not with axes, but guns—as well as to atone for his deed of blood, that determined him, voluntarily, to give himself up. In that noble act he thought also, no doubt, of his assurance that, as he had blown the dust from his fingers, so had he parted from his life. And yet to find himself suspected—and to have that prison, and those irons telling him, whenever he saw the one, or heard the clanking of the other, that he was looked upon by the whites as meanly cherishing the purpose, cowardly to escape, if he could, came like a mildew upon his heart, perishing it. Death was what he expected, and was prepared, at any moment, to meet, but such suspicions of his cowardice, and those "chains and slavery" were more than he could bear. Like Oceola, the victim of a similar treatment, the Red Bird died in prison, of crushed hopes, and a broken heart!